THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY

FOUNDED BY JAMES LOEB, LL.D.

EDITED BY

†T. E. PAGE, C.H., LITT.D.

†E. CAPPS, PH.D., LL.D. †W. H. D. ROUSE, LITT.D.

L. A. POST, M.A. E. H. WARMINGTON, M.A., F.R.HIST.SOC.

JUVENAL AND PERSIUS

JUVENAL
AND
PERSIUS

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY

G. G. RAMSAY, LL.D., LITT.D.
LATE PROFESSOR OF LATIN IN THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW

(REVISED)

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON
WILLIAM HEINEMANN LTD
MCMLVII

First printed 1918
Reprinted 1920, 1924, 1928, 1930
Revised and Reprinted 1940, 1950, 1957

Printed in Great Britain

CONTENTS

	PAGE
PREFACE	vii
INTRODUCTION—	
LIFE OF JUVENAL	xi
LIFE OF PERSIUS	xxi
THE SUPPOSED OBSCURITY OF PERSIUS	xxx
PERSIUS AND JUVENAL COMPARED	xxxiii
THE *SATURA* OF ROME	xxxvii
LUCILIAN SATIRE	xliii
JUVENAL'S SATIRES SUMMARISED	xlviii
MSS. OF JUVENAL	lxxiii
MSS. OF PERSIUS	lxxvii
MSS. OF JUVENAL AS GIVEN IN HOUSMAN'S EDITION, 1905	lxxxi
MSS. OF PERSIUS AS GIVEN IN BUECHELER'S FOURTH EDITION REVISED BY F. LEO, 1910	lxxxii
THE SATIRES OF JUVENAL—	
SATIRE I	2
SATIRE II	16
SATIRE III	30

FADSS EN 290 Gtor Books-Lawrence

292058

CONTENTS

PAGE

THE SATIRES OF JUVENAL (*continued*)—

SATIRE IV 56
SATIRE V 68
SATIRE VI 82
SATIRE VII 136
SATIRE VIII 158
SATIRE IX 180
SATIRE X 192
SATIRE XI 220
SATIRE XII 236
SATIRE XIII 246
SATIRE XIV 264
SATIRE XV 288
SATIRE XVI 302

THE SATIRES OF PERSIUS—

PROLOGUE 310
SATIRE I 312
SATIRE II 333
SATIRE III 342
SATIRE IV 357
SATIRE V 365
SATIRE VI 390

INDEX TO JUVENAL 405

INDEX TO PERSIUS 414

PREFACE

It is a work of some hardihood to attempt the translation into English prose of an author who is at once a unique master of style, a splendid versifier, the greatest satirist, and one of the greatest moralists, of the world. Yet it is a task that has appealed to scholars of every age, and has a special fascination for one who is called upon by the conditions of this series to produce a version which shall be at once literal and idiomatic.

In the case of a great writer like Juvenal, who writes for all time, each generation seems to demand a translation of its own, in accordance with the changes in its own point of view and the shifting usages of language; and each translator desires to bring out in his own way the special meaning which the author has conveyed to him.

I have consulted all the better-known translations, especially those of Mr. S. G. Owen, Mr. J. D. Lewis, and Messrs. Strong and Leeper; and there are many good idiomatic renderings of short phrases to be found

in Mr. J. D. Duff's excellent edition of Juvenal. But my greatest obligation is to a collection of MS. papers on Juvenal and Persius left to me many years ago by my uncle, the late Professor William Ramsay of Glasgow University, whose prelections on Juvenal were much appreciated. Among these I have found many happy renderings written on the side of a text used for class purposes; and to the same source I owe much of the matter of the Introduction, especially the whole section on the history of the Roman Satura. I have also derived much advantage from Professor Housman's critical edition of Juvenal, and I have to thank him for permission to make use of his paraphrase of *Sat.* vi., ll. O 1–O 30.[1] In translating Persius I have been under the greatest obligation to the well-known version of Professor Conington.

As it is one of the principles of this series to print the originals as a whole, *Sats.* ii., vi., and ix., so often omitted by translators, are included with the rest. They all contain fine passages, and some of Juvenal's most powerful writing is to be found in *Sat.* vi. The lines which have to be omitted or toned down to meet modern taste are few in number, and it must in fairness be acknowledged that although Juvenal's realism is at times extremely

[1] See note on vi. 365, p. 110.

gross, it is always repulsive, never alluring or prurient, in its tone.

I have found it advisable to add summaries to the Satires both of Juvenal and Persius, so as to make clear in every case the course of the argument. Juvenal's rhetorical exuberance frequently carries him away from his subject, and leads him into irrelevancies; while Persius, in his love for recondite phrasing and rapid transitions, sometimes leaves the reader embarrassed as to his main purpose. Juvenal's sixth Satire, to whose merits so little attention has been paid in English editions, has been treated somewhat more fully than the rest.

The text of both the Juvenal and the Persius is based upon Bücheler's text of 1893, which, as Mr. Duff points out, was the first to give a full and trustworthy account of the readings of P (the *Codex Pithoeanus*). Any variation from that text is mentioned in the notes, together with a statement of the authority on which it has been adopted. Bücheler's edition was re-edited in 1910, with but few changes, by Dr. F. Leo. The most important of these changes is that he now recognises as genuine the passage discovered in 1899 by Mr. E. O. Winstedt in the Bodleian MS.

G. G. RAMSAY.

March 1, 1918.

INTRODUCTION

Life of Juvenal

The only certain evidence as to the facts of Juvenal's life is to be found in casual allusions in his own Satires; such external authorities as there are possess only an uncertain value, and do not even give us the dates of his birth and death. The following passages give us what certain landmarks we possess:—

(1) *Sat.* iv. 153 refers to the murder of the Emperor Domitian, which took place upon the 18th of September, A.D. 96. *Sat.* ii. 29–33 contains a gross attack upon Domitian.

(2) *Sat.* i. 49, 50 mentions the recent condemnation of Marius Priscus for extortion in the province of Africa. That trial, made famous by the fact that the younger Pliny was the chief prosecutor, took place in January, A.D. 100.

(3) The allusion to a comet and an earthquake in connection with Armenian and Parthian affairs in *Sat.* vi. 407 has been held, with some probability, to refer to events in the year 115.

(4) *Sat.* vii. begins with a prophecy that bright days are in store for literature, since it has now

been assured of the patronage of Caesar. The probability is that the Caesar thus referred to is Hadrian, who succeeded Trajan in the year A.D. 117. The attempts to prove that Trajan was the emperor intended have not been successful. Trajan was by no means a literary emperor, whereas Hadrian was himself a poet and surrounded himself with literary and artistic persons of various kinds.

(5) In *Sat.* xiii. 17 Juvenal describes Calvinus, the friend to whom the Satire is addressed, as one

> *qui iam post terga reliquit*
> *Sexaginta annos Fonteio consule natus.*

There were consuls of the name of Fonteius Capito in three different years, A.D. 12, 59, and 67. The first date is obviously too early; the year referred to is probably A.D. 67, since in that year, and not in the other two, the name of Fonteius stands first in the Fasti. This would fix *Sat.* xiii. to the year A.D. 127.

(6) Lastly, in *Sat.* xv. 27 :—

> *Nos miranda quidem sed nuper consule Iunco*
> *Gesta super calidae referemus moenia Copti,*

the reading *Iunco*, now satisfactorily established for *Iunio*, refers to Aemilius Iuncus, who was consul in the year 127. *Sat.* xv. must therefore have been written in the year A.D. 127, or shortly after it (*nuper*).

It will be noted that these dates, supported by various other considerations, suggest that the Satires

are numbered in the order of their publication. This view is confirmed by the fact recorded that the Satires were originally published in five separate books; the first book consisting of *Sat.* i. to v. inclusive, the second of *Sat.* vi., the third of *Sat.* vii. to ix., the fourth of *Sat.* x. to xii. inclusive, and the fifth of the remaining satires. *Sat.* i. may have been written, as a preface, after the rest of Book i. Leo thinks Books i.–iv. were re-edited, with Book v. added, after Juvenal's death.

Such are the only certain indications as to date which can be discovered in Juvenal's own words. They suggest that the literary period of his life (apart from his earlier recitations) was embraced within the reigns of the emperors Trajan (A.D. 98–117) and Hadrian (A.D. 117–138), probably not extending to the end of the latter's reign. And as in *Sat.* xi. 203 he seems to speak of himself as an old man, we may perhaps, with some certainty, put his birth between the years A.D. 60 and 70.

Other indications of a personal kind are few and insignificant. When Umbricius, on leaving Rome, bids good-bye to his old friend Juvenal, he speaks of the chance of seeing him from time to time when he comes, for the sake of his health, "to his own Aquinum"; from which we may fairly infer that the Volscian town of Aquinum was the poet's native place.

This inference is confirmed by an inscription

on a marble stone, now lost, which was found at Aquinum. The stone formed part of an altar to Ceres; and the inscription records the fact that the altar had been dedicated to Ceres at his own cost by one D. Junius Juvenalis, who is described as a Tribune in a Dalmatian cohort, as a *duumvir quinquennalis*, and a *flamen* of the deified emperor Vespasian (*Corp. Inscr. Lat.* x. 5382). It should be added that the *praenomen* of the donor (D.) was not legible on the inscription, and that only the two first letters of the *nomen* Junius could be deciphered.

It is not at all certain that this inscription refers to the poet Juvenal. Apart from a very doubtful statement in a Biography which has yet to be mentioned, there is no evidence that Juvenal ever served in the army; indeed, his comments on the army in *Sat.* xvi., which express a contempt for soldiers very similar in kind to that expressed by Persius, almost forbid the supposition. His writings suggest that he habitually lived in Rome, and make it improbable that he could at any time of his life have lived long enough in Aquinum to enable him to gain and fill the important positions mentioned in the inscription. The most we can infer is that he belonged to a family of repute in his native town, and was himself therefore fairly representative of the higher circles of provincial life.

In *Sat.* xi. we find Juvenal in Rome, offering to his friend Persicus a frugal banquet to which his

Tiburtine farm was to contribute a fat kid, with other farm produce, pears, grapes, and apples, together with asparagus gathered in the intervals of her spinning by his bailiff's wife.[1]

A passage in xv. 45 records the fact that Juvenal had visited Egypt:—

luxuria, quantum ipse notavi,
Barbara famoso non cedit turba Canopo;

—a positive statement which cannot be put aside because in his fifteenth Satire the poet makes a geographical mistake as to the proximity of Ombi to Tentyra, nor yet made too much of in connection with the statement in the Biography falsely attributed to Suetonius, to the effect that Juvenal had been sent into Egypt in his old age as a form of banishment.

That Juvenal had received the best education of his time and had been trained in the moral principles of the Stoics is apparent from the whole tenour of his teaching. The statement in xiii. 121–123 that he had not studied the doctrines of the Cynics, Epicureans, or Stoics seems only to refer to the more philosophical parts of those systems.

There are three passages in the poet Martial (*Epp.* VII. xxiv. and xci. and *Epp.* XII. xviii.) in which

[1] The idea that Juvenal possessed a paternal estate, distinct from the farm at Tibur, seems to rest upon a misconception of the meaning of vi. 57.

Juvenal is named—if we presume, as seems certain, that the Satirist is the person there mentioned. These epigrams show that the two poets lived on terms of friendship and familiarity with one another, but they throw no light upon Juvenal's personal history and career. In the epigram VII. XCI. written in A.D. 93, Juvenal is styled *facundus*, an epithet which implies that by that time Juvenal's reputation, either as a declaimer or as an author, was established; while in XII. XVIII. Martial contrasts his own peaceful and happy life in a rural district of Spain with the noisy, restless life led by Juvenal in the Suburra. As Martial's twelfth book was written and collected between the years 102 and 104, that date would correspond pretty closely with that estimated above for the beginning of Juvenal's literary activity. As Duff puts it, "the facts go to prove that Martial ceased to write about the time that Juvenal began."

Amid the scanty external evidence as to the life of Juvenal, it is necessary to pay some attention to the statements made in the old Biographies which are attached to many of the ancient manuscripts of Juvenal. Early scholars were inclined to attribute these Biographies, or at least the oldest of them, from which the others were copied, either to Suetonius, the author of the Lives of the first twelve Caesars, or to Valerius Probus, a distinguished grammarian of the second century. It is

now generally admitted that there is no ground for these attributions, and that in all probability the earliest of them, from which the others were evidently copied with some difference of detail, are not older than the fourth century A.D. For all that, they seem to represent, more or less, an ancient tradition, and it is worth while considering how far some of their statements seem probable in themselves, and fit in with our other sources of information, or present improbabilities which cannot be accepted.

The oldest and best form of the Biography is as follows:—

VITA D. JUNII JUVENALIS.—*Iunius Iuvenalis, libertini locupletis incertum est filius an alumnus, ad mediam fere aetatem declamavit animi magis causa quam quod se scholae aut foro praepararet. Deinde paucorum versuum satyra non absurde composita in Paridem pantomimum poetamque* [*eius*] *semenstribus militiolis*[1] *tumentem* [*hoc ?*] *genus scripturae industriose excoluit. Et tamen diu ne modico quidem auditorio quicquam committere est ausus. Mox magna frequentia magnoque successu bis ac ter auditus est, ut ea quoque quae prima fecerat inferciret novis scriptis*:

[1] The allusion is to honorary appointments to the military tribunate (*imaginariae militiae genus*, Suet. *Claud.* 25), a system instituted by Claudius in order that the holder might obtain equestrian rank. The word *militiola* means "a trumpery period of military service."

quod non dant proceres, dabit histrio. Tu Camerinos
Et Bareas, tu nobilium magna atria curas?
Praefectos Pelopea facit, Philomela tribunos.
(vii. 90–92.)

Erat tum in deliciis aulae histrio, multique fautorum eius cottidie provehebantur. Venit ergo Iuvenalis in suspicionem, quasi tempora figurate notasset, ac statim per honorem militiae quamquam octogenarius urbe summotus est missusque ad praefecturam cohortis in extrema parte tendentis Aegypti. Id supplicii genus placuit, ut levi atque ioculari delicto par esset. Verum intra brevissimum tempus angore et taedio periit.

The first sentence of this Life contains no information that we are not prepared to accept. Nothing is more probable than that Juvenal had long practised himself in the art of declamation, and only embarked on publication when his reputation was established, and he felt confident of success. His recitations would at first be delivered to select coteries of congenial friends, in whose company he would forge out and perfect his biting epigrams, just as Tacitus is supposed to have done with his famous *sententiae*. It is quite probable, therefore, that such a passage as that quoted from *Sat.* vii. may originally have formed part of a private recitation, and have afterwards been incorporated in the more finished edition of the Satire when published. But in explaining the rest of the Life the early commentators were sadly at fault.

The person satirised in the passage quoted in the Life was a dancer of the name of Paris, who had just been mentioned in connection with the poet Statius. "A monstrous thing," says Juvenal, "that after charming the town with his beautiful voice, Statius would have to starve if he did not sell to Paris his unpublished *Agave*" : *Esurit, intactam Paridi nisi vendit Agaven* (vii. 87).

Now there were two famous dancers of the name of Paris, to either of whom the passage in *Sat.* vii. might apply. The one flourished, and was put to death, in the reign of Nero; while the other met a similar fate under Domitian. The early commentators on the Biography took it for granted, naturally enough, that the Paris mentioned in the Biography was the same Paris that is mentioned by Juvenal himself in *Sat.* vii. But the dates given above for the life of Juvenal prove conclusively that neither of the artists who bore the name of Paris could possibly have brought about the banishment of Juvenal in the manner stated. The later of the two was put to death in the reign of Domitian; and it has been shown above that the period of Juvenal's literary activity did not begin, and that *Sat.* vii. was not published, till some years after the death of that Emperor. All attempts to bring the banishment within the period of Domitian's reign have broken down.

But though the story of Juvenal's banishment as

usually told cannot possibly be true, it has been ingeniously suggested that the words of the Biography may be read in such a way as to give it some measure of probability. Having stated that Juvenal had scored a success by his Satire against Paris—a Satire evidently declaimed among private friends—we are told that he was subsequently encouraged to insert the passage among his published works. The biography then goes on: *Erat tum in deliciis aulae histrio, multique fautorum eius cottidie provehebantur. Venit ergo Iuvenalis in suspicionem quasi tempora figurate notasset.* Filled with resentment at this attack, the *histrio* prevailed upon the emperor to send Juvenal into exile in Egypt under pretence of a military command, where he died shortly after of a broken heart.

Now we are not obliged to translate the words *erat tum in deliciis aulae histrio* by "*The* actor [*i.e.* Paris] was at that time a favourite of the Court." The words indeed would more naturally mean "There was at that time *an* actor who was a favourite at Court," who resented the attack upon a member of his own profession as an indirect attack upon himself. The words which follow show that the offence did not consist of the personal attack on Paris, but that the attack on Paris was considered to contain a sidelong indirect attack (*quasi figurate notasset*) upon some other actor. Such an incident is not at all likely to have happened in the reign of either Nerva or Trajan, but it may well have occurred

under Hadrian, who became emperor in A.D. 117. Hadrian himself was a patron of actors and artistes of every kind, and he was quite a person who might have taken offence at a supposed insult offered to one of his favourites. The words of Sidonius Apollinaris, in the sixth century, who says of Juvenal *irati fuit histrionis exul*, show how steadily the tradition of the banishment had maintained itself. There is a certain convergence of dates in Juvenal's life towards the year 119; and though the above explanation can only be looked upon as a conjecture, it presents a story which may not impossibly be true, while the traditional version of the story is demonstrably false.

Life of Persius

We know from the Eusebian chronicle that the poet A. Persius Flaccus was born in the year A.D. 34, somewhat more than two years before the death of the Emperor Tiberius, and that he died in the year 62. He thus lived through the reigns of Caligula and Claudius and the first eight years of Nero. For other information as to his life and circumstances our sole source of information is an ancient Biography prefixed to many of the manuscripts of Persius. This Biography many scholars attributed to Suetonius, the biographer of the first twelve Caesars, on the ground that the lexicographer Suidas says that

that author wrote a book *De Poetis*, of which the ancient biographies of Terence and Horace are supposed to have formed a part. In the oldest MSS., however, the Biography of Persius is described as having been taken from a commentary of Valerius Probus, so that we may with some probability attribute this Biography either to the famous grammarian of that name, who lived in the reign of Nero, or to one or other of the grammarians who bore the same name. Such as it is, this authority is the best that we possess; and as it is evidently of ancient origin, and deals with simple facts with regard to which there could be no motive for falsification, we may with some confidence accept its statements as authentic.

We are told that the poet was born at Volaterrae on the 4th of December, A.D. 34, and that he died of an affection of the stomach on the 24th of November, A.D. 62. He was a Roman Eques, of good position, and became heir to a considerable fortune. His father died when he was only six years old; and though his mother married again, becoming a widow for the second time, she attended carefully to his education, first at Volaterrae, and then removing him in his twelfth year to Rome. There he went through the usual course of instruction for youths in his position, attending the lectures, first of the distinguished grammarian Remmius Palaemon, and afterwards those of the rhetorician Virginius Flavus. At the age of sixteen

he was put under the charge of the Stoic philosopher L. Annaeus Cornutus, who became his guide, philosopher, and friend, and towards whom, in one of the most charming passages in his Satires, he pours forth his feelings in terms of the liveliest gratitude and affection (*Sat.* v. 30–51).

Though living in a small domestic circle, in terms of closest intimacy with his mother, his sister, and his aunt, he seems to have been admitted to the best literary society of the time, and especially of persons connected with the Stoic School. One of his earliest friends was the lyric poet Caesius Bassus; he was intimate with the famous Paetus Thrasea, whose wife, the heroic Arria, was a kinswoman of his own; he enjoyed the friendship of Lucan, who was a great admirer of his works, declaring *haec vera poemata esse.* He was also acquainted with Seneca, though, as might be expected, he is said not to have admired his character. He left his library, including his own Satires, with a sum of money, to Cornutus, who accepted the library and, after making a few corrections, handed over the editing of the Satires to his friend Caesius Bassus. We are told that he wrote slowly, as might easily be discovered from the style of the Satires themselves. He was of a pleasing appearance, had the most gentle manners, was pure and temperate in his life, and exemplary in his domestic relations. The Biography ends with some dubious assertions, probably added by a later hand,

among which is the baseless idea which possessed his early commentators, that the main object of the First Satire was to ridicule the poetical productions of the Emperor Nero.

That Persius was born at Volaterrae in Etruria rests on the authority of the Biography, as also of the Eusebian chronicle; yet learned commentaries have been written to wrest the words of *Sat.* vi. 6–7 from their natural meaning in the endeavour to prove that the poet was born at the town of Luna on the Gulf of Spezzia, on the Genoese coast, near the famous marble quarries of Carrara. Having migrated to that delicious spot for the winter, Persius writes:

mihi nunc Ligus ora
Intepet, hibernatque meum mare.

But the words *meum mare* cannot be made to bear the meaning of a native shore; and, even if they did, the phrase might well be used of the sea that beats on the shores of Etruria, in which province the poet was born.

The period of the early years of Persius marks in a peculiar manner the change which had taken place in the general system of education as formerly pursued at Rome with a view to the needs of actual life. This change was the direct result of the downfall of the old constitution, and the substitution of an all-pervading despotism for the free play of public life which had characterised and ennobled

the fine days of the Republic. The change exercised a most baneful influence on the minds and tastes of the Roman people, and its blighting effects soon became all too conspicuous in the rapid decline of their literature.

It would be hard to imagine a system of education more practical and more stimulating for the youth of a great and free country, preparing itself for the task of civilising and dominating the world, than that which was pursued in Rome after the roughness and ignorance of the Latin warrior had been softened and enlightened by acquaintance with the art and literature of Greece. The *Dialogus* of Tacitus has left us a detailed account of that system as followed by those who looked forward to taking a part in the public life of the time. For such young men some excellence in public speaking was a matter of absolute necessity. Careful training at home would be followed by what we might call a course of secondary education, embracing Grammar, Rhetoric and Literature. To this would be added a course of Philosophy, for which the more eager spirits would repair to Athens, which had now become the University of the world. His preliminary education thus completed, the youth of full age would be put under the patronage of some leading statesman of the time. Taking his stand beside his patron when receiving in his atrium the visits of his friends, he would there hear discussions

on all the current topics of the day. He would accompany his patron to the Law Courts, watch the cases that were being tried, and hear experienced comments upon them, as well as upon the speeches that had been delivered. After this initiation into public affairs, the young man would have to serve his time in the army—a period of 20 years in the infantry, or 10 years in the cavalry, seems to have been originally exacted—after which he was fully qualified to enter upon public life on his own account.

It is little to be wondered at that such a training, pursued in an atmosphere of political freedom, should have achieved great results; and we may say with some confidence, leaving moral considerations aside, that the number of great men who flourished in Rome during the last century of the Republic—the period during which the effects of the above system made themselves felt—whether as warriors, statesmen, orators, historians, or poets—scarcely finds a parallel in the history of the world.

But when Augustus had succeeded in crushing all his rivals, and establishing in place of a free Republic a system of pure though carefully-veiled autocracy, the results soon began to make themselves felt. Virgil and Horace, enamoured of the charms of peace after the horrors of civil war, and persuading themselves that Augustus was the natural successor, representative, and restorer of all

that was best in ancient Rome, succeeded for a while in investing the personal government of Augustus with a poetic atmosphere which corresponded little with its real nature. But they had no successors. Reposing gladly under the paternal sway of Augustus during his later years, Rome lost her ideals. She was peaceful, prosperous, and contented; the fiery spirit of the old Republican days gradually died away, and the majority of the citizens, finding that servility was the surest road to advancement, "preferred the security of the present to the hazards of the past." [1] The patronage accorded by Augustus to men of letters may have done something to arrest the decay of literature; but with the close of the reign of Augustus and the accession of Tiberius the truth could no longer be concealed that the days of liberty were over, and the natural results followed in every department of human life and thought. Deprived of the inspiration of reality, literature and oratory descended from the public to the private stage, and lost alike their meaning and their manliness. Pursuits which could only be followed with danger soon ceased to be followed at all, and instead of being trained by public men among public concerns, the youth were now taught to exercise themselves in the schools of the rhetoricians, where they learnt to carry on subtle disputations on topics wholly remote from common life.

[1] Tac. *Ann.* I. ii.

For the decline of literature, there is no more authentic testimony than that of Persius; and yet he seems to be quite unconscious of the true causes of that decline. His first Satire fills an important gap in the history of Roman literature. It contains an elaborate attack upon the poetry and the poetical methods of his own day, whose weaknesses he connects, in true Stoic fashion, not with the loss of public freedom, but with the decay of morality :— Rome has lost, he tells us, all sense of what is good or bad, what is manly or mawkish, in literature; she now loves the turgid and the grandiloquent; dandy poets, after careful preparation, inflame the passions of their audience with poems of a licentious cast. Others, with similar affectations of dress and manner, bring down the applause of the house with sentimental mythological ditties, and in their efforts for smoothness lose all manliness of tone. Many buy the coveted commendation by gifts of dainties or old clothes. Others again affect archaisms, or revel in bombastic mouthings which would make Virgil turn in his grave. No orator can defend a client accused of crime without using all the elaborate figures of rhetoric; all simple writing, all honest criticism have disappeared; "I at least must tell the truth, and I must write down Rome as an ass!" (*Sat.* i. 121.)

Such is the outspoken verdict of Persius on the poetry and oratory in his day; yet never for a moment does he hint at its true cause; never once

does he heave a sigh—even a despairing sigh like that of Lucan[1]—over the loss of public liberty. And yet he had two admirable opportunities for suggesting the topic. The opening words of the 4th Satire (*Rem populi tractas?*) suggest a political discourse. "What are the qualifications," he asks, "with which the budding statesman should provide himself?" But the question is never answered; the Satire turns out to be a purely abstract disquisition on the subject of self-knowledge, dressed up with a pretended application to the case of Alcibiades.

Not less remarkable is the avoidance of all reference to public life in the 5th Satire. The main subject of that poem is that of human freedom, being an expansion of the doctrine of the Stoics that all men (Stoics of course excepted) are slaves. Here, if anywhere, was the opportunity for pointing, directly or indirectly, to the state of political servitude into which Rome had fallen. But no trace of such an idea is to be found. From first to last the subject is treated from the point of view of the schools, the sole question raised being that of the command by the individual of his own soul. Even when the poet touches on the subject of Roman citizenship, it is to dismiss with scorn the idea that it conferred any kind of freedom worth having:—

[1] *plus est quam vita salusque Quod perit* (*Pharsalia*, vii. 640).

Heu steriles veri, quibus una Quiritem
Vertigo facit! (v. 75.)

Not one word is there in Persius, from beginning to end, that recognises the change that had passed over public life in Rome, or of the results of that change on the morals and intellects of the time.

The Supposed Obscurity of Persius

It has been the fashion to characterise Persius as obscure, but the epithet is hardly deserved. He is undoubtedly difficult; his mode of expressing himself is often peculiar and fantastic. There is a certain preciosity in his choice of phrases; he is sometimes crabbed and tortuous, and in his desire for compression he occasionally, especially in his many repetitions of Horatian ideas, seeks to obtain extra force by blending two ideas into one without giving full expression to either. He is often elliptical; his dialogue is abrupt and hard to follow. He is certainly difficult as a whole, and his style is one which needs to be wrestled with; but with a little careful attention the sequence of his thought can always be discovered, and, though individual passages may cause embarrassment, he cannot as a whole be justly charged with obscurity. His contemporaries did not find him obscure. The Biography tells us that no sooner was the book

published than it became the rage (*editum librum continuo mirari homines et diripere coeperunt*). Martial vouches for its popularity :—

Saepius in libro memoratur Persius uno
Quam levis in tota Marsus Amazonide.

IV. XXIX. 7–8.

And the careful critic Quintilian, tells us :—

Multum et verae gloriae, quamvis uno libro, Persius meruit (*Inst. Or.* X. i. 94).

If, then, the obscurity of Persius was unknown to his contemporaries, we must look to some other cause for its discovery; and this seems to be provided by what is evidently a spurious addition to the Biography, to the effect that the first Satire of Persius was intended as an attack upon Nero and his poetical efforts. The original text of i. 121, we are told, ran thus :—

Auriculas asini Mida rex habet ;

but alarmed by the boldness of these lines, which seemed to point too plainly to Nero, Cornutus emended the line, making it read (as in the now received text)

Auriculas asini quis non habet ?

a reading which, as we have already seen, gives point and meaning to the whole Satire.

But the idea that Nero was the object of attack in the 1st Satire could not be allowed to drop; it was soon developed by the commentators, and became parent of the idea that Persius was obscure. Supposed references to Nero were found to lurk in every line of *Sat.* i.; and it was even discovered that Nero was also the covert object of attack in the 4th Satire—an idea which has not even yet departed from the pages of some of our modern commentators. The height of absurdity was reached by the Scholiast who, when commenting on the four lines ridiculed in *Sat.* i. 99–103, informs us *verba Neronis sunt*; to which a more recent annotator added that the lines are taken from a tragedy, supposed to be written by Nero, called the *Bacchantes*. No such play has ever been heard of; no tragic play that was ever written would contain passages in dactylic hexameters; yet we are actually asked to believe that a critic like Cornutus, so anxious to score out a harmless reference to King Midas for fear that Nero might take it to himself, allowed four whole lines, known by everybody to have formed part of a play of Nero's, to stand uncorrected! Thus the original idea on which the charge of obscurity mainly rested falls to the ground, and we may apply his own motto to the interpreting of his difficulties—*nec te quaesiveris extra.*

Persius and Juvenal Compared

The great difference between Persius and Juvenal is this, that Persius was a poet of the study, a student, a recluse, full of youthful enthusiasm, living in a retired atmosphere under the shelter of loving female relatives, and with no knowledge of the outside life of the world beyond what could be gathered from the lectures of his Stoic instructors. His world is not the living world of Rome, but the world of books; his incidents, his characters, are chiefly taken from Horace, whose virile expressions he delights to serve up in some novel and recondite form, or from the stock examples of the Schools.

Juvenal, on the other hand, is a realist of the realists; he grapples with the real things of life, and derives all his inspiration from the doings of the men and women of his own day. He belonged to the generation which had suffered from the enormities of Caligula, Claudius and Nero; his childhood probably witnessed the concluding and worst phases of the reign of Nero, and he lived through the whole of the gloomy tyranny of Domitian. He thus knew what Rome was in the period of her worst corruption. Impregnated with the moral teaching of the Stoics, he was no mere repeater of the commonplaces of the Schools. An ardent admirer of the simple and hardy virtues of ancient Rome, he holds up a mirror to every part of the

private life of the Rome of his day, and by the most caustic and trenchant invective seeks to shame her out of her vices. He was thus eminently fitted on the ground of personal experience to describe the manners of Imperial Rome at the period of her worst corruption, and long practice had put in his hands a weapon which enabled him to castigate them with matchless power and severity.

Juvenal's pictures are doubtless exaggerated; all brilliant rhetoric is more or less overstrained, and the peculiar doctrines of Stoicism naturally lent themselves to paradox and exaggeration. But apart from Stoicism, there are certain fundamental prejudices in Juvenal's mind which, though honestly entertained, and natural in one who was always looking back to the worthies of old Rome for examples, are pressed upon us with a frequency and an emphasis which seem excessive. His belief in the virtue of primitive times; his hatred of the foreigner, especially one coming from Greece and the East; his tirades against wealth and the wealthy, and his suggestion that wealth is always acquired by unworthy means; his laudation of mere poverty; his incapacity to see any object in trade except that of self-enrichment, or any value at all in humble or menial occupations, however useful to the community (*Sat.* iii. 71–2)—all these ideas belong to what we may call the old Roman part of Juvenal's prepossessions. They serve to account for the

singular want of proportion which is to be observed in some of his moral judgments, and they have to be reckoned with in estimating the value of his censures.

With these modifying elements in view, it has often been asked, How far can we depend upon the denunciations of Juvenal as presenting a faithful picture of the Rome of his day? His sincerity cannot be questioned. It is impossible, as we read through his satires, not to feel that he speaks what in his conscience he believes to be the truth, and appraises everything and everybody in accordance with the standard of morality which he has accepted as his guide in life. His pictures of Rome, and of life in Rome, are so vivid, so full of characteristic detail, that they carry with them a conviction of their fidelity; while his shrewd knowledge of human nature, and the truly noble lines on which he lays down some of the great principles of human conduct—many of them in harmony with the best ideas of modern times—make us feel a general confidence in his moral judgments.

But we have more than internal evidence to rely upon. The poet Martial, who was a contemporary and friend of Juvenal, lived through the very period from which Juvenal's sketches are taken. His epigrams deal with the same topics of social life which form the staple of Juvenal's satires. The Rome of Martial is the Rome of Juvenal. He

describes, in the minutest detail, the same vices and the same manner of living; and the correspondence between them acquires a double force from the fact that the two authors looked at these same things from a totally different angle. Juvenal was a moralist; he regarded the vices and follies of his day as affording material for reprobation; Martial looked upon the same facts as affording material for quips and epigrams. Juvenal hardly ever casts off the attitude of a preacher; Martial gives an identical picture of Roman life without a touch of moral indignation.

But although we cannot but accept Juvenal's account of the corruption of his day as true in the main, it does not follow that it was true of all Rome, and that there was no reverse side to the picture. We know from Pliny, Seneca, and other writers, that there were many quiet, thoughtful and well-conducted homes in Rome, in which a high level of morality was reached, which had no share in the corruptions of the time, and were preparing the ground for that period of philosophical reflection and moral regeneration which distinguished the second century. We may, therefore, console ourselves by the reflection that the castigations of Juvenal, though justified on the whole, referred mainly to what might be called the seamy side of Roman life—a side to which some parallel may be found in our own boasted centres of civilization.

Juvenal was no politician; he never casts an eye on the political conditions of his day. He is as blind as Persius to the effects on Roman life and character of the loss of public freedom. Though a passionate admirer of the Republican heroes of old Rome, he never expends a sigh upon the downfall of the Republic; he has none of the belated and despairing republicanism which inspires the sonorous hexameters of Lucan. He does not hesitate to dwell on the crimes and vices of individual emperors; but he accepts their rule as a matter of course. He never connects the autocratic character of the government with the degradation of the Roman people which he deplores. He is essentially the moralist of private life; perhaps the only distinctly political observation that can be discovered in his satires is when he declares that Rome was free in the days when she called Cicero the "Father of his Country":

Sed Roma parentem,
Roma patrem patriae Ciceronem libera dixit.
(viii. 243–4.)

The *Satura* of Rome

The classical passage on Roman *Satura* is to be found in Quintilian, *Inst. Orat.* x. i. 93–95:—

Satura quidem tota nostra est, in qua primus insignem laudem adeptus Lucilius quosdam ita deditos sibi adhuc

habet amatores ut eum non eiusdem modo operis auctoribus sed omnibus poetis praeferre non dubitent . . .

After comparing Lucilius with Horace, he proceeds to say :—

Multum et verae gloriae quamvis uno libro Persius meruit. Sunt clari hodieque et qui olim nominabuntur. Alterum illud etiam prius saturae genus, sed non sola carminum varietate mixtum, condidit Terentius Varro, vir Romanorum eruditissimus. Plurimos hic libros et divitissimos composuit, peritissimus linguae Latinae et omnis antiquitatis et rerum Graecarum nostrarumque, plus tamen scientiae collaturus quam eloquentiae.

To this we may add the testimony of the grammarian Diomedes (fourth–fifth century), p. 483 :—

Satura dicitur carmen apud Romanos, non apud Graecos, maledicum et ad carpenda hominum vitia archaeae comoediae charactere compositum, quale scripserunt Lucilius et Horatius et Persius ; at olim carmen quod e variis poematibus constabat satura nominabatur, quale scripserunt Pacuvius et Ennius.

And again :—

Satura carmina multa simul et poemata comprehenduntur.

Comparing the above passages we learn that there were several kinds of composition known by the name of *Satura* :—

(1) The Satire of Lucilius, Horace, and Juvenal ;

(2) Another form of Satire founded by Terentius Varro, of which the characteristic feature was that it was *non sola carminum varietate mixtum*; and

(3) The kind distinguished from the Varronian kind by the preceding definition, and more particularly described by Diomedes as having been used by Pacuvius and Ennius, and defined as *carmen quod e variis poematibus constabat.*

But even so we have not reached the earliest form of *Satura*, possibly of a dramatic kind. In recounting the history of the importation of dramatic games from Etruria into Rome in consequence of a pestilence in the year B.C. 364, Livy tells us (vii. 2) how the *ludiones* imported from Etruria danced Tuscan dances of a not ungraceful kind to the music of the pipe, but without words or gestures; how the native youth imitated these performances, adding to them the jocular bandying of verses amongst each other with appropriate gesticulations; till at last, improving upon these early efforts, *non, sicut antea, Fescennino versu similem incompositum temere ac rudem alternis iaciebant; sed impletas modis saturas, descripto iam ad tibicinem cantu, motuque congruenti peragebant.* Hence the introduction of the drama some years afterwards (B.C. 240) by Livius Andronicus *qui ab saturis ausus est primus argumento fabulam serere*, i.e. construct a play with a regular plot.

We thus see that the name of *Satura* was origin-

ally given to a rough musical performance of a semi-dramatic kind, being developed it would seem from the rude banterings in extempore verse or otherwise of the Italian youth, who were famed for the *antiqua et vernacula festivitas* with which they used to pelt each other in times of village festivals and rejoicings.[1]

Of the Satires of Pacuvius we know nothing, except from the above-quoted passage from Diomedes; but of those of Ennius (B.C. 239–169) we know enough to give us a good idea of what they were. Porphyrion speaks of the fourth book of his Satires, Donatus of a sixth, each Satire forming a book in itself; and some few fragments of them remain. One deals with astrologers and interpreters of dreams, another with female license; and Quintilian tells us that one of his Satires took a dramatic form:—*ut Voluptatem et Virtutem Prodicus, ut Mortem et Vitam quas contendentes in satura tractat Ennius* (*Inst. Orat.* IX. ii. 36). Thus Ennian Satire seems to have consisted of a variety of poetical pieces, composed in various metres, on various topics

[1] For these extempore rustic effusions, full of coarse and pungent wit, see Virg. *Geo.* ii. 385–395, and Hor. *Epp.* i. 147–167. Having regard to the evidence afforded by these passages, and by the passage from Livy quoted above, it is not possible to accept the statement of Prof. H. Nettleship that "Lucilius was the first writer who impressed upon the *Satura* that character of invective which it to a great extent preserved in the hands of Horace, Persius and Juvenal" (*Lectures and Essays*, second series, 1895). On the contrary, it would seem that personal abuse formed the essence of the first beginnings of *Satura*.

drawn from daily life, occasionally employing dialogue, and written with a certain humour and sprightliness of style.

The *Satura* of the learned Varro (B.C. 116–28), as we have already seen, contained prose as well as verse (*non sola carminum varietate mixtum*), and according to the statement put into his mouth by Cicero (*Acad.* I. ii. 8) they were written in imitation of the Greek philosopher Menippus:—

Et tamen in illis veteribus nostris, quae Menippum imitati, non interpretati, quadam hilaritate conspeximus, multa admixta ex intima philosophia, multa dicta dialectice.

So too Aulus Gellius II. xviii. 10:—

Alii quoque non pauci fuerunt qui post philosophi clari exstiterunt. Ex quibus ille Menippus fuit cuius librum M. Varro in Saturis imitatus est, quas alii Cynicas, ipse appellat Menippeas.

Now Menippus was a Cynic philosopher of Gadara (*fl. circ.* B.C. 60), who from the character of his works was distinguished by the epithet σπουδαιογέλοιος, *i.e.* "serio-comic," in consequence of the humorous style in which he expressed himself, one of his aims being to ridicule the folly and trifling of the pseudo-philosophers of the day.[1]

[1] We may compare this with the subject of Juvenal's second Satire.

The slight fragments preserved of Menippus are not enough to enable us to judge of his style; but from sundry notices of him in Lucian we may gather that his Satires were written in prose,[1] that they frequently introduced dialogue, and that they embraced a large variety of topics, including especially the ridicule of false philosophers. Varro's Satires gained the name of Menippea, as Cicero informs us, from their general likeness to those of Menippus in style and subject. Both employed dialogue, both discoursed on many subjects, and both conveyed instruction in a humorous and playful form.

Varro was the most voluminous of writers (πολυγραφώτατος, Cic. *Epp. ad Att.* xiii. 18); he himself computed that he had written 490 books. Of these it is obvious, from the number of times they are quoted by writers down to the beginning of the fifth century, that the Menippean Satires were the most popular. There seem to have been no less than 150 of them, each in a separate book; the grammarians Aulus Gellius (A.D. 117–180) and Nonius Marcellus (fourth century?) cite fragments of at least 82 of the Satires. The titles, of which many have been

[1] Probus indeed (ad Virg. *Ecl.* vi. 31) says that Varro's Satire was called after Menippus: *quod is quoque omnigeno carmine saturas suas expoliverat*; but among the many passages in which Menippus is mentioned by those who must have known his writings there is no hint that he ever wrote in verse.

preserved, are enough to show the variety and humorous character of their contents, which covered many different subjects, social, philosophic, and political. Among them are the following: Ὑδροκύων, apparently an attack upon the Cynics, the "Prohibitionists" of their day; Τρικάρανος, "the three-headed monster," perhaps an attack upon the First Triumvirate; Περὶ ἐξαγωγῆς, on suicide; Γνῶθι σεαυτόν; Ὄνος λύρας, the ass who pretends to a taste for music; Δὶς παῖδες οἱ γέροντες *Tithonus*, on old age; Τοῦ πατρὸς τὸ παιδίον (the subject of Juvenal's fourteenth Satire); and *Pransus paratus*, which seems to have suggested the lines of our modern poet,

> *Serenely full, the epicure may say*
> *"Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day."*

We now come to the greatest form of *Satura*, which has stamped its name on the history of literature and the world, the Satire of Lucilius and Horace, of Persius and of Juvenal.

Lucilian Satire

C. Lucilius, proclaimed by Horace, Persius, and Juvenal as the founder of Roman Satire, was born at Suessa Aurunca, in Campania, in B.C. 180; he died about B.C. 103. If not actually the inventor of Roman Satire, he was the first to mould it into that form which subsequently acquired consistency and

full development in the hands of his distinguished successors. Juvenal has no hesitation in acknowledging him as its father:—

Cur tamen hoc potius libeat decurrere campo
Per quem magnus equos Auruncae flexit alumnus;
Sat. i. 19–20.

Horace says of him that he was the first to compose poems in this style:—

Quid cum est Lucilius ausus
Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,
Sat. II. i. 63.

Like Quintilian, Horace proclaims Lucilius as a writer in a style unknown to Greece:—

Graecis intacti carminis auctor (*Sat.* I. x. 66).

He was a man of good social position; Horace speaks of himself as "*infra Lucili censum*" (*Sat.* II. i. 75). He served in the Numantine war, and seems to have been on intimate terms with Scipio, and the literary society which gathered round him. He was a prolific writer, having written no less than thirty books of Satires, each book probably containing several pieces. The subjects treated were of the most miscellaneous kind, embracing questions of religion, morals, politics, and literary criticism; some of them even touched on questions of spelling. Living in the days of the

free republic, he indulged in broad and coarse personalities, attacking his enemies by name :—

secuit Lucilius urbem,
Te Lupe, te Muci, et genuinum fregit in illis.
Pers. i. 114–15.

In this respect, Horace tells us, Lucilius took his model from the writers of the old Attic comedy; but while commending his freedom and his wit, Horace is severe upon his style, which he pronounces rough, redundant, and inartistic. In the general tone of his writings, and in the purity of his aims, he seems to have represented on its best side the literary and moral ideas of the Scipionic circle. His poems have been described as open letters to the public, embracing the whole life of a cultivated man of the world in good position, ready to criticise everything and everybody in politics, literature, and social life.

With regard to the metre which he employed, the great body of his poems, with some exceptions, were written in dactylic hexameters; and from that time forward this became the recognised metre of Roman satire.

And now for the bond which linked together these various forms of composition under the common name of *Satura*.

It was the practice among the ancients, in making

the stated sacrifices to Ceres or Bacchus, or other rural deities, to offer to each god a collection of the various first-fruits of the earth, piled up upon a large platter. The Greeks designated offerings of this mixed kind by the name παγκαρπία or πάγκαρπος θυσία; while the Latins called a platter thus piled up a *lanx satura*, or simply *satura*, that word being the feminine of the adjective *satur* (from root *sat*), signifying repletion. The same word was used of other things possessing the same quality: a *Lex* passed *per saturam* was a law containing enactments on various subjects which were all passed together as a whole. Thus the term came to be used of any miscellaneous collection, any medley or hotch-potch consisting of many mixed ingredients.

(1) The first kind of entertainment to which the word was applied was that described by Livy vii. 2, consisting of rough dialogue set to music (*impletas modis saturas*), with singing and dancing. The whole might appropriately be called a *Dramatic Miscellany* or *Medley*.

(2) Ennius and Pacuvius removed *Satura* from the stage, and gave the name to a number of pieces composed on a variety of subjects and in a variety of metres. The whole, viewed as a collection, might be called a *Poetical Miscellany*.

(3) Varro, taking as his model the dialogues of Menippus, wrote a vast number of pieces on a multitude of different subjects, some purely comic,

some on grave themes drawn from recondite philosophy, but even these treated with a certain liveliness of manner (*conspersas hilaritate quadam*), and all thrown into the form of a dialogue, mostly in prose, possibly with some admixture of verse, and forming what may be called a serio-comic *Philosophic Miscellany*.

(4) Finally comes the *Satura Luciliana*, the great characteristic of which was the variety of subjects dealt with. Of these, however, politics ceased to be one after the time of Lucilius. If we admit the limits marked out for himself by Juvenal in the famous lines,

Quidquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri farrago libelli est (i. 85–6),

we might define it as a *Moral Miscellany*. Unlike previous forms of Satire, it eliminated prose and restricted itself to one form of verse, the dactylic hexameter. It devoted itself mainly to social and moral topics, castigating the vices and follies of mankind as depicted in their lives and occupations. Almost any subject relating to man or society might be dealt with in a *Satura*. Horace allowed himself a very wide field, including critical disquisitions and such anecdotes as might lead to humorous or caustic comment; while Lucilius went further still, entering even on the discussion of questions of grammar and orthography. Having originated on

the stage, Satire retained to the last evident traces of its dramatic origin. Varro's Satires consisted largely of dialogue; dialogue is constantly appearing in Horace; Juvenal is full of dramatic touches; while the proper unravelling of obscurely marked dialogue forms one of the main difficulties in the interpretation of Persius.

Juvenal's Satires Summarized

The contents of Juvenal's Satires may be summarised as follows:—

In his 1st Satire, which was probably written as a Preface, either to the whole of the Satires, or to one of the five separate books which made up the whole, Juvenal again follows in the steps of Persius. Among the reasons which impelled him to write satire he puts first of all his disgust at the popular poetry of the day, and at the recitations on hackneyed mythological subjects to which he is compelled to listen. He has heard enough of Theseus, Jason, and Orestes; he is bored by perpetual descriptions of the grove of Mars, of the cave of Aeolus, and of the exploits of Monychus. He prefers to deal with realities; he must describe the men of his own time:—

> *Whatever passions have the soul possessed,*
> *Whatever wild desires inflamed the breast,*

Joy, Sorrow, Fear, Love, Hatred, Transport, Rage,
Shall form the motley subject of my page.
(*Gifford's Version of* i. 85, 86.)

Precisely similar is the disgust expressed by Martial at the mawkish mythological poetry of his day :—

Qui legis Oedipoden caligantemque Thyesten,
Colchidas et Scyllas, quid nisi monstra legis ?
Quid te vana iuvant miserae ludibria cartae ?
Hoc lege, quod possit dicere vita, Meum est.
Non hic Centauros, non Gorgonas Harpyiasque
Invenies : hominem pagina nostra sapit.
(*Epp.* x. iv. 1–2, 7–10.)

Juvenal and Martial may thus be said to have developed a school of practical poetry. Just as Socrates is said to have called down the attention of men from the heavens to the earth, so did Juvenal and Martial call men from the barren repetition of mythological tales and fancies, and the no less barren field of rhetorical declamation, to describing the life of men as lived in their own time and city.

Juvenal ends his 1st Satire with the announcement that he is not to follow the example of Lucilius in attacking his contemporaries; his shafts are to be directed, not against the living, but against the dead. This is not to be taken merely as a sign of caution on Juvenal's part, as though he were afraid of rousing resentments like those aroused by Lucilius, but is

rather an indication that his main purpose is to expose the vices and follies of the day, not to attack the individuals who had committed them. He is to be a preacher of morality, not a chastiser of persons. And this promise is to a large extent made good. Juvenal makes no effort to describe or ridicule individual characters, nor did he possess the special talent for the purpose. His subject, no doubt, requires him frequently to quote names; but such names are usually given merely as typical of some special kind of failing. They are taken either from books, or from persons who had in some way or other made themselves notorious; some of them may have been invented for the occasion. In no case do we recognise any special feeling of animosity against the person named; nowhere can we discover any trace of that personal vindictiveness which sharpens the point, and impairs the truthfulness, of so much of our most famous modern satire. And Juvenal's most exaggerated invectives are relieved by the feeling that they are the sincere outpourings of that *saeva indignatio* which has so often been coupled with his name.

In his 2nd Satire Juvenal attacks false philosophers—men who, while exhibiting in public the stern looks and uncouth manners of Stoics, practise the worst vices in secret. It is characteristic of Juvenal that he quotes as instances of the worst

depravity the fact that a Roman noble wore clothes of almost transparent texture, and that the Emperor Otho used cosmetics and carried with him a mirror as part of his paraphernalia for war.

The 3rd Satire, from an artistic point of view, is perhaps Juvenal's finest performance. It contains a brilliant picture of the living Rome of his day, of its sights and sounds, its physical dangers and annoyances, its luxury and its meanness, its wearisome social observances, and of the intolerable inequalities which made it impossible for a poor man with any self-respect to continue any longer to live in it.

In lines 18–20 we find a charming indication of the poet's natural good taste when he exclaims how much nearer to us would be the spirit of Egeria "if her fountain were fringed by a margin of green grass, and there were no marble ornament to outrage the native tufa."

The 4th Satire is of a lighter kind; it is in the nature of a skit upon the solemn importance with which an exacting emperor like Domitian might invest the most frivolous act of obsequious flatterers. A turbot of huge size is sent up as a present to the emperor, who at once summons a meeting of his cabinet council to consider how the fish is to be treated.

The 5th Satire, in a tone of bitter irony, gives us

the most perfect picture we possess of the manner in which a patron of the Imperial times might discharge the old historical duty of entertaining his clients. The picture is taken from the life; and we cannot doubt that Juvenal had experienced in his own person the humiliations which he describes. Nothing can be more revolting, nothing more repugnant to every idea of hospitality, than the manner in which the host Virro entertains his guest, who as a full reward for faithful daily service receives at length the long-hoped-for invitation to dinner. He sits, or rather reclines, at the same table, but on a lower couch. He is subjected to every kind of indignity at the hands both of the host and of his menial attendants. For every course a different and inferior dish is served to the client; so also with the drink. It is not that Virro grudges the expense of the entertainment; it is his deliberate object to insult his client, and he rejoices in his humiliation.

The longest, the most elaborate, and the most brilliant of Juvenal's Satires is the 6th, which puts before us, in long procession, a Dream of Unlovely Women.

What, Postumus? Are you, in your sober senses, going to take to yourself a wife? Do you not know that Chastity has fled this earth? She may have stayed with us in Saturn's time, and perhaps lingered awhile under Jupiter before he grew his beard, in the

days when men still made their home in caves, and when wives spread couches of leaves and beast-skins on the mountain-side. But know you not that since the Silver Age came in adultery has been all the vogue? Are you actually thinking of making a marriage contract and presenting an engagement ring? By what Fury are you possessed? Have you no halter by you? is there no high window from which you can take a leap? (1–37.)

And is Ursidius, once the most notorious of gallants, preparing to obey the Julian law and to rear an heir? ready to forgo all the turtles and mullets and other dainties which his childlessness now brings him in? Bleed the simpleton, ye doctors, if he thinks he can find a virtuous wife; if he finds one, let him sacrifice a heifer with gilded horns to Juno! Why, nowadays a wife would sooner be contented with one eye than with one husband! (38–59.)

Can you, in all the tiers of the circus or the theatre, find a single honest woman? Women love the stage; if you marry a wife it will be to make a father of some harpist or flute-player. Or perhaps, like Eppia, the Senator's wife, she will run off to Egypt with a gladiator, leaving home and husband and sister, and brave all the perils of the deep. Had her husband bidden her go on board a ship, she would have deemed it an act of cruelty; no woman has boldness but for acts of shame! (60–135.)

If a husband believes in his wife's virtue, it is because of the dowry that she has brought him; the Cupid that inflamed him was in her money-bags! If he love her for her beauty, she will lord it over him as long as that lasts, and ruin him by her extravagance; once her charms are faded, he will put her to the door. If, again, she be virtuous, comely, rich, fertile, and high-born, what husband can endure a woman who is all perfection, and is for ever casting her high qualities in his teeth? Away with your high ancestry, Cornelia! away with your Hannibal, your Syphax, and your Carthage! Remember the fate of Niobe! (136–183.)

How nauseous is the female habit of using Greek for every act and circumstance of life! Women now do everything, even their loves, in Greek. You might forgive it in a girl; but what can be more revolting than to hear Greek terms of endearment in the mouth of an old woman? (184–199.)

If you marry without love, why marry at all? Why be at the expense of a marriage-feast and all the other costs of matrimony? If you are really and truly in love with your wife, then bow your head submissively to the yoke. She will take full toll of you; she will rejoice in stripping you bare; she will do all your buying and your selling for you; she will show your old friends to the door, and make you leave legacies to her lovers. She will crucify your slaves for little or no offence; if you expos-

tulate, and plead for delay, she will tell you "It is my will; the thing must be done!" In the end she will leave you, and wear out her veil in other bridals. What think you of one who ran through eight husbands in five seasons? (200–230.)

No hope of peace so long as your mother-in-law is alive. She rejoices to see you fleeced; she helps her daughter in her intrigues, and teaches her to be like herself.

Women are desperately litigious; never yet was there a lawsuit which did not have a woman at the bottom of it. If Manilia is not a defendant, she is a plaintiff; she instructs her learned counsel how to adjust his pleas. (231–245.)

Then there is the athletic woman, with her wrappers and her ointments, her belts, greaves, and gauntlets; puffing and blowing all the time, she belabours a stump with wooden sword or shield; and though her skin is so delicate that she must needs wear garments of silk, she goes through all the exercises, all the attitudes and postures, of the gymnasium. What gladiator's wife would stoop to do the like? (246–267.)

The connubial couch is ever full of bickerings and reproaches: no sleep to be got there! It is there that the wife assails her husband with the fury of a tigress that has lost her whelps; she rakes up every imaginary grievance against him, and has always floods of tears at her command; he, poor fool, imagines they are

tears of love. If she herself be caught in a delinquency, she brazens it out: "We agreed," says she, "that you should go your way and I mine." (268–285.)

Whence came all these monstrosities among us? When Latian homes were poor and humble, when hands were hard with toil, when Hannibal was thundering at our gates, our homes were pure; Roman virtue perished along with Roman poverty. Long peace and enervating riches have been our ruin, pouring all the corruptions of Rhodes, Miletus, and Tarentum into our city. Little wonder that we have deserted the simple rites of Numa and adopted the foul practices of the Good Goddess! (286–351.)

Ogulnia wishes to make a show at the games· she hires a gown, a litter and followers, with a maid to run her messages; she presents to some smooth-skinned athlete the last remnants of the family plate. Such women never think what their pleasures cost them; men sometimes have an eye to economy, women never. (352–365.)

If your wife have a taste for music, she will abandon herself to the musicians; her bejewelled fingers will for ever be strumming on their instruments; she offers wine and meal to Janus and to Vesta that her Pollio may win a crown of oak-leaves. You Gods must have much time upon your hands if you can listen to prayers like these! (379–397.)

Better that, however, than that your wife should

be a busybody, running about the town and discussing the news with generals, and in her husband's presence, unabashed; she knows everything that is taking place in every corner of the globe; she retails every scandal of the town; she picks up the latest rumours at the city gates; she knows what countries are being devastated by floods, what disasters comets are boding to the kings of Parthia and Armenia, and repeats her tales to every man and woman in the street. (398–412.)

More terrible still is the termagant, who loves to lash her poor neighbours; when a dog disturbs her slumbers, she orders the owner to be thrashed first, and then the dog. She enters the baths noisily by night, works at the dumbbells till she is wearied, and then submits herself to the bathman for massage. Meanwhile her famished guests have been wearying for their dinner; when at last she arrives, she slakes her thirst with bumpers of Falernian, which soon find their way back on to the floor. (413–433.)

No less of a nuisance is your learned lady, who discourses on poetry, and pits Homer and Virgil against each other. She outbawls all the rhetoricians with her din; she could unaided bring succour to the labouring moon. She lays down definitions like a philosopher; she should tuck up her skirts half-leg high, sacrifice a pig to Silvanus, and take a penny bath![1] She knows all history, quotes

[1] *i.e.* take a public bath along with the men.

poets that I never heard of; she has every trick of speech at her fingers' ends, and will pull you up for the smallest slip in grammar. Take no such wife to your bosom! (434–456.)

Still more unbearable is the wealthy wife, who thinks that everything is permitted to her. Her neck, her ears, are resplendent with precious stones; she plasters her face with bread-poultices and Poppaean pastes which stick to her husband's lips when he gives her a kiss. She never cares to look well at home; it is for lovers only that a clean skin and Indian perfumes are reserved. In due time she washes off the layers with asses' milk, and the face can be recognised as a face instead of as a sore! (457–473.)

If the husband has been neglectful, the maids will suffer for it; the slightest fault will bring down a thrashing on them with whip or cane; some women engage their floggers by the year. The lady meanwhile is making up her face, or chatting with her friends, or examining a piece of embroidery, or reading the Gazette: not less cruel than Phalaris, she keeps her flogger at it all the time. If in a hurry to keep an assignation, she wreaks her vengeance on her tirewoman with a thong of bull's hide for every curl out of place, while the second maid builds up the lofty erection on her head: so serious is the art of beautification! so complicated the artistic structure! Not a thought for the husband all this

time; he is only a little nearer to her than a next-door neighbour; she heeds not what she costs him. (474–511.)

Another is the prey of every superstition. In come the noisy crew of the frantic Bellona and the Good Goddess, clanging their cymbals; they pay reverence to the huge emasculated priest; to avert his prophecies of evil, she presents him with a hundred eggs, and some cast-off clothing: these carry off the threatened peril and purify her for the entire year. In winter-time she breaks the ice for a plunge into the Tiber, and then crawls with bleeding knees over the Campus Martius. At Io's bidding—for she believes that the Goddess herself holds commune with her—she would go on a pilgrimage to Egypt to bring water from Lake Meroe with which to besprinkle the shrine of Isis. She pays reverence to the dog-headed Anubis, with his close-cropped and linen-clad followers; a fat goose and a thin cake will obtain from Osiris absolution for all her peccadilloes. (511–541.)

Next comes a Jewish hag, leaving her basket and her hay, who whispers secrets into her ear, expounding the holy laws of her tribe: she interprets or invents dreams for the smallest of coins. An Armenian or Syrian soothsayer, manipulating a pigeon's liver, promises her a youthful lover, or the inheritance of some rich and childless man. He probes the entrails of a dog, sometimes even of a

boy, committing a crime that he may himself turn informer. But most trusted of all is the Chaldaean, whose words come direct from the fount of Hammon —more especially if he have done something to deserve exile and narrowly escaped death. Your virtuous Tanaquil consults him about the too long delayed death of her mother or her uncle—having first enquired about your own death. Such a one knows nothing about the stars; but beware of the woman in whose hand you see a well-thumbed almanack, and who claims to be an expert; she is herself consulted, and regulates her whole life after the dictates of the occult science. Rich women consult a Phrygian or an Indian augur; the poor woman looks for a diviner in the Circus, of whom she enquires whether she shall marry the tavern-keeper or the old-clothesman. (542–591.)

Poor women will bear the pangs of childbirth; but you will rarely find a woman lying-in who sleeps in a gilded bed. So potent are the draughts of the abortionist! Hand the potion to her yourself, my man, and rejoice in the murder of your unborn children: you might otherwise find yourself the father of a blackamoor. If an heir be wanted for some great house, roguish Fortune knows where to look for one: she takes her stand by night at the foundling pool, dandles a chance infant in her arms, and spirits it away into some lordly house to become a Pontifex or a Priest of Mars! (592–609.)

Instructed by Thessalian witches, a wife will make her husband imbecile or raving mad with a magical love philtre: just as Caesonia's[1] potion robbed Nero's uncle of his senses. More guilty she than Agrippina: for Agrippina did but "send down to heaven" a slobbering dotard, whereas Caesonia's medicament slew knights and senators together, and turned the whole world upside down with fire and the sword. (610–626.)

To kill a stepson is now thought quite in order; beware, ye wards, if ye have wealth: keep an eye upon your stepmother's cakes, and let her cup be tasted before you put it to your lips. Do you suppose that I am telling mere idle tales, breathing forth mouthings like a tragedian? Would to heaven it were so! but just look at the case of Pontia, who was caught in the act: "I did it," she confessed; "with my own hands. I gave aconite to my boys." "What, you viper? you slew two of them at one meal?" "Ay; and seven too had there been seven to slay!" (627–642.)

Tragedy, indeed, tells us of the crimes of Procne and the Colchian; I seek not to deny them. But they sinned in wrath, not for filthy lucre's sake: what I cannot abide is the calculated crime, committed calmly in cold blood. Women flock to see Alcestis dying for her husband; but your modern

[1] Caesonia was Caligula's wife. Agrippina was supposed to have poisoned her uncle-husband Claudius, and so won for him divinity.

woman would let her husband go to Hades if she could save her lapdog! Daughters of Danaus[1] are to be found in plenty among us; every street in Rome contains its Clytemnestra; the only difference is that she made use of a clumsy two-bladed axe, while these women do the trick with the liver of a toad—and perhaps with a knife, if their lord have fortified himself with antidotes! (643–661.)

The 7th Satire promises a good time for letters and learning from the expected patronage of the new emperor, and is mainly taken up with bewailing the miserable prospects of all the literary professions. The good old days of patronage are gone; the wealthy pay no respect to letters, or assist them only in ways that involve no cost to themselves; the only patronage worth having nowadays is the favour of a popular play-actor. The poet, the historian, the advocate, the rhetorician, the grammarian—all have the same tale of neglect and poverty to tell, whereas singers and jockeys are splendidly rewarded. The teacher's profession, which is the noblest, and the most deserving of respect, of all the professions, fares worst of all; there is no money that a father grudges so much as that spent in the education of his son.

The 8th Satire is an attack upon pride of birth. Though there is no one who has more respect for the

[1] *i.e.* wives who murder their husbands.

blood of the great old Roman houses than Juvenal himself, he discourses eloquently on the theme *nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus.* No man, no animal, can be called high-born whose breeding is not proclaimed by the possession of high qualities. A man must stand or fall by his own qualities, not by those of his ancestors. Be a stout soldier, an honest guardian, and an impartial arbiter; prefer honour to life; if called to govern a province, be just and tender-hearted to the provincials. If your wife be blameless, and you have no corrupt favourite in your suite, you may trace your lineage to the loftiest source you please; but if you are carried headlong by ambition, lust and cruelty, the noble blood of your ancestors rises up in judgment against you, and throws a dazzling light upon your misdeeds. What think you of the noble Lateranus, who drives his own chariot along the public way unabashed, and frequents low taverns, where he consorts with thieves, coffin-makers, and cut-throats? And what are we to say of a Damasippus or a Lentulus, who hire out their voices to the stage?—though, indeed, who might not be a mime when an emperor has turned lutist?—and worse still, have we not seen the noble Gracchus in the arena, not fighting with helm and shield and sword, but with a trident and a net in his hand? See how he has missed his cast, and lifts his face for all to see as he flies along the arena! Orestes, you say, was a parricide, like Nero;

but Orestes slew no wife, no sister: he never sang upon the stage, he never wrote an epic upon Troy! And of all his crimes, which deserved greater punishment than that?

Whose blood could be nobler than that of Catiline or Cethegus? Yet they conspired to destroy the city; and it was the plebeian Cicero that preserved it. The plebeian Marius saved her from the Cimbri and the Teutones; the plebeian Decii saved our legions from the hosts of Latium; and the best king of Rome was a slave-girl's son.

The 9th Satire deals with a disgusting offence, one of the main sources of corruption in the ancient world.

The 10th Satire has been often called Juvenal's masterpiece; it has had the honour of being paraphrased by Johnson in his "Vanity of Human Wishes," and it has all the merits of a full-blown rhetorical declamation. It has some magnificent descriptions, especially that of the fall of the favourite Sejanus. But it is a profoundly depressing and pessimistic poem. Except in the last few lines, there is not a word of hope or encouragement for the ordinary human being; no sense that any kind of life can be worth living; not one word of counterpoise to the long, dismal catalogue of human failures; no suggestion that in great lives which have ended in disaster there may have been moments of noble

action, high endeavour and inspiration. The description of old age is revolting in its minuteness, and it is not relieved by a single touch of sympathy or kindliness. The text of the whole is

Quid tam dextro pede concipis ut te
Conatus non paeniteat votique peracti?

Our wishes, our prayers, are all equally vain. If you lust for riches, think of the fate of a Lateranus, a Seneca, or a Longinus; even in days of primitive simplicity, man's follies provoked the tears of Heracleitus and the laughter of Democritus. Some men are brought to ruin by their lust of place and power, like Pompey, the Crassi, and Sejanus; others, like Cicero and Demosthenes, by the fatal gift of eloquence. The glories of war end in misery and disaster—look at the calamitous ends of Hannibal, of Xerxes, and Alexander! Men pray for long life; but old age does but bring with it a host of miseries and infirmities, ending in the loss of reason. What calamities had Nestor, Peleus, and Priam to go through because of their length of days! What disasters would have been escaped by Marius and Pompey, what glory might not have been theirs, had they died earlier!

The loving mother prays that her children may have beauty; but when did modesty and beauty go together? The fair maiden, the fair youth, live in a world of peril and of snares. Hippolytus and

Bellerophon warn us that even purity has its dangers; and what was the end of the fair and high-born youth who became a victim to the passion of Messalina?

Better leave it to the Gods to determine what is best for you and for your state; man is dearer to them than he is to himself. But if you must needs pray for something, ask for things which you can give yourself: ask for a stout heart that fears not death; ask for power to endure; ask for a heart that knows not anger and desire, and deems that all the woes of Hercules are better than the soft cushions of Sardanapalus. These things you can bestow on yourself, and snap your fingers at the strokes of Fortune!

The 11th Satire consists of two parts. It begins with an account of the folly of gourmands of slender means, who ruin themselves for the pleasures of the table, forgetful of the golden rule γνῶθι σεαυτόν, which warns a man to know his tether, in finance as well as in other things, and not buy a mullet when he has only a gudgeon in his purse (1–55). This serves as a prelude to the second part of the Satire, in which the poet invites his friend Persicus to a genial but simple feast, the delicacies of which are to be furnished from the homely produce of his Tiburtine farm—such a feast as was served on simple ware to regale the consuls and dictators of the olden time. There will be no rich plate no costly furniture, no

silver, no handles of ivory, no professional carver, no Phrygian or Lycian Ganymede to hand you your cup. Two simple country-clad lads will serve the table; no wanton dancing girls will be provided for your entertainment; only Homer and Virgil will be read. And our enjoyment will be all the greater that we can hear the roars of the circus in the distance, and hug ourselves in the delights of a rare and peaceful holiday (56–208).

In his 12th Satire Juvenal celebrates the narrow escape from shipwreck of his friend Catullus. A terrible storm had compelled him to cut away the mast and to throw overboard all the treasures of his cargo. But at length the storm abates, and Catullus with his crew arrive safe and sound in the new Ostian harbour. Juvenal then offers a sacrifice of thanksgiving for his friend's safety—no mercenary offering this for a rich and childless friend, seeing that Catullus has three little sons of his own. This leads the poet to have his fling at the wiles of legacy-hunters, some of whom would be ready to sacrifice a hecatomb of elephants (if elephants were to be had), or even to offer an Iphigenia of their own, in order to secure a place in a rich man's will.

The elephant passage is singularly cumbrous and out of place.

The 13th is the noblest of Juvenal's Satires. It takes the form of a consolatory epistle to Calvinus,

who has been defrauded of a sum of ten thousand sesterces by the dishonesty of the friend to whom it had been entrusted. In offering him consolation, the poet not only uses all the arguments of robust common sense, but also in his concluding passages he may be said to reach the high-water mark of pre-Christian ethics: there is at least one notable pronouncement which seems to breathe the very spirit of the Gospel.

Every guilty deed brings its own punishment along with it; no guilty man can escape at the bar of his own conscience. Your loss is one of every-day occurrence; has experience not taught you to bear the smallest of misfortunes? Crime of every kind is rampant amongst us; honest men are not more numerous than the mouths of the Nile; it is mere simplicity to expect any man nowadays to abstain from perjury. In the days of Saturn, before the heavens were crowded with their present mob of divinities: in the days when youth stood up to reverence old age, dishonesty was a marvel to be wondered at; but in these days, if a man acknowledges a trust, and restores the purse entrusted to him, I deem him a prodigy. I liken him to a shower of stones, or to a pregnant mule, or to a river running white with milk. What if some other man have lost ten times as much as you? So easy is it to escape the notice of heaven if no man be privy to the guilty deed! Some men disbelieve in divine

wrath; others believe in it, but will take the risk, provided they can secure the cash: punishment they argue, may perhaps never come after all! Granted that loss of money is the greatest of human calamities, what right have you to deem yourself outside the common lot of man, as though hatched from a white and lucky egg? Look at the list of crimes daily brought before the Court and dare to call yourself unfortunate! Who wonders at a swollen neck in the Alps, or at blue eyes and yellow hair in a German?

But is the perjured wretch to go unpunished? you ask. Well, if the man's life were taken, that would not bring back your money; and when you tell me that vengeance is sweeter than life itself, I tell you that none think so but the ignorant, and that of all pleasures vengeance is the meanest. You may judge of it by this, that no one so delights in it as a woman!

But why fancy that such men escape punishment when conscience is for ever wielding its unseen, unheard lash over their guilty souls? What punishment of Caedicius or Rhadamanthus can be so terrible as that of having to carry one's own accusing witness, by day and by night, within one's breast? Truly spoke the Pythian oracle when it condemned the man who returned a deposit, not for conscience' sake, but from fear; for the man who meditates a crime within his heart has all the guiltiness of the deed. If he

accomplishes the deed, he is never free from anguish ; the choicest viands, the finest wines, offend his taste ; when his tossed limbs at length sink to rest, he has visions of the temple and the altar by which he has forsworn himself ; your image, larger than life, rises up before him and compels him to confess. These are the men who tremble at every lightning-flash ; they believe that every rumbling in the sky, every sickness they have, is a sign of the wrath of heaven and betokens future punishment. And yet they will not mend their ways ; what man was ever content with a single sin ? So you may take comfort from this : your enemy will sin once again, and more openly : his fate will be the prison or the halter ; you will rejoice in his punishment, and enjoy your vengeance after all !

The theme of the 14th Satire is that parental example is the most potent of educational instruments. The father who gambles, or gormandises, or cruelly abuses his slaves, is instructing his son in his own vices ; the mother who has paramours teaches her daughter to be unfaithful ; clothed with parental authority, such examples cannot be resisted. Let fathers therefore see to it that no foul sight be seen, no foul word be heard, within their doors ; let them respect their child's tender years, let their infant son forbid the meditated sin.

When you expect a guest, your household are set

to work to clean and scrub, that no foul spot may offend the stranger's eye: and will you not bestir yourself that your son may see nothing but what is pure and spotless within his home? The stork, the vulture, the eagle all follow in the ways pointed out to them in the parental nest. Cretonius half ruined himself by building; his son completed the ruin by building grander and more sumptuous mansions. If the father keeps the Sabbath, the son will carry his superstition further still; he will flout the laws of Rome, and observe the secret rites and practices of Moses.

The one and only vice which the young practise unwillingly is that of avarice, since it has a spurious appearance of virtue. Hence fathers take double pains, both by precept and example, to instil the love of money into their sons; they practise the meanest economies that they may be wealthy when they die. Our hardy ancestors, broken by wounds and years, deemed themselves happy with a reward of two acres, which to-day would not be thought big enough for a garden. In the hurry to be rich no law is regarded, no crime stops the way. Foreign purple has banished the hardy contentment of the old Marsian and Hernican heroes, and opened the door to every villainy. When the father bids his son rise at midnight to seek for gain, telling him that lucre smells sweet whatever the source from which it comes, he is instructing him to cheat, to cozen, and

to forswear himself; ay, and the disciple will soon outstrip his teacher.

It is as good as a play to watch how men will brave perils of storm and tempest to increase their pile of cash; not for mere livelihood, like the rope-dancer, but just to store up little pieces of gold and silver stamped with tiny images! Such a man is fit only for a mad-house; one day the storm will engulf his goods, and he will have to support himself by a painted shipwreck.

To guard great riches is as burdensome a task as to acquire them; better be lodged like Diogenes, who, if his tub were broken, could have it mended or replaced to-morrow. If you ask how much money should suffice, I would bid you have enough to keep out cold and hunger; add as much as would make up the fortune of a knight; if that be too beggarly, make it double, or treble the amount: if that suffice you not, then will not your soul be satisfied with all the wealth of Croesus or Narcissus!

The 15th Satire gives an account of a fierce fight between the inhabitants of two neighbouring townships in Egypt, Ombi and Tentyra. In the course of the battle a fleeing Tentyrite slipped and fell; his body was at once torn into pieces and devoured by the bloodthirsty Ombites. Juvenal furiously denounces the crime; and it gives him the opportunity, in a beautiful and pathetic passage, of declaring

that the tenderness of heart evinced by the capacity to shed tears is the noblest and most beautiful of the characteristics of man ; it is the power of sympathy between man and man that has built up all the elements of human civilisation.

The 16th Satire, which is only half-finished, is taken up with recounting the various privileges enjoyed by the military. No civilian can get justice against a soldier ; and soldiers have special privileges in regard to property.

The MSS. of Juvenal

The text on which this translation is mainly based is that of Bücheler's edition of 1893. That text had the merit of giving the first complete account of the readings of P (the *Codex Pithoeanus*), the most important and best of all the MSS. of Juvenal.

Since then, however, has appeared the notable critical edition of Housman (1905), who, without contesting the general superiority of P over the multitude of interpolated MSS., has shown that it cannot be accepted as a sole and infallible guide. He protests vigorously against the indolent style of criticism which, having discovered one MS. to be the best available, sticks to it through thick and thin without exercising an independent judgment upon it, and accepts, almost blindfold, any reading pre-

sented by that MS. which is not absolutely impossible. In the case of Juvenal, Housman proposes to arrest the current by which the text of each succeeding edition of Juvenal stands closer to that of P, and produces much solid evidence to show, in many cases, that the readings of P, even when possible both in Latinity and in sense, will not stand criticism, and that the readings of other MSS. are to be preferred to them.

The Pithoeanus is by no means a very ancient MS. It dates from the end of the ninth century, having been first used by P. Pithoeus in the year 1585. It was lost for a long time, but was rediscovered in the middle of the nineteenth century and first published by Otto Jahn in his edition of 1851. It contains many corrections by later hands, designated by the letter *p*; these corrections are mostly of little value, being derived from one or other of the host of interpolated MSS. known generally under the title of ω. Housman goes so far as to assert that *p* should be quoted for one purpose and for one purpose only, to enable us to judge what the reading of P was *not*.

Shortly put, the description of the MSS. of Juvenal given by Housman is as follows:—

The great merit of P is that it has escaped, almost entirely, the deluge of interpolation which has flooded the great majority of Juvenalian MSS., but it is not itself entirely free from corruption. One

source of corruption is that its original readings have been often corrected by later hands from the tenth century onwards. These corrections, indicated by the letter *p*, are for the most part taken from one or other of the mass of inferior interpolated MSS., but their faults can sometimes be repaired from other sources which are more closely allied to P itself.

Apart from P and the host of interpolated MSS. stand three important fragmentary sources, viz.: (1) Scidae Arovienses, consisting of five leaves found at Aarau in 1880; (2) the Florilegium Sangallense; (3) third, and most important, are the lemmata of the ancient scholia, which often contain the correct reading of P which has been corrupted in the text by *p*.

Over against P and its small cluster of kinsfolk stand the several hundreds of Juvenal's vulgar MSS. dating from the ninth century to the sixteenth, infected one and all with a plague of interpolation from which P and its fellows are exempt. Halfway between the two camps (older than P, and not much interpolated) lies a considerable fragment, the Codex Vindobonensis of the ninth century, containing i. 1 to ii. 59 and ii. 107 to v. 96. After these Housman selects seven MSS. of the interpolated class, which he calls A, F, G, L, O, T, U, and from which a true reading or its traces are occasionally to be found. To these MSS. collectively he

gives the name of ψ, and as a result of his examination of them he has pointed out a number of passages in which the true reading is to be found in one or more of these MSS., and as many more in which their readings are to be preferred to those of P. For conspicuous instances of mistakes made by P in verbal forms see ix. 41, x. 312, xi. 184, xiv. 113.

Apart from all other MSS. stands the fragment, the *palimpsestus Bobiensis* now in the Vatican. It is assigned to the end of the fourth century, and contains xiv. 324–xv. 43. It sometimes agrees with P, sometimes with other MSS.

Lastly come the ancient Scholia called Σ, and preserved in P. They are very old and often indicate a true reading not in the MSS.[1]

In the year 1910, Frederick Leo brought out a fifth edition of Bücheler's text not differing much from the edition of 1893 except by recognising for the first time the genuineness of the passage in *Sat.* vi. (O 1–34, coming immediately after line 365) discovered in the Bodleian MS. by E. O. Winstedt in the year 1899. The more important of the changes introduced by Leo are mentioned in the critical notes.

[1] The above description of the MSS. of Juvenal is abbreviated from Housmann's Introduction, pp. vii to xi; see also pp. xvii *sqq.* and xxii *sqq.*

The MSS. of Persius

The text of Persius is in a much better condition than that of Juvenal; Mr. S. G. Owen declares that it is probably purer than that of any other Roman writer, and stands in no need of the art of conjecture.[1] Amid a multitude of MSS. three stand out of conspicuous merit; the Montpellier, 212 (A); the Vatican, H. 36 (B); and the Montpellier, 125 (P), also known by the name *Pithoeanus*, being the same MS. which contains also the whole of Juvenal.

Of these three MSS., all dating from the ninth century, A and B are so closely allied that they are evidently drawn from a common source. The sign **a** denotes the agreement of these two MSS.

Where A and P differ, Bücheler, in his edition of 1893, gives the superiority to P; F. Leo, in the 4th edition (1910), calls in the assistance of the Laurentian MS. 37. 19 (L), of the eleventh century, which occasionally preserves the true reading where both A and P are manifestly wrong (*e.g. peronatus*, v. 102; *crasso*, vi. 40; *ritu*, vi. 59; *exit*, vi. 68). L shares some corruptions with P, and some with **a**; but on the whole it is more closely allied to **a**.

Most ancient of all is the *Fragmentum Bobiense* of the fourth century, which contains Pers. i. 53–104, and Juv. xiv. 323–xv. 43.

[1] Preface to his edition of Persius and Juvenal, Clarendon Press, 1907.

Owen takes P as his first authority; he follows A B P when they agree, and prefers P when they disagree, correcting palpable mistakes from A B. Owen adds to his list Oxoniensis, in the Bodleian Library (O) of the tenth century, and Cantabrigiensis, in the Trinity College Library O. iv. 10 (T), which is also of the tenth century.

The editions of Juvenal are innumerable. Those which have been found the most useful are the following:—

G. A. Ruperti, 1801 and 1825.
C. F. Heinrich, 1839.
Dr. Stocker (including Persius), 1845.
Otto Jahn, 1851; re-edited by Bücheler (including Persius) in 1886, 1893, and by F. Leo in 1910.
J. E. B. Mayor, 1853; enlarged in 1869, etc.
A. J. Macleane (including Persius), 1857.
G. A. Simcox (*Catena Classicorum*), 1867.
J. D. Lewis (with translation), 1879.
Pearson and Strong, Clarendon Press, 1887 and 1892.
L. Friedländer, 1895.
J. D. Duff, 1898, 1900, and 1914.
A. E. Housman, critical edition, 1905. 2nd. ed. 1931.

Valuable books on Juvenal and Persius are the following:—

H. Nettleship, *Lectures and Essays*, Second Series, 1895, Arts. II. and V.
Friedländer, *Sittengeschichte Roms*, 1869.

J. W. Duff, *A Literary History of Rome in the Silver Age*, 1927.
Tyrrell, *Latin Poetry*, pp. 216–259.
H. E. Butler, *Post-Augustan Poetry*, 1900, pp. 79–96, and 287–320.
C. Martha, *Les Moralistes sous l'Empire Romain*, 8th ed. 1907.
A. Vidal, *Juvenal et ses Satires*, 1869.
Merivale's *History of the Romans under the Empire*. Vol. VII., Chap. lxiv.
S. Dill, *Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius*, 1904, Chap. ii.
J. W. Duff, *Roman Satire*, 1937.

As might be expected with such popular authors, Juvenal and Persius have been frequently translated, and into many languages. The most famous translations of both authors into English verse are the quaint version of Holyday (1673) and the vigorous and scholarly version of Gifford (1802), which may still be read with pleasure. Dryden has translated five of Juvenal's Satires, and the whole of Persius, into the true Drydenic style; and Johnson has achieved immortality by his inimitable translation—or rather paraphrase—of *Sat.* iii., under the title *London,* and of *Sat.* x., under the title *The Vanity of Human Wishes.* Of prose translations of Juvenal especial mention may be made of the translation of thirteen Satires (omitting ii, vi, and ix) by

S. G. Owen (Clarendon Press, 1903), of the same by Strong and Leeper (Macmillan, 1882), also a revised version by Leeper alone (Macmillan, 1912), and of that by J. D. Lewis (1879). S. H. Jeyes has translated the whole of the sixteen Satires (1885), as also the Rev. S. Evans (1869) (Bohn's Library).

Of the numerous editions of Persius the most famous is the great Classical Edition of Isaac Casaubon (Paris, 1605), which has been often reprinted, and which has served as a groundwork of all subsequent editions of the poet. Among later editions may especially be mentioned those of G. L. Koenig (1803 and 1825); Otto Jahn (1843), included with Juvenal in the edition re-edited by Bücheler and Leo; C. F. Heinrich (1844); A. J. Macleane (along with Juvenal) (1857); above all that of J. Conington (ed. Nettleship, 1872); and A. Pretor (*Catena Classicorum*) (1868); *cf.* also Gildersleeve (1875); Santi Consoli (1911); Van Wageningen (1911); Villeneuve (1918); Ramorino (1920); Cartault (with French translation; 1920, 1929).

In translating Persius the translator has paid the greatest attention to the well-known translation of J. Conington, which is by far the best existing version of that author. We now have also that of J. Tate (1930).

MSS. OF JUVENAL GIVEN IN HOUSMAN'S EDITION, 1905

Bob. = codicis Bobiensis, Vaticani 5750, fragmentum.

P = codex Pithoeanus, Montepessulanus 125.

p = codicis Pithoeani corrector.

Arou. = scidae Arouienses.

flor. Sang. = codicis Sangallensis 870 florilegium.

S = lemmata scholiorum in P et Sang. 870 seruatorum.

Vind. = codex Vindobonensis 107, mutilus.

Ψ = codices AFGLOTU vel eorum plures.

A = codex Monacensis 408.

F = codex Parisiensis 8071.

G = codex Parisiensis 7900^{A}.

L = codex Leidensis 82.

O = codex Canonicianus class. Lat. 41, Bodleianus.

T = codex O, IV, 10 collegii Trinitatis, Cantabrigiensis.

U = codex Vrbinas 661, Vaticanus.

Σ = scholiastes in P et Sang. 870 seruatus.

MSS. OF PERSIUS AS GIVEN IN BUECHELER'S FOURTH EDITION REVISED BY F. LEO, 1910

P = codex Montepessulanus 125.
A = codex Montepessulanus 212.
B = codex Vaticanus tabularii basilicae H 36 } a.
L = codex Laurentianus 37, 19.

P^1P^2 distinguit librarium a correctore, P^a scripturam ab ipso librario correctam significat. item de ABL.

E = folium Bobiense (1,53—104).
ϕ = codices alii vetusti, ς recentes.
sch. = scholion.

THE SATIRES OF JUVENAL

IVVENALIS SATVRAE

SATVRA I

Semper ego auditor tantum? numquamne reponam
vexatus totiens rauci Theseide Cordi?
inpune ergo mihi recitaverit ille togatas,
hic elegos? inpune diem consumpserit ingens
Telephus aut summi plena iam margine libri
scriptus et in tergo necdum finitus Orestes?
nota magis nulli domus est sua quam mihi lucus
Martis et Aeoliis vicinum rupibus antrum
Vulcani. Quid agant venti, quas torqueat umbras
Aeacus, unde alius furtivae devehat aurum
pelliculae, quantas iaculetur Monychus ornos,
Frontonis platani convulsaque marmora clamant
semper et adsiduo ruptae lectore columnae:
expectes eadem a summo minimoque poeta.
et nos ergo manum ferulae subduximus, et nos

[1] An epic poem. [2] Names of tragedies.
[3] One of the judges in Hades. [4] Jason.
[5] A Centaur, alluding to the battle between the Centaurs and the Lapithae.

THE SATIRES OF JUVENAL

SATIRE I

Difficile est Saturam non Scribere.

What? Am I to be a listener only all my days? Am I never to get my word in—I that have been so often bored by the Theseid [1] of the ranting Cordus? Shall this one have spouted to me his comedies, and that one his love ditties, and I be unavenged? Shall I have no revenge on one who has taken up the whole day with an interminable Telephus,[2] or with an Orestes,[2] which, after filling the margin at the top of the roll and the back as well, hasn't even yet come to an end? No one knows his own house so well as I know the groves of Mars, and the cave of Vulcan near the cliffs of Aeolus. What the winds are brewing; whose souls Aeacus [3] has on the rack; from what country another worthy [4] is carrying off that stolen golden fleece; how big are the ash trees which Monychus [5] hurls as missiles: these are the themes with which Fronto's [6] plane trees and marble halls are for ever ringing until the pillars quiver and quake under the continual recitations; such is the kind of stuff you may look for from every poet, greatest or least. Well, I too have slipped my hand from under the cane; I too have counselled Sulla to

[6] A rich patron who lends his house for recitations.

consilium dedimus Sullae, privatus ut altum
dormiret; stulta est clementia, cum tot ubique
vatibus occurras, perituraе parcere chartae.
cur tamen hoc potius libeat decurrere campo
per quem magnus equos Auruncae flexit alumnus,
si vacat ac placidi rationem admittitis, edam.
Cum tener uxorem ducat spado, Mevia Tuscum
figat aprum et nuda teneat venabula mamma,
patricios omnis opibus cum provocet unus
quo tondente gravis iuveni mihi barba sonabat,
cum pars Niliacae plebis, cum verna Canopi
Crispinus Tyrias umero revocante lacernas
ventilet aestivum digitis sudantibus aurum,
nec sufferre queat maioris pondera gemmae,
difficile est saturam non scribere. nam quis iniquae
tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se,
causidici nova cum veniat lectica Mathonis
plena ipso, post hunc magni delator amici
et cito rapturus de nobilitate comesa
quod superest, quem Massa timet, quem munere palpat[1]
Carus et a trepido Thymele summissa Latino?
cum te summoveant qui testamenta merentur
noctibus,[2] in caelum quos evehit optima summi
nunc via processus, vetulae vesica beatae?

[1] *palpat* is omitted by P.
[2] *noctibus* Vind.ψ : *non tibi* P.

---

[1] Referring to the retirement of Sulla from public life in B.C. 79. Such themes would be prescribed to schoolboys as rhetorical exercises, of the kind called *suasoriae*. See Mayor's n. and Sat. vii. 150–170.

[2] Lucilius, the first Roman satirist, B C. 180–103.

[3] Some barber who had made a fortune. The line is repeated in x. 226.

retire from public life and take a deep sleep [1]; it is a foolish clemency when you jostle against poets at every corner, to spare paper that will be wasted anyhow. But if you can give me time, and will listen quietly to reason, I will tell you why I prefer to run in the same course over which the great nursling of Aurunca [2] drove his horses.

22 When a soft eunuch takes to matrimony, and Maevia, with spear in hand and breasts exposed, to pig-sticking in Etruria; when a fellow, under whose razor my stiff youthful beard used to grate [3] challenges, with his single wealth, the whole nobility; when a guttersnipe of the Nile like Crispinus [4]—a slave-born denizen of Canopus [5]—hitches a Tyrian cloak on to his shoulder, whilst on his sweating finger he airs a summer ring of gold, unable to endure the weight of a heavier gem—it is hard *not* to write satire. For who can be so tolerant of this monstrous city, who so iron of soul, as to contain himself when the brand-new litter of lawyer Matho comes along, filled with his huge self; after him one who has informed against his noble patron and will soon sweep away the remnant of our nobility already gnawed to the bone—one whom Massa [6] dreads, whom Carus [6] propitiates by a bribe, and to whom Thymele [7] was sent as envoy by the terrified Latinus; [7] when you are thrust on one side by men who earn legacies by nightly performances, and are raised to heaven by that now royal road to high preferment—the favours of an aged and wealthy woman? Each of the lovers will have

[4] A favourite aversion of Juvenal's as a rich Egyptian parvenu who had risen to be *princeps equitum*. See iv. 1, 14, 108. [5] A city in the Nile Delta.

[6] Notorious informers under Domitian.

[7] Both actors: the allusion is not known.

unciolam Proculeius habet, sed Gillo deuncem,
partes quisque suas ad mensuram inguinis heres.
accipiat sane mercedem sanguinis, et sic
palleat ut nudis pressit qui calcibus anguem
aut Lugudunensem rhetor dicturus ad aram.

Quid referam quanta siccum iecur ardeat ira,
cum populum gregibus comitum premit hic spoliator
pupilli prostantis et hic damnatus inani
iudicio? quid enim salvis infamia nummis?
exul ab octava Marius bibit et fruitur dis
iratis, at tu victrix provincia ploras.

Haec ego non credam Venusina digna lucerna?
haec ego non agitem? sed quid magis Heracleas
aut Diomedeas aut mugitum labyrinthi
et mare percussum puero fabrumque volantem,
cum leno accipiat moechi bona, si capiendi
ius nullum uxori, doctus spectare lacunar,
doctus et ad calicem vigilanti stertere naso?
cum fas esse putet curam sperare cohortis
qui bona donavit praesepibus et caret omni
maiorum censu, dum pervolat axe citato
Flaminiam puer Automedon? nam lora tenebat
ipse, lacernatae cum se iactaret amicae.

[1] Alluding to a rhetorical contest instituted at Lyons by Caligula (Suet. *Cal.* 20). Severe and humiliating punishments were inflicted on those defeated in these contests.

[2] Condemned for extortion in Africa in A.D. 100.

his share; Proculeius a twelfth part, Gillo eleven parts, each in proportion to the magnitude of his services. By all means let each take the price of his own blood, and turn as pale as a man who has trodden upon a snake bare-footed, or of one who awaits his turn to orate before the altar at Lugdunum.[1]

45 Why tell how my heart burns dry with rage when I see the people hustled by a mob of retainers attending on one who has defrauded and debauched his ward, or on another who has been condemned by a futile verdict—for what matters infamy if the cash be kept? The exiled Marius[2] carouses from the eighth hour of the day and revels in the wrath of Heaven, while you, poor Province, win your cause and weep!

51 Must I not deem these things worthy of the Venusian's[3] lamp? Must I not have my fling at them? Should I do better to tell tales about Hercules, or Diomede, or the bellowing in the Labyrinth, or about the flying carpenter[4] and the lad[5] who splashed into the sea; and that in an age when the compliant husband, if his wife may not lawfully inherit,[6] takes money from her paramour, being well trained to keep his eyes upon the ceiling, or to snore with wakeful nose over his cups; an age when one who has squandered all his family fortunes upon horse-flesh thinks it right and proper to look for the command of a cohort? See the youngster dashing at break-neck speed, like a very Automedon,[7] along the Flaminian way, holding the reins himself, while he shows himself off to his great-coated mistress!

[3] Horace was born at Venusia B.C. 65.
[4] Daedalus. [5] Icarus.
[6] *i.e.* be legally incapacitated from taking an inheritance.
[7] The charioteer of Achilles.

Nonne libet medio ceras inplere capaces
quadrivio, cum iam sexta cervice feratur
hinc atque inde patens ac nuda paene cathedra
et multum referens de Maecenate supino
signator falsi,[1] qui se lautum atque beatum
exiguis tabulis et gemma fecerit uda ?
Occurrit matrona potens, quae molle Calenum
porrectura viro miscet sitiente rubetam
instituitque rudes melior Lucusta propinquas
per famam et populum nigros efferre maritos.
aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris et carcere dignum,
si vis esse aliquid ; probitas laudatur et alget.
criminibus debent hortos praetoria mensas,
argentum vetus et stantem extra pocula caprum.
quem patitur dormire nurus corruptor avarae,
quem sponsae turpes et praetextatus adulter ?
si natura negat, facit indignatio versum
qualemcumque potest, quales ego vel Cluvienus.
Ex quo Deucalion nimbis tollentibus aequor
navigio montem ascendit sortesque poposcit,
paulatimque anima caluerunt mollia saxa
et maribus nudas ostendit Pyrrha puellas,
quidquid agunt homines, votum timor ira voluptas
gaudia discursus, nostri farrago libelli est.

[1] *falsi* P : *falso* ψ.

---

[1] Calenian and Falernian were two of the most famous Roman wines.

[2] A notorious poisoner under Nero.

[3] A small island in the Aegean Sea on which criminals were confined.

63 Would you not like to fill up a whole note-book at the street crossings when you see a forger borne along upon the necks of six porters, and exposed to view on this side and on that in his almost naked litter, and reminding you of the lounging Maecenas: one who by help of a scrap of paper and a moistened seal has converted himself into a fine and wealthy gentleman?

69 Then up comes a lordly dame who, when her husband wants a drink, mixes toad's blood with his mellow Calenian,[1] and improving upon Lucusta [2] herself, teaches her artless neighbours to brave the talk of the town and carry forth to burial the blackened corpses of their husbands. If you want to *be* anybody nowadays, you must dare some crime that merits narrow Gyara [3] or a gaol; honesty is praised and left to shiver. It is to their crimes that men owe their pleasure-grounds and palaces, their fine tables and old silver goblets with goats standing out in relief. Who can get sleep for thinking of a money-loving daughter-in-law seduced, of brides that have lost their virtue, or of adulterers not out of their 'teens? Though nature say me nay, indignation will prompt my verse, of whatever kind it be—such verse as I can write, or Cluvienus![4]

81 From the day when the rain-clouds lifted up the waters, and Deucalion climbed that mountain in his ship to seek an oracle—that day when stones grew soft and warm with life, and Pyrrha showed maidens in nature's garb to men—all the doings of mankind, their vows, their fears, their angers and their pleasures, their joys and goings to and fro, shall form the motley subject of my page. For when was Vice more

[4] Unknown; some scribbler of the day.

et quando uberior vitiorum copia? quando
maior avaritiae patuit sinus? alea quando
hos animos? neque enim loculis comitantibus itur
ad casum tabulae, posita sed luditur arca.
proelia quanta illic dispensatore videbis
armigero! simplexne furor sestertia centum
perdere et horrenti tunicam non reddere servo?
quis totidem erexit villas, quis fercula septem
secreto cenavit avus? nunc sportula primo
limine parva sedet turbae rapienda togatae;
ille tamen faciem prius inspicit et trepidat ne
suppositus venias ac falso nomine poscas:
agnitus accipies. iubet a praecone vocari
ipsos Troiugenas, nam vexant limen et ipsi
nobiscum. "da praetori, da deinde tribuno."
sed libertinus prior est. "prior" inquit "ego adsum.
cur timeam dubitemve locum defendere? quamvis
natus ad Euphraten, molles quod in aure fenestrae
arguerint, licet ipse negem, sed quinque tabernae
quadringenta parant. quid confert purpura maior
optandum, si Laurenti custodit in agro
conductas Corvinus oves, ego possideo plus
Pallante et Licinis?" expectent ergo tribuni,
vincant divitiae, sacro ne cedat honori
nuper in hanc urbem pedibus qui venerat albis,

---

[1] The fortune required of a knight (the *census equestris*) was 400,000 sesterces.

[2] The broad purple stripe (*latus clavus*) on the tunic of senators.

[3] One of an ancient Roman family.

rampant? When did the maw of Avarice gape wider? When was gambling so reckless? Men come not now with purses to the hazard of the gaming table, but with a treasure-chest beside them. What battles will you there see waged with a cashier for armour-bearer! Is it a simple form of madness to lose a hundred thousand sesterces, and not have a shirt to give to a shivering slave? Which of our grandfathers built such numbers of villas, or dined by himself off seven courses? Look now at the meagre dole set down upon the threshold for a toga-clad mob to scramble for! Yet the patron first peers into your face, fearing that you may be claiming under someone else's name: once recognised, you will get your share. He then bids the crier call up the Trojan-blooded nobles—for they too besiege the door as well as we: "The Praetor first," says he, "and after him the Tribune." "But I was here first," says a freedman who stops the way; "why should I be afraid, or hesitate to keep my place? Though born on the Euphrates—a fact which the little windows in my ears would testify though I myself denied it—yet I am the owner of five shops which bring me in four hundred thousand sesterces.[1] What better thing does the Broad Purple[2] bestow if a Corvinus[3] herds sheep for daily wage in the Laurentian country, while I possess more property than either a Pallas or a Licinus?"[4] So let the Tribunes await their turn; let money carry the day; let the sacred office[5] give way to one who came but yesterday with whitened[6] feet into

[4] Pallas and Licinus were wealthy freedmen. See p. 338, n. 1.
[5] The persons of the Tribunes of the Plebs were sacrosanct.
[6] Slaves imported for sale had white chalk-marks on their feet.

quandoquidem inter nos sanctissima divitiarum
maiestas, etsi funesta pecunia templo
nondum habitas,[1] nullas nummorum ereximus aras,
ut colitur Pax atque [2] Fides Victoria Virtus
quaeque salutato crepitat Concordia nido.

Sed cum summus honor finito conputet anno,
sportula quid referat, quantum rationibus addat,
quid facient comites quibus hinc toga, calceus hinc est
et panis fumusque domi? densissima centum
quadrantes lectica petit, sequiturque maritum
languida vel praegnas et circumducitur uxor.
hic petit absenti nota iam callidus arte
ostendens vacuam et clausam pro coniuge sellam
"Galla mea est" inquit, "citius dimitte. moraris? 125
profer, Galla, caput. noli vexare, quiescit."[3]

Ipse dies pulchro distinguitur ordine rerum:
sportula, deinde forum iurisque peritus Apollo
atque triumphales, inter quas ausus habere
nescio quis titulos Aegyptius atque Arabarches,
cuius ad effigiem non tantum meiere fas est.
vestibulis abeunt veteres lassique clientes
votaque deponunt, quamquam longissima cenae
spes homini; caulis miseris atque ignis emendus.
optima silvarum interea pelagique vorabit

[1] *habitas* ψ: *habitat* P Vind. OT Büch. Housm.

[2] In place of the dull *atque* of Pψ, Postgate, supported by the reading *firma* found in the MS. Par. 8072, has made the brilliant conj. *Fama*, approved by L. Havet. See *Class. Quart.* iii. p. 67.

[3] *quiescit* Vind. ψ: *quiescaet* P: *quiescet* Büch. Housm.

our city. For no deity is held in such reverence amongst us as Wealth; though as yet, O baneful money, thou hast no temple of thine own; not yet have we reared altars to Money in like manner as we worship Peace and Honour, Victory and Virtue, or that Concord [1] that clatters when we salute her nest.

117 If then the great officers of state reckon up at the end of the year how much the dole brings in, how much it adds to their income, what shall we dependants do who, out of the self-same dole, have to find ourselves in coats and shoes, in bread and smoke at home? A mob of litters comes in quest of the hundred farthings; here is a husband going the round, followed by a sickly or pregnant wife; another, by a clever and well-known trick, claims for a wife that is not there, pointing, in her stead, to a closed and empty chair: "My Galla's in there," says he; "let us off quick, will you not?" "Galla, put out your head!" "Don't disturb her, she's asleep!"

127 The day itself is marked out by a fine round of business. First comes the dole; then the courts, and Apollo [2] learned in the law, and those triumphal statues among which some Egyptian Arabarch [3] or other has dared to set up his titles; against whose statue more than one kind of nuisance may be committed! Wearied and hopeless, the old clients leave the door, though the last hope that a man relinquishes is that of a dinner; the poor wretches must buy their cabbage and their fuel. Meanwhile their lordly patron will be devouring the choicest products of wood and

[1] The temple of Concord, near the Capitol. Storks built their nests on the temple.

[2] A statue of Apollo in the *Forum Augusti*.

[3] Probably an allusion to Julius Alexander, a Jew who was Prefect of Egypt A.D. 67–70.

rex horum, vacuisque toris tantum ipse iacebit.
nam de tot pulchris et latis orbibus et tam
antiquis una comedunt patrimonia mensa.
nullus iam parasitus erit. sed quis ferat istas
luxuriae sordes? quanta est gula quae sibi totos
ponit apros, animal propter convivia natum!
poena tamen praesens, cum tu deponis amictus
turgidus et crudum[1] pavonem in balnea portas.
hinc subitae mortes atque intestata[2] senectus;
it[3] nova nec tristis per cunctas fabula cenas:
ducitur iratis plaudendum funus amicis.

Nil erit ulterius quod nostris moribus addat
posteritas, eadem facient cupientque minores,
omne in praecipiti vitium stetit. utere velis,
totos pande sinus. dicas[4] hic forsitan "unde
ingenium par materiae? unde illa priorum
scribendi quodcumque animo flagrante liberet
simplicitas? 'cuius non audeo dicere nomen?
quid refert, dictis ignoscat Mucius an non?'"
pone Tigellinum: taeda lucebis[5] in illa
qua stantes ardent qui fixo gutture[6] fumant,
et latum media sulcum deducis[7] harena.

[1] P has *crudus*: *crudum* ψ etc.
[2] *intestata*. See *Class. Rev.* 1899, pp. 432-4.
[3] So AL and Housm.: Büch. follows the *et* of P.
[4] *dicas* ψ: *dices* PO: Housm. prefers *dicas*; see *Journal of Phil.* No. 67, p. 43. [5] P has *lucebit*: so also GT.
[6] Büch. (1893 edn.) reads *pectore*, as do PAO and Owen: *gutture* is read by Vind.GLTU. So Housm.; see *Journal of Phil.* No. 67, p. 45.
[7] So pO: *deducit* P Housm.: Büch. (1910) conj. *ducetis*. Owen conj. *dent lucis*, reading *ut* for *et*. Housm. supposes a line dropped out after l. 156, containing the word *cadaver* which becomes the subject to *deducit*.

sea, lying alone upon an empty couch; yes, at a single meal from their many fine large and antique tables they devour whole fortunes. Ere long no parasites will be left! Who can bear to see luxury so mean? What a huge gullet to have a whole boar—an animal created for conviviality—served up to it! But you will soon pay for it, my friend, when you take off your clothes, and with distended stomach carry your peacock into the bath undigested! Hence a sudden death, and an intestate old age; the new and merry tale runs the round of every dinner-table, and the corpse is carried forth to burial amid the cheers of enraged friends!

147 To these ways of ours Posterity will have nothing to add; our grandchildren will do the same things, and desire the same things, that we do. All vice is at its acme;[1] up with your sails and shake out every stitch of canvas! Here perhaps you will say, "Where find the talent to match the theme? Where find that freedom of our forefathers to write whatever the burning soul desired? 'What man is there that I dare not name? What matters it whether Mucius forgives my words or no?[2]'" But just describe Tigellinus[3] and you will blaze amid those faggots in which men, with their throats tightly gripped, stand and burn and smoke, and you[4] trace a broad furrow through the middle of the arena.

[1] The phrase is difficult. Duff translates "Vice always stands above a sheer descent," and therefore soon reaches its extreme point.

[2] Apparently a quotation from Lucilius, being an attack on P. Mucius Scaevola.

[3] An infamous favourite of Nero's.

[4] *i. e.* "your body." The passage refers to the burning of the early Christians, and the dragging of their remains across the arena.

Qui dedit ergo tribus patruis aconita, vehatur
pensilibus plumis atque illinc despiciat nos?
"cum veniet contra, digito compesce labellum:
accusator erit qui verbum dixerit 'hic est.'
securus licet Aenean Rutulumque ferocem
committas, nulli gravis est percussus Achilles
aut multum quaesitus Hylas urnamque secutus:
ense velut stricto quotiens Lucilius ardens
infremuit, rubet auditor cui frigida mens est
criminibus, tacita sudant praecordia culpa.
inde ira [1] et lacrimae. tecum prius ergo voluta
haec animo ante tubas: galeatum sero duelli
paenitet." experiar quid concedatur in illos,
quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis atque Latina.

SATVRA II

Vltra Sauromatas fugere hinc libet et glacialem
Oceanum, quotiens aliquid de moribus audent
qui Curios simulant et Bacchanalia vivunt.
indocti primum, quamquam plena omnia gypso
Chrysippi invenias; nam perfectissimus horum,
si quis Aristotelen similem vel Pittacon emit

[1] So Housm. following AGLO: Büch. reads *irae* from P.

[1] Turnus, king of the Rutulians.
[2] A favourite of Hercules, who was drawn into a well by the Naids.

158 What? Is a man who has administered aconite to half a dozen uncles to ride by and look down upon me from his swaying feather-pillows? "Yes; and when he comes near you, put your finger to your lip: he who but says the word, 'That's the man!' will be counted an informer. You may set Aeneas and the brave Rutulian[1] a-fighting with an easy mind; it will hurt no one's feelings to hear how Achilles was slain, or how Hylas[2] was searched for when he tumbled after his pitcher. But when Lucilius roars and rages as if with sword in hand, the hearer, whose soul is cold with crime, grows red; he sweats with the secret consciousness of sin. Hence wrath and tears. So turn these things over in your mind before the trumpet sounds; the helmet once donned, it is too late to repent you of the battle." Then I will try what I may say of those worthies whose ashes lie under the Flaminian and Latin[3] roads.

SATIRE II

Moralists without Morals

I would fain flee to Sarmatia and the frozen Sea when people who ape the Curii[4] and live like Bacchanals dare talk about morals. In the first place, they are unlearned persons, though you may find their houses crammed with plaster casts of Chrysippus[5]; for their greatest hero is the man who has bought a likeness of Aristotle or Pittacus,[6]

[3] The sides of the great roads leading out from Rome were lined with monuments to the dead.

[4] A famous family of early Rome.

[5] The eminent Stoic philosopher, pupil of Cleanthes.

[6] One of the seven wise men of Greece, b. *circ.* B.C. 652.

et iubet archetypos pluteum servare Cleanthas.
frontis nulla fides; quis enim non vicus abundat
tristibus obscaenis? castigas turpia, cum sis
inter Socraticos notissima fossa cinaedos?
hispida membra quidem et durae per bracchia saetae
promittunt atrocem animum, sed podice levi
caeduntur tumidae medico ridente mariscae.
rarus sermo illis et magna libido tacendi
atque supercilio brevior coma. verius ergo
et magis ingenue Peribomius; hunc ego fatis
inputo, qui vultu morbum incessuque fatetur.
horum simplicitas miserabilis, his furor ipse
dat veniam; sed peiores, qui talia verbis
Herculis invadunt et de virtute locuti
clunem agitant. "ego te ceventem, Sexte, verebor?"
infamis Varillus ait "quo deterior te?"
loripedem rectus derideat, Aethiopem albus;
quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?
quis caelum terris non misceat et mare caelo,
si fur displiceat Verri, homicida Miloni,
Clodius accuset moechos, Catilina Cethegum,
in tabulam Sullae si dicant discipuli tres?
qualis erat nuper tragico pollutus adulter
concubitu, qui tunc leges revocabat amaras

[1] Pupil and successor of Zeno, founder of the Stoic School, from about B.C. 300 to 220. Famous for his poverty and iron will.

[2] Some villainous character of the day.

[3] Alluding to the faction-fights between Clodius and Milo, B.C. 52. Clodius violated the rites of the *Bona Dea*; see vi. 314–341 and note on p. 24.

[4] A partner in the Catilinarian conspiracy, B.C. 63.

or bids his shelves preserve an original portrait of Cleanthes.[1] Men's faces are not to be trusted; does not every street abound in gloomy-visaged debauchees? And do you rebuke foul practices, when you are yourself the most notorious delving-ground among Socratic reprobates? A hairy body, and arms stiff with bristles, give promise of a manly soul: but sleek are your buttocks when the grinning doctor cuts into the swollen piles. Men of your kidney talk little; they glory in taciturnity, and cut their hair shorter than their eyebrows. Peribomius[2] himself is more open and more honest; his face, his walk, betray his distemper, and I charge Destiny with his failings. Such men excite your pity by their frankness; the very fury of their passions wins them pardon. Far worse are those who denounce evil ways in the language of a Hercules; and after discoursing upon virtue, prepare to practise vice. "Am I to respect you, Sextus," quoth the ill-famed Varillus, "when you do as I do? How am I worse than yourself?" Let the straight-legged man laugh at the club-footed, the white man at the blackamoor: but who could endure the Gracchi railing at sedition? Who will not confound heaven with earth, and sea with sky, if Verres denounce thieves, or Milo[3] cut-throats? If Clodius condemn adulterers, or Catiline upbraid Cethegus[4]; or if Sulla's three disciples[5] inveigh against proscriptions? Such a man was that adulterer[6] who, after lately defiling himself by a union of the tragic style, revived the stern laws that were to be a terror to all men—ay,

[5] *i.e.* the second triumvirate (Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus) who followed the example of Sulla's proscriptions.

[6] The emperor Domitian. Domitian was a lover of his niece Julia, daughter of his brother Titus.

omnibus atque ipsis Veneri Martique timendas,
cum tot abortivis fecundam Iulia vulvam
solveret et patruo similes effunderet offas.
nonne igitur iure ac merito vitia ultima fictos
contemnunt Scauros et castigata remordent?
Non tulit ex illis torvum Laronia quendam
clamantem totiens "ubi nunc, lex Iulia?[1] dormis?"
atque ita subridens: "felicia tempora, quae te
moribus opponunt. habeat iam Roma pudorem,
tertius e caelo cecidit Cato. sed tamen unde
haec emis, hirsuto spirant opobalsama collo
quae tibi? ne pudeat dominum monstrare tabernae.
quod si vexantur leges ac iura,[2] citari
ante omnes debet Scantinia: respice primum
et scrutare viros; faciunt nam[3] plura, sed illos
defendit numerus iunctaeque umbone phalanges.
magna inter molles concordia. non erit ullum
exemplum in nostro tam detestabile sexu.
Media non lambit Cluviam nec Flora Catullam:
Hispo subit iuvenes et morbo pallet utroque.
"Numquid nos agimus causas, civilia iura
novimus, aut ullo strepitu fora vestra movemus?
luctantur paucae, comedunt colyphia paucae:
vos lanam trahitis calathisque peracta refertis
vellera, vos tenui praegnantem stamine fusum

[1] Housm. punctuates *ubi nunc, lex Iulia, dormis?*
[2] *ac iura* ψ (see l. 72): *acturae* P.
[3] *nam* Housm. from O: *hi* Vind.ψ and Büch.: *qui* Büch. (1910).

even to Mars and Venus—at the moment when Julia was relieving her fertile womb and giving birth to abortions that displayed the similitude of her uncle. Is it not then right and proper that the very worst of sinners should despise your pretended Scauri,[1] and bite back when bitten?

[36] Laronia could not contain herself when one of these sour-faced worthies cried out, "What of you, Julian Law?[2] What, gone to sleep?" To which she answered smilingly, "O happy times to have you for a censor of our morals! Once more may Rome regain her modesty; a third Cato has come down to us from the skies! But tell me, where did you buy that balsam juice that exhales from your hairy neck? Don't be ashamed to point out to me the shopman! If laws and statutes are to be raked up, you should cite first of all the Scantinian[3]: inquire first into the things that are done by men; men do more wicked things than we do, but they are protected by their numbers, and the tight-locked shields of their phalanx. Male effeminates agree wondrously well among themselves; never in our sex will you find such loathsome examples of evil. . . .

[51] "Do we women ever plead in the courts? Are we learned in the Law? Do your court-houses ever ring with our bawling? Some few of us are wrestlers; some of us eat meat-rations: you men spin wool and bring back your tale of work in full baskets when it is done; you twirl round the spindle big with fine thread more deftly than

[1] One of the most famous families of the later Republic.

[2] In reference to the law passed by Augustus for encouraging marriage (*Lex Iulia de maritandis ordinibus*).

[3] A law against unnatural crime.

Penelope melius, levius torquetis Arachne,
horrida quale facit residens in codice paelex.
notum est cur solo tabulas inpleverit Hister
liberto, dederit vivus cur multa puellae ;
dives erit magno quae dormit tertia lecto ;
tu nube atque tace : donant arcana cylindros.
de nobis post haec tristis sententia fertur ?
dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas."
Fugerunt trepidi vera ac manifesta canentem
Stoicidae ; quid enim falsi Laronia ? sed quid
non facient alii, cum tu multicia sumas,
Cretice, et hanc vestem populo mirante perores
in Proculas et Pollittas ? est moecha Fabulla,
damnetur, si vis, etiam Carfinia : talem
non sumet damnata togam. " sed Iulius ardet,
aestuo." nudus agas : minus est insania turpis.
en habitum quo te leges ac iura ferentem
vulneribus crudis populus modo victor, et illud
montanum positis audiret vulgus aratris.
quid non proclames, in corpore iudicis ista
si videas ? quaero an deceant multicia testem.
acer et indomitus libertatisque magister,
Cretice, perluces. dedit hanc contagio labem
et dabit in plures, sicut grex totus in agris

[1] A Lydian maiden who challenged Athene in spinning and was turned into a spider.

[2] *Cylindrus*, a cylinder, is here used for a precious stone cut in that shape.

Penelope, more delicately than Arachne,[1] doing work such as an unkempt drab squatting on a log would do. Everybody knows why Hister left all his property to his freedman, why in his life-time he gave so many presents to his young wife; the woman who sleeps third in a big bed will want for nothing. So when you take a husband, keep your mouth shut; precious stones[2] will be the reward of a well-kept secret. After this, what condemnation can be pronounced on us women? Our censor absolves the raven and passes judgment on the pigeon!"

64 While Laronia was uttering these plain truths, the would-be Stoics made off in confusion: for what word of untruth had she spoken? Yet what will not other men do when you, Creticus, dress yourself in garments of gauze, and while everyone is marvelling at your attire, launch out against the Proculae and the Pollittae? Fabulla is an adulteress; condemn Carfinia of the same crime if you please; but however guilty, they would never wear such a gown as yours. "O but," you say, "these July days are so sweltering!" Then why not plead without clothes? Such madness would be less disgraceful. A pretty garb yours in which to propose or expound laws to our countrymen flushed with victory, and with their wounds yet unhealed; and to those mountain rustics who had laid down their ploughs to listen to you! What would you not exclaim if you saw a judge dressed like that? Would a robe of gauze sit becomingly on a witness? You, Creticus, you, the keen, unbending champion of human liberty, to be clothed in a transparency! This plague has come upon us by infection, and it will spread still further, just as in the fields the scab of one sheep, or the mange of

unius scabie cadit et porrigine[1] porci
uvaque conspecta livorem ducit ab uva.
Foedius hoc aliquid quandoque audebis amictu ;
nemo repente fuit turpissimus. accipient te
paulatim qui longa domi redimicula sumunt
frontibus et toto posuere monilia collo,
atque bonam tenerae placant abdomine porcae
et magno cratere deam ; sed more sinistro
exagitata procul non intrat femina limen :
solis ara deae maribus patet. " ite profanae,"
clamatur, " nullo gemit hic tibicina cornu."
talia secreta coluerunt orgia taeda
Cecropiam soliti Baptae lassare Cotyton.
ille supercilium madida fuligine tinctum
obliqua producit acu pingitque trementis
attollens oculos ; vitreo bibit ille priapo,
reticulumque comis auratum ingentibus implet
caerulea indutus scutulata aut galbina rasa,
et per Iunonem domini iurante ministro ;
ille tenet speculum, pathici gestamen Othonis,
Actoris Aurunci spolium, quo se ille videbat
armatum, cum iam tolli vexilla iuberet.
res memoranda novis annalibus atque recenti
historia, speculum civilis sarcina belli ;
nimirum summi ducis est occidere Galbam

[1] *prurigine* P.

[1] None but women could attend the rites of the *Bona Dea*. Hence the scandal created in B.C. 62 by Clodius when he made his way into the house of Caesar, where the rites were being celebrated, disguised as a woman. Hence Caesar put away his wife Pompeia, as "Caesar's wife must be above suspicion." In the present passage Juvenal refers to some real or imaginary inversion of the old rule, by which none but males, clothed in female dresses, were to be admitted to the worship of the Goddess.

one pig, destroys an entire herd; just as one bunch of grapes takes on its sickly colour from the aspect of its neighbour.

82 Some day you will venture on something more shameful than this dress; no one reaches the depths of turpitude all at once. By degrees you will be welcomed by those who in their homes put long fillets round their brows, swathe themselves with necklaces, and propitiate the Bona Dea with the stomach of a porker and a huge bowl of wine, though by an evil usage the Goddess warns off all women from entering the door; none but males may approach her altar.[1] "Away with you! profane women" is the cry; "no booming horn, no she-minstrels here!" Such were the secret torchlight orgies with which the Baptae [2] wearied the Cecropian[3] Cotytto. One prolongs his eyebrows with some damp soot staining the edge of a needle, and lifts up his blinking eyes to be painted; another drinks out of an obscenely-shaped glass, and ties up his long locks in a gilded net; he is clothed in blue checks, or smooth-faced green; the attendant swears by Juno like his master. Another holds in his hand a mirror like that carried by the effeminate Otho: a trophy of the Auruncan Actor,[4] in which he gazed at his own image in full armour when he was just ready to give the order to advance—a thing notable and novel in the annals of our time, a mirror among the kit of Civil War! It needed, in truth, a mighty general to slay Galba, and keep his own skin

[2] Worshippers of the Thracian deity Cotytto.

[3] *i.e.* Athenian, Cecrops being the first king of Athens.

[4] The words *Actoris Aurunci spolium* are a quotation from Virg. *Aen.* xii 94. The suggestion seems to be that Otho was as proud of his mirror as if it had been a trophy of war, like the spear which King Turnus captured from Actor.

et curare cutem ; summi constantia civis
Bebriacis campis spolium[1] adfectare Palati,
et pressum in facie digitis extendere panem,
quod nec in Assyrio pharetrata Samiramis orbe,
maesta nec Actiaca fecit Cleopatra carina.
hic nullus verbis pudor aut reverentia mensae,
hic turpis[2] Cybeles et fracta voce loquendi
libertas et crine senex fanaticus albo
sacrorum antistes, rarum ac memorabile magni
gutturis exemplum conducendusque magister.
quid tamen expectant, Phrygio quos tempus erat iam
more supervacuam cultris abrumpere carnem ?
Quadringenta dedit Gracchus sestertia dotem
cornicini, sive hic recto cantaverat aere ;
signatae tabulae, dictum " feliciter," ingens
cena sedet, gremio iacuit nova nupta mariti.
o proceres, censore opus est an haruspice nobis ?
scilicet horreres maioraque monstra putares,
si mulier vitulum vel si bos ederet agnum ?
segmenta et longos habitus et flammea sumit
arcano qui sacra ferens nutantia loro
sudavit clupeis ancilibus.
O pater urbis,
unde nefas tantum Latiis pastoribus ? unde
haec tetigit, Gradive, tuos urtica nepotes ?
traditur ecce viro clarus genere atque opibus vir,

[1] *spolium* ψO : *solium* Herwerd. Housm.
[2] *turpis* PVind. ψ : *turpes* TParis.

---

[1] The battle in which Otho was defeated by Vitellius.
[2] Mythical founder of the Assyrian empire with her husband Ninus.

sleek; it needed a citizen of highest courage to ape the splendours of the Palace on the field of Bebriacum,[1] and plaster his face with dough! Never did the quiver-bearing Samiramis[2] the like in her Assyrian realm, nor the despairing Cleopatra on board her ship at Actium. No decency of language is there here: no regard for the manners of the table. You will hear all the foul talk and squeaking tones of Cybele; a grey-haired frenzied old man presides over the rites; he is a rare and notable master of mighty gluttony, and should be hired to teach it. But why wait any longer when it were time in Phrygian fashion to lop off the superfluous flesh?

117 Gracchus has presented to a cornet player—or perhaps it was a player on the straight horn—a dowry of four hundred thousand sesterces. The contract has been signed; the benedictions have been pronounced; a crowd of banqueters seated, the new made bride is reclining on the bosom of her husband. O ye nobles of Rome! is it a soothsayer that we need, or a Censor? Would you be more aghast, would you deem it a greater portent, if a woman gave birth to a calf, or a cow to a lamb? The man who is now arraying himself in the flounces and train and veil of a bride once carried the nodding shields[3] of Mars by the sacred thongs and sweated under the sacred burden!

126 O Father of our city, whence came such wickedness among thy Latin shepherds? How did such a lust possess thy grandchildren, O Gradivus? Behold! Here you have a man of high birth and wealth being

[3] Gracchus was one of the Salii, priests of Mars who had to carry the sacred shields of Mars (*ancilia*) in procession through the city.

nec galeam quassas, nec terram cuspide pulsas,
nec quereris patri? vade ergo et cede severi
iugeribus campi, quem neglegis.
"Officium cras
primo sole mihi peragendum in valle Quirini."
"quae causa officii?" "quid quaeris? nubit amicus
nec multos adhibet." liceat modo vivere, fient,
fient ista palam, cupient et in acta referri.
interea tormentum ingens nubentibus haeret,
quod nequeant parere et partu retinere maritos.
sed melius, quod nil animis in corpora iuris
natura indulget: steriles moriuntur, et illis
turgida non prodest condita pyxide Lyde,
nec prodest agili palmas praebere luperco.
Vicit et hoc monstrum tunicati fuscina Gracchi,
lustravitque fuga mediam gladiator harenam
et Capitolinis generosior et Marcellis
et Catuli Paulique minoribus et Fabiis et
omnibus ad podium spectantibus, his licet ipsum
admoveas cuius tunc munere retia misit.
Esse aliquos manes et subterranea regna
et contum[1] et Stygio ranas in gurgite nigras,
atque una transire vadum tot milia cumba

[1] *et contum* ΣVind.ψ: *et pontum* PSTU. Housm. reads *Cocytum* after Luitprandus, *Antapodosis* 5 B.

[1] *i.e.* the Campus Martius.

[2] The Luperci were a mysterious priesthood who on certain days ran round the pomoerium clad in goat-skins and struck at any woman they met with goat-skin thongs in order to produce fertility.

[3] The *podium* was a balustrade, or balcony, set all round the amphitheatre, from which the most distinguished of the spectators witnessed the performance.

handed over in marriage to a man, and yet neither shakest thy helmet, nor smitest the earth with thy spear, nor yet protestest to thy Father? Away with thee then; begone from the broad acres of that Martial Plain [1] which thou hast forgotten!

132 "I have a ceremony to attend," quoth one, "at dawn to-morrow, in the Quirinal valley." "What is the occasion?" "No need to ask: a friend is taking to himself a husband; quite a small affair." Yes, and if we only live long enough, we shall see these things done openly: people will wish to see them reported among the news of the day. Meanwhile these would-be brides have one great trouble: they can bear no children wherewith to keep the affection of their husbands; well has nature done in granting to their desires no power over their bodies. They die unfertile; naught avails them the medicine-chest of the bloated Lyde, or to hold out their hands to the blows of the swift-footed Luperci! [2]

143 Greater still the portent when Gracchus, clad in a tunic, played the gladiator, and fled, trident in hand, across the arena—Gracchus, a man of nobler birth than the Capitolini, or the Marcelli, or the descendents of Catulus or Paulus, or the Fabii: nobler than all the spectators in the podium [3]; not excepting him who gave the show at which that net [4] was flung.

149 That there are such things as Manes, and kingdoms below ground, and punt-poles, and Stygian pools black with frogs, and all those thousands crossing over in a single bark—these things not even

[4] For the disgrace incurred by Gracchus in fighting as a *retiarius* against a *secutor*, see the fuller passage viii. 199–210 and note.

nec pueri credunt, nisi qui nondum aere lavantur.
sed tu vera puta: Curius quid sentit et ambo
Scipiadae, quid Fabricius manesque Camilli,
quid Cremerae legio et Cannis consumpta iuventus,
tot bellorum animae, quotiens hinc talis ad illos
umbra venit? cuperent lustrari, si qua darentur
sulpura cum taedis et si foret umida laurus.
illic [1] heu miseri traducimur. arma quidem ultra
litora Iuvernae promovimus et modo captas
Orcadas ac minima contentos nocte Britannos;
sed quae nunc populi fiunt victoris in urbe,
non faciunt illi quos vicimus. et tamen unus
Armenius Zalaces cunctis narratur ephebis
mollior ardenti sese indulsisse tribuno.
aspice quid faciant commercia: venerat obses,
hic fiunt homines. nam si mora longior urbem
indulsit pueris, non umquam [2] derit amator.
mittentur bracae cultelli frena flagellum;
sic praetextatos referunt Artaxata mores.

SATVRA III

Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici
laudo tamen, vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis
destinet atque unum civem donare Sibyllae.

[1] *illic* Vind.GL: *illuc* ATU and appar. P.
[2] *non umquam* GLOTHousm.: *non numquam* PUBüch.

boys believe, except such as have not yet had their penny bath. But just imagine them to be true—what would Curius and the two Scipios think? or Fabricius and the spirit of Camillus? What would the legion that fought at the Cremera [1] think, or the young manhood that fell at Cannae; what would all those gallant hearts feel when a shade of this sort came down to them from here? They would wish to be purified; if only sulphur and torches and damp laurel-branches were to be had. Such is the degradation to which we have come! Our arms indeed we have pushed beyond Juverna's [2] shores, to the new-conquered Orcades and the short-nighted Britons; but the things which we do in our victorious city will never be done by the men whom we have conquered. And yet they say that one Zalaces, an Armenian more effeminate than any of our youth, has yielded to the ardour of a Tribune! Just see what evil communications do! He came as a hostage: but here boys are turned into men. Give them a long sojourn in our city, and lovers will never fail them. They will throw away their trousers and their knives, their bridles and their whips, and thus carry back to Artaxata the manners of our Roman youth.

SATIRE III

Quid Romae Faciam?

Though put out by the departure of my old friend, I commend his purpose to fix his home at Cumae, and to present one citizen to the Sibyl. That is the

[1] The battle in which 300 Fabii were killed.

[2] Ireland.

ianua Baiarum est et gratum litus amoeni
secessus. ego vel Prochytam praepono Suburae ;
nam quid tam miserum, tam solum vidimus, ut non
deterius credas horrere incendia, lapsus
tectorum adsiduos ac mille pericula saevae
urbis et Augusto recitantes mense poetas ?
Sed dum tota domus raeda componitur una,
substitit ad veteres arcus madidamque Capenam.
hic, ubi nocturnae Numa constituebat amicae,
nunc sacri fontis nemus et delubra locantur
Iudaeis, quorum cophinus faenumque supellex
(omnis enim populo mercedem pendere iussa est
arbor et eiectis mendicat silva Camenis).
in vallem Egeriae descendimus et speluncas
dissimiles veris. quanto praesentius [1] esset
numen aquis, viridi si margine clauderet undas
herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tofum.
Hic tunc Vmbricius " quando artibus," inquit,
" honestis
nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,
res hodie minor est here quam fuit atque eadem cras
deteret exiguis aliquid, proponimus illuc
ire, fatigatas ubi Daedalus exuit alas,
dum nova canities, dum prima et recta senectus,
dum superest Lachesi quod torqueat et pedibus me
porto meis nullo dextram subeunte bacillo.
cedamus patria. vivant Artorius istic

[1] *praestantius* pψ : *presentius* Vind.

[1] A small island off Misenum.
[2] The noisiest street in Rome.
[3] The Porta Capena was on the Appian Way, the great S. road from Rome. Over the gate passed an aqueduct,

gate of Baiae, a sweet retreat upon a pleasant shore; I myself would prefer even Prochyta [1] to the Subura! [2] For where has one ever seen a place so dismal and so lonely that one would not deem it worse to live in perpetual dread of fires and falling houses, and the thousand perils of this terrible city, and poets spouting in the month of August!

[10] But while all his goods and chattels were being packed upon a single wagon, my friend halted at the dripping archway of the old Porta Capena.[3] Here Numa held his nightly assignations with his mistress; but now the holy fount and grove and shrine are let out to Jews, who possess a basket and a truss of hay for all their furnishings. For as every tree nowadays has to pay toll to the people, the Muses have been ejected, and the wood has to go a-begging. We go down to the Valley of Egeria, and into the caves so unlike to nature: how much more near to us would be the spirit of the fountain if its waters were fringed by a green border of grass, and there were no marble to outrage the native tufa!

[21] Here spoke Umbricius:—"Since there is no room," quoth he, "for honest callings in this city, no reward for labour; since my means are less to-day than they were yesterday, and to-morrow will rub off something from the little that is left, I purpose to go to the place where Daedalus put off his weary wings while my white hairs are recent, while my old age is erect and fresh, while Lachesis has something left to spin, and I can support myself on my own feet without slipping a staff beneath my hand. Farewell my country! Let Artorius live there, and

carrying the water of the Aqua Marcia. Hence "the dripping archway."

et Catulus, maneant qui nigrum in candida vertunt,
quis facile est aedem conducere flumina portus,
siccandam eluviem, portandum ad busta cadaver,
et praebere caput domina venale sub hasta.
quondam hi cornicines et municipalis harenae
perpetui comites notaeque per oppida buccae
munera nunc edunt et, verso pollice vulgus
quem [1] iubet, occidunt populariter ; inde reversi
conducunt foricas, et cur non omnia, cum sint [2]
quales ex humili magna ad fastigia rerum
extollit quotiens voluit Fortuna iocari ?
" Quid Romae faciam ? mentiri nescio ; librum,
si malus est, nequeo laudare et poscere ; motus
astrorum ignoro ; funus promittere patris
nec volo nec possum ; ranarum viscera numquam
inspexi ; ferre ad nuptam quae mittit adulter,
quae mandat, norunt alii ; me nemo ministro
fur erit, atque ideo nulli comes exeo tamquam
mancus et extinctae corpus non utile dextrae.
quis nunc diligitur nisi conscius et cui fervens
aestuat occultis animus semperque tacendis ?
nil tibi se debere putat, nil conferet umquam,
participem qui te secreti fecit honesti :
carus erit Verri qui Verrem tempore quo vult

[1] *quem* ψ : *cum* PAUBüch. and Housm.
[2] Büch. punctuates *et cur non ? omnia cum sint.*

[1] A spear was set up at auctions as the sign of ownership

Catulus; let those remain who turn black into white, to whom it comes easy to take contracts for temples, rivers or harbours, for draining floods, or carrying corpses to the pyre, or to put up slaves for sale under the authority of the spear.[1] These men once were horn-blowers, who went the round of every provincial show, and whose puffed-out cheeks were known in every village; to-day they hold shows of their own, and win applause by slaying whomsoever the mob with a turn of the thumb [2] bids them slay; from that they go back to contract for cesspools, and why not for any kind of thing, seeing that they are of the kind that Fortune raises from the gutter to the mighty places of earth whenever she wishes to enjoy a laugh?

41 "What can I do at Rome? I cannot lie; if a book is bad, I cannot praise it, and beg for a copy; I am ignorant of the movements of the stars; I cannot, and will not, promise to a man his father's death; I have never examined the entrails of a frog; I must leave it to others to carry to a bride the presents and messages of a paramour. No man will get my help in robbery, and therefore no governor will take me on his staff: I am treated as a maimed and useless trunk that has lost the power of its hands. What man wins favour nowadays unless he be an accomplice—one whose soul seethes and burns with secrets that must never be disclosed? No one who has imparted to you an innocent secret thinks he owes you anything, or will ever bestow on you a favour; the man whom Verres loves is the man who

[2] *Vertere pollicem*, to turn the thumb up, was the signal for dispatching the wounded gladiator; *premere pollicem*, to turn it down, was a sign that he was to be spared.

accusare potest. tanti tibi non sit opaci
omnis harena Tagi quodque in mare volvitur aurum,
ut somno careas ponendaque praemia sumas
tristis, et a magno semper timearis amico.
"Quae nunc divitibus gens acceptissima nostris
et quos praecipue fugiam, properabo fateri,
nec pudor opstabit. non possum ferre, Quirites,
Graecam urbem; quamvis quota portio faecis Achaei?
iam pridem Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes,
et linguam et mores et cum tibicine chordas
obliquas nec non gentilia tympana secum
vexit et ad circum iussas prostare puellas.
ite, quibus grata est picta lupa barbara mitra!
rusticus ille tuus sumit trechedipna, Quirine,
et ceromatico fert niceteria collo.
hic alta Sicyone, ast hic Amydone relicta,
hic Andro, ille Samo, hic Trallibus aut Alabandis
Esquilias dictumque petunt a vimine collem,
viscera magnarum domuum dominique futuri.
ingenium velox, audacia perdita, sermo
promptus et Isaeo torrentior: ede quid illum
esse putes? quemvis hominem secum attulit ad nos:
grammaticus rhetor geometres pictor aliptes
augur schoenobates medicus magus: omnia novit
Graeculus esuriens; in caelum iusseris ibit.

---

[1] Referring to the *sambuca*, a kind of harp, of triangular shape, producing a shrill sound.

[2] *Trechedipna*, "a run-to-dinner coat"; *ceromaticus*, from *ceroma*, oil used by wrestlers; and *niceterium*, "a prize of victory"—all used to ridicule the use of the Greek forms.

[3] *i.e.* the Mons Viminalis, from *vimen*, "an osier."

[4] An Assyrian rhetorician: not the Greek orator Isaeus.

can impeach Verres at any moment that he chooses. Ah! Let not all the sands of the shaded Tagus, and the gold which it rolls into the sea, be so precious in your eyes that you should lose your sleep, and accept gifts, to your sorrow, which you must one day lay down, and be for ever a terror to your mighty friend!

58 "And now let me speak at once of the race which is most dear to our rich men, and which I avoid above all others; no shyness shall stand in my way. I cannot abide, Quirites, a Rome of Greeks; and yet what fraction of our dregs comes from Greece? The Syrian Orontes has long since poured into the Tiber, bringing with it its lingo and its manners, its flutes and its slanting harp-strings[1]; bringing too the timbrels of the breed, and the trulls who are bidden ply their trade at the Circus. Out upon you, all ye that delight in foreign strumpets with painted head-dresses! Your country clown, Quirinus, now trips to dinner in Greek-fangled slippers,[2] and wears *nicete-rian*[2] ornaments upon a *ceromatic*[2] neck! One comes from lofty Sicyon, another from Amydon or Andros, others from Samos, Tralles or Alabanda; all making for the Esquiline, or for the hill that takes its name from osier-beds[3]; all ready to worm their way into the houses of the great and become their masters. Quick of wit and of unbounded impudence, they are as ready of speech as Isaeus,[4] and more torrential. Say, what do you think that fellow there to be? He has brought with him any character you please; grammarian, orator, geometrician; painter, trainer, or rope-dancer; augur, doctor or astrologer:—

'All sciences a fasting monsieur knows,
And bid him go to Hell, to Hell he goes!'[5]

[5] From Johnson's *London*.

in summa non Maurus erat neque Sarmata nec Thrax
qui sumpsit pinnas, mediis sed natus Athenis.
"Horum ego non fugiam conchylia? me prior ille
signabit fultusque toro meliore recumbet,
advectus Romam quo pruna et cottona vento?
usque adeo nihil est, quod nostra infantia caelum
hausit Aventini baca nutrita Sabina?
"Quid quod adulandi gens prudentissima laudat
sermonem indocti, faciem deformis amici,
et longum invalidi collum cervicibus aequat
Herculis Antaeum procul a tellure tenentis,
miratur vocem angustam, qua deterius nec
ille sonat quo mordetur gallina marito?
haec eadem licet et nobis laudare, sed illis
creditur. an melior, cum Thaida sustinet aut cum
uxorem comoedus agit vel Dorida nullo
cultam palliolo? mulier nempe ipsa videtur,
non persona, loqui; vacua et plana omnia dicas
infra ventriculum et tenui distantia rima.
nec tamen Antiochus nec erit mirabilis illic
aut Stratocles aut cum molli Demetrius Haemo:
natio comoeda est. rides, maiore cachinno
concutitur; flet, si lacrimas conspexit amici,
nec dolet; igniculum brumae si tempore poscas,
accipit endromidem; si dixeris 'aestuo,' sudat.
non sumus ergo pares: melior, qui semper et omni
nocte dieque potest aliena sumere vultum

---

[1] Daedalus.
[2] Hercules slew Antaeus by raising him from the ground, till when he was invincible. [3] Names of Greek actors.

In fine, the man who took to himself wings [1] was not a Moor, nor a Sarmatian, nor a Thracian, but one born in the very heart of Athens!

81 "Must I not make my escape from purple-clad gentry like these? Is a man to sign his name before me, and recline upon a couch better than mine, who has been wafted to Rome by the wind which brings us our damsons and our figs? Is it to go so utterly for nothing that as a babe I drank in the air of the Aventine, and was nurtured on the Sabine berry?

86 "What of this again, that these people are experts in flattery, and will commend the talk of an illiterate, or the beauty of a deformed, friend, and compare the scraggy neck of some weakling to the brawny throat of Hercules when holding up Antaeus [2] high above the earth; or go into ecstasies over a squeaky voice not more melodious than that of a cock when he pecks his spouse the hen? We, no doubt, can praise the same things that they do; but what they say is believed. Could any actor do better when he plays the part of Thais, or of a matron, or of a Greek slave-girl without her pallium? You would never think that it was a masked actor that was speaking, but a very woman, complete in all her parts. Yet, in their own country, neither Antiochus [3] nor Stratocles,[3] neither Demetrius [3] nor the delicate Haemus,[3] will be applauded: they are a nation of play-actors. If you smile, your Greek will split his sides with laughter; if he sees his friend drop a tear, he weeps, though without grieving; if you call for a bit of fire in winter-time, he puts on his cloak; if you say 'I am hot,' he breaks into a sweat. Thus we are not upon a level, he and I; he has always the best of it, being ready at any moment, by night or by day, to take his expression

a facie, iactare manus, laudare paratus,
si bene ructavit, si rectum minxit amicus,
si trulla inverso crepitum dedit aurea fundo.
" Praeterea sanctum nihil est neque [1] ab inguine tutum,
non matrona laris, non filia virgo, neque ipse
sponsus levis adhuc, non filius ante pudicus;
horum si nihil est, aviam resupinat amici.
[scire volunt secreta domus atque inde timeri.]
et quoniam coepit Graecorum mentio, transi
gymnasia atque audi facinus maioris abollae.
Stoicus occidit Baream delator amicum
discipulumque senex, ripa nutritus in illa,
ad quam Gorgonei delapsa est pinna caballi.
non est Romano cuiquam locus hic, ubi regnat
Protogenes aliquis vel Diphilus aut Hermarchus,
qui gentis vitio numquam partitur amicum,
solus habet. nam cum facilem stillavit in aurem
exiguum de naturae patriaeque veneno,
limine summoveor, perierunt tempora longi
servitii; nusquam minor est iactura clientis.
" Quod porro officium, ne nobis blandiar, aut quod
pauperis hic meritum, si curet nocte togatus
currere, cum praetor lictorem impellat et ire
praecipitem iubeat dudum vigilantibus orbis,
ne prior Albinam et Modiam collega salutet?

[1] P defective here. Most MSS. have *aut* for *est*. Housm. reads *aut tibi*.

[1] Publius Egnatius Celer. See Tac. *Ann.* xvi. 30–32 and *Hist.* iv. 10 and 40.

from another man's face, to throw up his hands and applaud if his friend gives a good belch or piddles straight, or if his golden basin make a gurgle when turned upside down.

109 "Besides all this, there is nothing sacred to his lusts: not the matron of the family, nor the maiden daughter, not the as yet unbearded son-in-law to be, not even the as yet unpolluted son; if none of these be there, he will debauch his friend's grandmother. These men want to discover the secrets of the family, and so make themselves feared. And now that I am speaking of the Greeks, pass over the schools, and hear of a crime of a larger philosophical cloak; the old Stoic [1] who informed against and slew his own friend and disciple [2] Barea was born on that river bank [3] where the Gorgon's winged steed fell to earth. No: there is no room for any Roman here, where some Protogenes, or Diphilus, or Hermarchus rules the roast—one who by a defect of his race never shares a friend, but keeps him all to himself. For when once he has dropped into a facile ear one particle of his own and his country's poison, I am thrust from the door, and all my long years of servitude go for nothing. Nowhere is it so easy as at Rome to throw an old client overboard.

125 "And besides, not to flatter ourselves, what value is there in a poor man's serving here in Rome, even if he be at pains to hurry along in his toga before daylight, seeing that the praetor is bidding the lictor to go full speed lest his colleague should be the first to salute the childless ladies Albina and Modia, who have long ago been awake? Here in

[2] For the accusation and death of Barea Soranus, see Tac. *Ann.* xvi. 23 and 33.

[3] *i.e.* at Tarsus on the river Cydnus.

divitis hic servo claudit latus ingenuorum
filius; alter enim quantum in legione tribuni
accipiunt donat Calvinae vel Catienae,
ut semel aut iterum super illam palpitet; at tu,
cum tibi vestiti facies scorti placet, haeres
et dubitas alta Chionen deducere sella.
da testem Romae tam sanctum quam fuit hospes
numinis Idaei, procedat vel Numa vel qui
servavit trepidam flagranti ex aede Minervam:
protinus ad censum, de moribus ultima fiet
quaestio. 'quot pascit servos? quot possidet agri
iugera? quam multa magnaque paropside cenat?'
quantum quisque sua nummorum servat in arca,
tantum habet et fidei. iures licet et Samothracum
et nostrorum aras, contemnere fulmina pauper
creditur atque deos dis ignoscentibus ipsis.
"Quid quod materiam praebet causasque iocorum
omnibus hic idem, si foeda et scissa lacerna,
si toga sordidula est et rupta calceus alter
pelle patet, vel si consuto vulnere crassum
atque recens linum ostendit non una cicatrix?
nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
quam quod ridiculos homines facit. 'exeat,' inquit,
'si pudor est, et de pulvino surgat equestri
cuius res legi non sufficit, et sedeant hic
lenonum pueri quocumque ex fornice nati;
hic plaudat nitidi praeconis filius inter

---

[1] Ladies of rank.

[2] P. Cornelius Scipio received the image of Cybele when brought from Phrygia, B.C. 204.

[3] L. Caecilius Metellus, in B.C. 241.

Rome the son of free-born parents has to give the wall to some rich man's slave; for that other will give as much as the whole pay of a legionary tribune to enjoy the chance favours of a Calvina [1] or a Catiena,[1] while you, when the face of some gay-decked harlot takes your fancy, scarce venture to hand Chione down from her lofty chair. At Rome you may produce a witness as unimpeachable as the host of the Idaean Goddess [2]—Numa himself might present himself, or he who rescued the trembling Minerva from the blazing shrine [3]—the first question asked will be as to his wealth, the last about his character: 'how many slaves does he keep?' 'how many acres does he own?' 'how big and how many are his dessert dishes?' A man's word is believed in exact proportion to the amount of cash which he keeps in his strong-box. Though he swear by all the altars of Samothrace or of Rome, the poor man is believed to care naught for Gods and thunderbolts, the Gods themselves forgiving him.

147 "And what of this, that the poor man gives food and occasion for jest if his cloak be torn and dirty; if his toga be a little soiled; if one of his shoes gapes where the leather is split, or if some fresh stitches of coarse thread reveal where not one, but many a rent has been patched? Of all the woes of luckless poverty none is harder to endure than this, that it exposes men to ridicule. 'Out you go! for very shame,' says the marshal; 'out of the Knights' stalls, all of you whose means do not satisfy the law.' Here let the sons of panders, born in any brothel, take their seats; here let the spruce son of an auctioneer clap his hands, with the smart sons of a gladiator on one side of him and the young gentle-

pinnirapi cultos iuvenes iuvenesque lanistae[1]:
sic libitum vano, qui nos distinxit, Othoni.
quis gener hic placuit censu minor atque puellae
sarcinulis impar? quis pauper scribitur heres?
quando in consilio est aedilibus? agmine facto
debuerant olim tenues migrasse Quirites.
"Haut facile emergunt quorum virtutibus opstat
res angusta domi, sed Romae durior illis
conatus: magno hospitium miserabile, magno
servorum ventres, et frugi cenula magno.
fictilibus cenare pudet, quod turpe negabis
translatus subito ad Marsos mensamque Sabellam
contentusque illic Veneto duroque cucullo.
"Pars magna Italiae est, si verum admittimus, in qua
nemo togam sumit nisi mortuus. ipsa dierum
festorum herboso colitur si quando theatro
maiestas tandemque redit ad pulpita notum
exodium, cum personae pallentis hiatum
in gremio matris formidat rusticus infans,
aequales habitus illic similesque videbis
orchestram et populum, clari velamen honoris
sufficiunt tunicae summis aedilibus albae.
hic ultra vires habitus nitor, hic aliquid plus
quam satis est interdum aliena sumitur arca.
commune id vitium est, hic vivimus ambitiosa
paupertate omnes. quid te moror? omnia Romae
cum pretio. quid das, ut Cossum aliquando salutes,

---

[1] The law of Otho (B.C. 67) reserved for knights the first fourteen rows in the theatre behind the *orchestra* where senators sat. The knights (*equites*) were the wealthy middle class, each having to possess a census of 400,000 sesterces.

men of a trainer on the other: such was the will of the numskull Otho who assigned to each of us his place.[1] Who ever was approved as a son-in-law if he was short of cash, and no match for the money-bags of the young lady? What poor man ever gets a legacy, or is appointed assessor to an aedile? Romans without money should have marched out in a body long ago!

164 "It is no easy matter, anywhere, for a man to rise when poverty stands in the way of his merits: but nowhere is the effort harder than in Rome, where you must pay a big rent for a wretched lodging, a big sum to fill the bellies of your slaves, and buy a frugal dinner for yourself. You are ashamed to dine off delf; but you would see no shame in it if transported suddenly to a Marsian or Sabine table, where you would be pleased enough to wear a cape of coarse Venetian blue.

171 "There are many parts of Italy, to tell the truth, in which no man puts on a toga until he is dead. Even on days of festival, when a brave show is made in a theatre of turf, and when the well-known afterpiece steps once more upon the boards; when the rustic babe on its mother's breast shrinks back affrighted at the gaping of the pallid masks, you will see stalls and populace all dressed alike, and the worshipful aediles content with white tunics as vesture for their high office. In Rome, everyone dresses smartly, above his means, and sometimes something more than what is enough is taken out of another man's pocket. This failing is universal here: we all live in a state of pretentious poverty. To put it shortly, nothing can be had in Rome for nothing. How much does it cost you to be able now and then to make your

ut te respiciat clauso Veiento labello? 185
ille metit barbam, crinem hic deponit amati;
plena domus libis venalibus; accipe, et istud
fermentum tibi habe: praestare tributa clientes
cogimur et cultis augere peculia servis.
"Quis timet aut timuit gelida Praeneste ruinam 190
aut positis nemorosa inter iuga Volsiniis aut
simplicibus Gabiis aut proni Tiburis arce?
nos urbem colimus tenui tibicine fultam
magna parte sui; nam sic labentibus obstat
vilicus et, veteris rimae cum texit hiatum, 195
securos pendente iubet dormire ruina.
vivendum est illic ubi nulla incendia, nulli
nocte metus. iam poscit aquam, iam frivola transfert
Vcalegon, tabulata tibi iam tertia fumant:
tu nescis; nam si gradibus trepidatur ab imis, 200
ultimus ardebit quem tegula sola tuetur
a pluvia, molles ubi reddunt ova columbae.
lectus erat Codro Procula minor, urceoli sex
ornamentum abaci nec non et parvulus infra
cantharus et recubans sub eodem marmore Chiron, 205
iamque vetus graecos servabat cista libellos
et divina opici rodebant carmina mures.
nil habuit Codrus, quis enim negat? et tamen illud

[1] The rendering is uncertain. Duff translates, "Take your money and keep your cake."

[2] At this feast cakes (*liba*) are provided; but the guests are expected to give a tip to the slaves. According to Duff, the client pays the slave, but is too indignant to take the cake.

[3] Lit. "a slender flute-player"; props were so called either from their resemblance to a flute, or to the position in which the flute was held in playing.

bow to Cossus? Or to be vouchsafed one glance, with lip firmly closed, from Veiento? One of these great men is cutting off his beard; another is dedicating the locks of a favourite; the house is full of cakes—which you will have to pay for. Take your cake,[1] and let this thought rankle in your heart: we clients are compelled to pay tribute and add to a sleek menial's perquisites.[2]

190 "Who at cool Praeneste, or at Volsinii amid its leafy hills, was ever afraid of his house tumbling down? Who in modest Gabii, or on the sloping heights of Tivoli? But here we inhabit a city supported for the most part by slender props:[3] for that is how the bailiff holds up the tottering house, patches up gaping cracks in the old wall, bidding the inmates sleep at ease under a roof ready to tumble about their ears. No, no, I must live where there are no fires, no nightly alarms. Ucalegon[4] below is already shouting for water and shifting his chattels; smoke is pouring out of your third-floor attic, but you know nothing of it; for if the alarm begins in the ground-floor, the last man to burn will be he who has nothing to shelter him from the rain but the tiles, where the gentle doves lay their eggs. Codrus possessed a bed too small for the dwarf Procula, a sideboard adorned by six pipkins, with a small drinking cup, and a recumbent Chiron below, and an old chest containing Greek books whose divine lays were being gnawed by unlettered mice. Poor Codrus had nothing, it is true: but he lost that noth-

[4] Borrowed from Virgil, *Aen.* ii. 311, of the firing of Troy, *iam proximus ardet Ucalegon.* Juvenal's friend inhabits the third floor, and the fire has broken out on the ground floor.

perdidit infelix totum nihil. ultimus autem
aerumnae est cumulus, quod nudum et frusta ro-
gantem
nemo cibo, nemo hospitio tectoque iuvabit.
" Si magna Asturici cecidit domus, horrida mater,
pullati proceres, differt vadimonia praetor.
tum gemimus casus urbis, tunc odimus ignem.
ardet adhuc, et iam accurrit qui marmora donet,
conferat inpensas ; hic nuda et candida signa,
hic aliquid praeclarum[1] Euphranoris et Polycliti,
hic[2] Asianorum vetera ornamenta deorum,
hic libros dabit et forulos mediamque Minervam,
hic modium argenti. meliora ac plura reponit
Persicus, orborum lautissimus et merito iam
suspectus tamquam ipse suas incenderit aedes.
" Si potes avelli circensibus, optima Sorae
aut Fabrateriae domus aut Frusinone paratur
quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum.
hortulus hic puteusque brevis nec reste movendus
in tenuis plantas facili diffunditur haustu.
vive bidentis amans et culti vilicus horti,
unde epulum possis centum dare Pythagoreis.
est aliquid, quocumque loco, quocumque recessu
unius sese dominum fecisse lacertae.
" Plurimus hic aeger moritur vigilando (set ipsum
languorem peperit cibus inperfectus et haerens
ardenti stomacho), nam quae[3] meritoria somnum

[1] *praeclarum* P : Housm. conj. *praedarum*.
[2] *hic* conj. by Jahn and confirmed by O and Vind.: *haec* P Büch.: Housm. conj. *aera*.
[3] Housm. adopts the conj. *quem* (Hadr. Valesius) : *quae* PALO.

ing, which was his all; and the last straw in his heap of misery is this, that though he is destitute and begging for a bite, no one will help him with a meal, no one offer him lodging or shelter.

212 "But if the grand house of Asturicus be destroyed, the matrons go dishevelled, your great men put on mourning, the praetor adjourns his court: then indeed do we deplore the calamities of the city, and bewail its fires! Before the house has ceased to burn, up comes one with a gift of marble or of building materials, another offers nude and glistening statues, a third some notable work of Euphranor or Polyclitus,[1] or bronzes that had been the glory of old Asian shrines. Others will offer books and bookcases, or a bust of Minerva, or a hundredweight of silver-plate. Thus does Persicus, that most sumptuous of childless men, replace what he has lost with more and better things, and with good reason incurs the suspicion of having set his own house on fire.

223 "If you can tear yourself away from the games of the Circus, you can buy an excellent house at Sora, at Fabrateria or Frusino, for what you now pay in Rome to rent a dark garret for one year. And you will there have a little garden, with a shallow well from which you can easily draw water, without need of a rope, to bedew your weakly plants. There make your abode, a friend of the mattock, tending a trim garden fit to feast a hundred Pythagoreans.[2] It is something, in whatever spot, however remote, to have become the possessor of a single lizard!

232 "Most sick people here in Rome perish for want of sleep, the illness itself having been produced by food lying undigested on a fevered stomach. For

[1] Celebrated Greek sculptors. [2] *i.e.* vegetarians.

admittunt? magnis opibus dormitur in urbe.
inde caput morbi. raedarum transitus arto
vicorum in flexu[1] et stantis convicia mandrae
eripient somnum Druso vitulisque marinis.
si vocat officium, turba cedente vehetur
dives et ingenti curret super ora Liburna
atque obiter leget aut scribet vel dormiet intus;
namque facit somnum clausa lectica fenestra.
ante tamen veniet: nobis properantibus opstat
unda prior, magno populus premit agmine lumbos
qui sequitur; ferit hic cubito, ferit assere duro
alter, at hic tignum capiti incutit, ille metretam.
pinguia crura luto, planta mox undique magna
calcor, et in digito clavus mihi militis haeret.
"Nonne vides quanto celebretur sportula fumo?
centum convivae, sequitur sua quemque culina.
Corbulo vix ferret tot vasa ingentia, tot res
inpositas capiti, quas recto vertice portat
servulus infelix et cursu ventilat ignem.
scinduntur tunicae sartae modo, longa coruscat
serraco veniente abies, atque altera pinum
plaustra vehunt; nutant alte populoque minantur.
nam si procubuit qui saxa Ligustica portat
axis et eversum fudit super agmina montem,
quid superest de corporibus? quis membra, quis ossa

[1] Büch. and Owen read *inflexu*, after P Vind.ψ: Housm. *in flexu*. See *Journal of Phil.* No. 67, p. 40.

[1] Probably the somnolent Emperor Claudius is meant.
[2] The hundred guests are clients; each is followed by a slave carrying a kitchener to keep the dole hot when received.

what sleep is possible in a lodging? Who but the wealthy get sleep in Rome? There lies the root of the disorder. The crossing of wagons in the narrow winding streets, the slanging of drovers when brought to a stand, would make sleep impossible for a Drusus[1] —or a sea-calf. When the rich man has a call of social duty, the mob makes way for him as he is borne swiftly over their heads in a huge Liburnian car. He writes or reads or sleeps inside as he goes along, for the closed window of the litter induces slumber. Yet he will arrive before us; hurry as we may, we are blocked by a surging crowd in front, and by a dense mass of people pressing in on us from behind: one man digs an elbow into me, another a hard sedan-pole; one bangs a beam, another a wine-cask, against my head. My legs are beplastered with mud; soon huge feet trample on me from every side, and a soldier plants his hobnails firmly on my toe.

249 "See now the smoke rising from that crowd which hurries as if to a dole: there are a hundred guests, each followed by a kitchener of his own.[2] Corbulo[3] himself could scarce bear the weight of all the big vessels and other gear which that poor little slave is carrying with head erect, fanning the flame as he runs along. Newly-patched tunics are torn in two; up comes a huge fir-log swaying on a wagon, and then a second dray carrying a whole pine-tree; they tower aloft and threaten the people. For if that axle with its load of Ligurian marble breaks down, and pours an overturned mountain on to the crowd, what is left of their bodies? Who can identify

[3] The great Roman general under Claudius and Nero, famed for his physical strength.

invenit? obtritum vulgi perit omne cadaver
more animae. domus interea secura patellas
iam lavat et bucca foculum excitat et sonat unctis
striglibus et pleno componit lintea guto.
haec inter pueros varie properantur, at ille
iam sedet in ripa taetrumque novicius horret
porthmea, nec sperat caenosi gurgitis alnum
infelix nec habet quem porrigat ore trientem.
" Respice nunc alia ac diversa pericula noctis:
quod spatium tectis sublimibus unde cerebrum
testa ferit, quotiens rimosa et curta fenestris
vasa cadant, quanto percussum pondere signent
et laedant silicem. possis ignavus haberi
et subiti casus inprovidus, ad cenam si
intestatus eas: adeo tot fata, quot illa
nocte patent vigiles te praetereunte fenestrae.
ergo optes votumque feras miserabile tecum,
ut sint contentae patulas defundere pelves.
" Ebrius ac petulans, qui nullum forte cecidit,
dat poenas, noctem patitur lugentis amicum
Pelidae, cubat in faciem, mox deinde supinus;
[ergo non aliter poterit dormire: quibusdam]
somnum rixa facit. sed quamvis improbus annis
atque mero fervens, cavet hunc, quem coccina laena
vitari iubet et comitum longissimus ordo,
multum praeterea flammarum et aenea lampas;

the limbs, who the bones? The poor man's crushed corpse wholly disappears, just like his soul. At home meanwhile the folk, unwitting, are washing the dishes, blowing up the fire with distended cheek, clattering over the greasy flesh-scrapers, filling the oil-flasks and laying out the towels. And while each of them is thus busy over his own task, their master is already sitting, a new arrival, upon the bank, and shuddering at the grim ferryman: he has no copper in his mouth to tender for his fare, and no hope of a passage over the murky flood, poor wretch.

268 "And now regard the different and diverse perils of the night. See what a height it is to that towering roof from which a potsherd comes crack upon my head every time that some broken or leaky vessel is pitched out of the window! See with what a smash it strikes and dints the pavement! There's death in every open window as you pass along at night; you may well be deemed a fool, improvident of sudden accident, if you go out to dinner without having made your will. You can but hope, and put up a piteous prayer in your heart, that they may be content to pour down on you the contents of their slop-basins!

278 "Your drunken bully who has by chance not slain his man passes a night of torture like that of Achilles when he bemoaned his friend, lying now upon his face, and now upon his back; he will get no rest in any other way, since some men can only sleep after a brawl. Yet however reckless the fellow may be, however hot with wine and young blood, he gives a wide berth to one whose scarlet cloak and long retinue of attendants, with torches and brass lamps in their hands, bid him keep his distance. But to me,

me, quem luna solet deducere vel breve lumen
candelae, cuius dispenso et tempero filum,
contemnit. miserae cognosce prohoemia rixae,
si rixa est, ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum.
stat contra starique iubet : parere necesse est ;
nam quid agas, cum te furiosus cogat et idem
fortior ? ' unde venis ? ', exclamat, ' cuius aceto,
cuius conche tumes ? quis tecum sectile porrum
sutor et elixi vervecis labra comedit ?
nil mihi respondes ? aut dic aut accipe calcem.
ede ubi consistas ; in qua te quaero proseucha ? '
dicere si temptes aliquid tacitusve recedas,
tantumdem est : feriunt pariter, vadimonia deinde
irati faciunt. libertas pauperis haec est :
pulsatus rogat et pugnis concisus adorat
ut liceat paucis cum dentibus inde reverti.
" Nec tamen haec tantum metuas. nam qui
spoliet te
non derit clausis domibus, postquam omnis ubique
fixa catenatae siluit compago tabernae.
interdum et ferro subitus grassator agit rem ;
armato quotiens tutae custode tenentur
et Pomptina palus et Gallinaria pinus,
sic inde huc omnes tamquam ad vivaria currunt.
qua fornace graves, qua non incude catenae ?
maximus in vinclis ferri modus, ut timeas ne
vomer deficiat, ne marrae et sarcula desint.
felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas

who am wont to be escorted home by the moon, or by the scant light of a candle whose wick I husband with due care, he pays no respect. Hear how the wretched fray begins—if fray it can be called when you do all the thrashing and I get all the blows! The fellow stands up against me, and bids me halt; obey I must. What else can you do when attacked by a madman stronger than yourself? 'Where are you from?' shouts he; 'whose vinegar, whose beans have blown you out? With what cobbler have you been munching cut leeks [1] and boiled wether's chaps?—What, sirrah, no answer? Speak out, or take that upon your shins! Say, where is your stand? In what prayer-shop [2] shall I find you?' Whether you venture to say anything, or make off silently, it's all one: he will thrash you just the same, and then, in a rage, take bail from you. Such is the liberty of the poor man: having been pounded and cuffed into a jelly, he begs and prays to be allowed to return home with a few teeth in his head!

302 "Nor are these your only terrors. When your house is shut, when bar and chain have made fast your shop, and all is silent, you will be robbed by a burglar; or perhaps a cut-throat will do for you quickly with cold steel. For whenever the Pontine marshes and the Gallinarian forest are secured by an armed guard, all that tribe flocks into Rome as into a fish-preserve. What furnaces, what anvils, are not groaning with the forging of chains? That is how our iron is mostly used; and you may well fear that ere long none will be left for plough-shares, none for hoes and mattocks. Happy, you would say, were the

[1] Compare xiv. 133.

[2] *Proseucha*, a Jewish synagogue or praying-house.

saecula quae quondam sub regibus atque tribunis
viderunt uno contentam carcere Romam.
"His alias poteram et pluris subnectere causas;
sed iumenta vocant et sol inclinat, eundum est;
nam mihi commota iam dudum mulio virga
adnuit. ergo vale nostri memor, et quotiens te
Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino,
me quoque ad Helvinam Cererem vestramque Dianam
converte a Cumis. saturarum ego, ni pudet illas,
auditor[1] gelidos veniam caligatus in agros."

SATVRA IV

Ecce iterum Crispinus, et est mihi saepe vocandus
ad partes, monstrum nulla virtute redemptum
a vitiis, aegrae solaque libidine fortes
deliciae; viduas tantum aspernatur[2] adulter.
quid refert igitur, quantis iumenta fatiget
porticibus, quanta nemorum vectetur in umbra,
iugera quot vicina foro, quas emerit aedes?
nemo malus felix, minime[3] corruptor et idem
incestus, cum quo nuper vittata iacebat
sanguine adhuc vivo terram subitura sacerdos.

[1] *auditor* PVind.Büch. (1910): *adiutor* ψBüch. (1893).
[2] *aspernatur* ψ: *aspernatus* Vind. etc. and Housm.: *spernatur* PSA.
[3] *minime* PVind.ψ: *quin sit* Σ: Housm. conj. *cum sit*.

forbears of our great-grandfathers, happy the days of old which under Kings and Tribunes beheld Rome satisfied with a single gaol!

"To these I might add more and different reasons; but my cattle call, the sun is sloping and I must away: my muleteer has long been signalling to me with his whip. And so farewell; forget me not. And if ever you run over from Rome to your own Aquinum[1] to recruit, summon me too from Cumae to your Helvine[2] Ceres and Diana; I will come over to your cold country in my thick boots to hear your Satires, if they think me worthy of that honour."

SATIRE IV

A Tale of a Turbot

Crispinus once again! a man whom I shall often have to call on to the scene, a prodigy of wickedness without one redeeming virtue; a sickly libertine, strong only in his lusts, which scorn none save the unwedded. What matters it then how spacious are the colonnades which tire out his horses, how large the shady groves in which he drives, how many acres near the Forum, how many palaces, he has bought? No bad man can be happy: least of all the incestuous seducer with whom lately lay a filleted[3] priestess, doomed to pass beneath the earth with the blood still warm within her veins.

[1] Aquinum was Juvenal's birthplace.

[2] The origin of this name of Ceres is unknown.

[3] The *vitta*, or fillet, was worn round the hair by Vestal Virgins.

Sed nunc de factis levioribus. et tamen alter
si fecisset idem, caderet sub iudice morum;
nam quod turpe bonis Titio Seioque, decebat
Crispinum: quid agas, cum dira et foedior omni
crimine persona est? mullum sex milibus emit,
aequantem sane paribus sestertia libris,
ut perhibent qui de magnis maiora loquuntur.
consilium laudo artificis, si munere tanto
praecipuam in tabulis ceram senis abstulit orbi;
est ratio ulterior, magnae si misit amicae,
quae vehitur clauso latis specularibus antro.
nil tale expectes: emit sibi. multa videmus
quae miser et frugi non fecit Apicius; hoc tu,
succinctus patria quondam, Crispine, papyro?
hoc pretio squamas[1]? potuit fortasse minoris
piscator quam piscis emi; provincia tanti
vendit agros, sed maiores Apulia vendit.
qualis tunc epulas ipsum gluttisse putamus
induperatorem, cum tot sestertia, partem
exiguam et modicae sumptam de margine cenae,
purpureus magni ructarit scurra Palati,
iam princeps equitum, magna qui voce solebat
vendere municipes fracta de merce siluros?
incipe, Calliope. licet et considere, non est
cantandum, res vera agitur. narrate, puellae
Pierides; prosit mihi vos dixisse puellas.

[1] P has *squamae*. So Büch.

[1] A celebrated gourmand.

[11] To-day I shall tell of a less heinous deed, though had any other man done the like, he would fall under the censor's lash: for what would be shameful in good men like Seius or Titius sat gracefully on Crispinus. What can you do when the man himself is more foul and monstrous than any charge you can bring against him? Crispinus bought a mullet for six thousand sesterces—one thousand sesterces for every pound of fish, as those would say who make big things bigger in the telling of them. I could commend the man's cunning if by such a lordly gift he secured the first place in the will of some childless old man, or, better still, sent it to some high and mighty mistress who rides in a close, broad-windowed sedan. But nothing of the sort; he bought it for himself: we see many a thing done nowadays which poor niggardly Apicius [1] never did. What? Did you, Crispinus—you who once wore a strip of your native papyrus round your loins—give that price for a fish? A price bigger than you need have paid for the fisherman himself, a price for which you might buy a whole estate in some province, or a still larger one in Apulia. What kind of feasts are we to suppose were guzzled by our Emperor himself when all those thousands of sesterces—forming a small fraction, a mere side-dish of a modest entertainment—were belched up by a purple-clad parasite of the august Palace—one who is now Chief of the Knights, and who once used to hawk, at the top of his voice, a broken lot of his fellow-countrymen the sprats? Begin, Calliope! let us take our seats. This is to be no mere sing-song, but a true tale is being told; tell it forth, ye maidens of Pieria, and let it profit me that I have called you maids!

Cum iam semianimum laceraret Flavius orbem
ultimus et calvo serviret Roma Neroni,
incidit Hadriaci spatium admirabile rhombi
ante domum Veneris, quam Dorica sustinet Ancon,
implevitque sinus; nec enim minor haeserat illis
quos operit glacies Maeotica ruptaque tandem
solibus effundit torrentis ad ostia Ponti
desidia tardos et longo frigore pingues.
destinat hoc monstrum cumbae linique magister
pontifici summo. quis enim proponere talem
aut emere auderet, cum plena et litora multo
delatore forent? dispersi protinus algae
inquisitores agerent cum remige nudo
non dubitaturi fugitivum dicere piscem
depastumque diu vivaria Caesaris, inde
elapsum veterem ad dominum debere reverti.
si quid Palfurio, si credimus Armillato,
quidquid conspicuum pulchrumque est aequore toto,
res fisci est, ubicumque natat. donabitur ergo,
ne pereat.

Iam letifero cedente pruinis
autumno, iam quartanam sperantibus aegris
stridebat deformis hiems praedamque recentem
servabat. tamen hic properat, velut urgueat Auster.
utque lacus suberant, ubi quamquam diruta servat
ignem Troianum et Vestam colit Alba minorem,
obstitit intranti miratrix turba parumper.
ut cessit, facili patuerunt cardine valvae;

---

[1] *i.e.* the emperor Domitian.
[2] The Pontifex Maximus, *i.e.* Domitian himself.
[3] These were two lawyers.

37 What time the last of the Flavii was flaying the half-dying world, and Rome was enslaved to a bald-headed Nero,[1] there fell into a net in the sea of Hadria, in front of the shrine of Venus reared high on Dorian Ancona, a turbot of wondrous size, filling up all its meshes,—a fish no less huge than those which the lake Maeotis conceals beneath the ice till it is broken up by the sun, and then sends forth, torpid through sloth and fattened by long cold, to the mouths of the pouring Pontus. This monster the master of the boat and net designs for the High Pontiff[2]; for who would dare to put up for sale or to buy so big a fish in days when even the sea shores were crowded with informers? Inspectors of sea-weed would at once have scattered to take the law of the poor oarsman, ready to affirm that the fish was a run-away that had long feasted in Caesar's fish-ponds; escaped from thence, he must needs be restored to his former master. For if Palfurius[3] is to be believed, or Armillatus,[3] every rare and beautiful thing in the wide ocean, in whatever sea it swims, belongs to the Imperial Treasury. The fish therefore, that it be not wasted, shall be given as a gift.

56 And now death-bearing Autumn was giving way before the frosts, fevered patients were hoping for a quartan,[4] and bleak winter's blasts were keeping the booty fresh; yet on sped the fisherman as though the South wind were at his heels. And when beneath him lay the lake where Alba, though in ruins, still holds the Trojan fire and worships the lesser Vesta,[5] a wondering crowd barred his way for a while; as it gave way, the gates swung open on easy

[4] *i.e.* a fever recurring every fourth day—an improvement upon a "tertian," one recurring every third day.

[5] *i.e.* as compared with the larger temple of Vesta in Rome.

exclusi spectant admissa obsonia patres.
itur ad Atriden. tum Piccns "accipe," dixit,
"privatis maiora focis. genialis agatur
iste dies, propera stomachum laxare sagina,[1]
et tua servatum consume in saecula rhombum.
ipse capi voluit." quid apertius? et tamen illi
surgebant cristae; nihil est quod credere de se
non possit cum laudatur dis aequa potestas.
sed derat pisci patinae mensura. vocantur
ergo in consilium proceres, quos oderat ille,
in quorum facie miserae magnaeque sedebat
pallor amicitiae. primus clamante Liburno
"currite, iam sedit" rapta properabat abolla
Pegasus, attonitae positus modo vilicus urbi.
anne aliud tum praefecti? quorum optimus atque
interpres legum sanctissimus omnia, quamquam[2]
temporibus diris, tractanda putabat inermi
iustitia. venit et Crispi iucunda senectus,
cuius erant mores qualis facundia, mite
ingenium. maria ac terras populosque regenti
quis comes utilior, si clade et peste sub illa
saevitiam damnare et honestum adferre liceret
consilium? sed quid violentius aure tyranni,
cum quo de pluviis aut aestibus aut nimboso
vere locuturi fatum pendebat amici?
ille igitur numquam derexit bracchia contra
torrentem, nec civis erat qui libera posset

[1] *saginam* PS: *saginis* ψ Vind.
[2] *quamquam* Vind.ψ: *quamque* P.

[1] The *Praefectus Urbi*, under the Emperors, was the head magistrate in Rome, and exercised many important functions.

hinge, and the excluded Fathers gazed on the dish that had gained an entrance. Admitted to the Presence, "Receive," quoth he of Picenum, "a fish too big for a private kitchen. Be this kept as a festive day; hasten to fill out thy belly with fat fare, and devour a turbot that has been preserved to grace thy reign. The fish himself wanted to be caught." Could flattery be more gross? Yet the Monarch's comb began to rise: there is nothing that divine Majesty will not believe concerning itself when lauded to the skies! But no platter could be found big enough for the fish; so a council of magnates is summoned: men hated by the Emperor, and on whose faces sat the pallor of that great and perilous friendship. First to answer the Liburnian's call "Haste, haste! he is seated!" was Pegasus, hastily catching up his cloak—he that had newly been appointed as bailiff over the astonished city. For what else but bailiffs were the Prefects[1] of those days? Of whom Pegasus was the best, and the most righteous expounder of the law, though he thought that even in those dread days there should never be a sword in the hand of Justice. Next to come in was the aged, genial Crispus,[2] whose gentle soul well matched his style of eloquence. No better adviser than he for the ruler of lands and seas and nations had he been free, under that scourge and plague, to denounce cruelties and proffer honest counsels. But what can be more dangerous than the ear of a tyrant on whose caprice hangs the life of a friend who has come to talk of the rain or the heat or the showery spring weather? So Crispus never struck out those arms of his against the torrent,

[2] Vibius Crispus; see Tac. *Hist.* ii. 10.

verba animi proferre et vitam inpendere vero.
sic multas hiemes atque octogensima vidit
solstitia, his armis illa quoque tutus in aula.
Proximus eiusdem properabat Acilius aevi
cum iuvene indigno quem mors tam saeva maneret
et domini gladiis tam festinata; sed olim
prodigio par est in nobilitate senectus,
unde fit ut malim fraterculus esse gigantis.
profuit ergo nihil misero, quod comminus ursos
figebat Numidas Albana nudus harena
venator. quis enim iam non intellegat artes
patricias? quis priscum illud miratur acumen,
Brute, tuum? facile est barbato inponere regi.
Nec melior vultu quamvis ignobilis ibat
Rubrius, offensae veteris reus atque tacendae,
et tamen inprobior saturam scribente cinaedo.
Montani quoque venter adest abdomine tardus,
et matutino sudans Crispinus amomo
quantum vix redolent duo funera, saevior illo
Pompeius tenui iugulos aperire susurro,
et qui vulturibus servabat viscera Dacis
Fuscus marmorea meditatus proelia villa,
et cum mortifero prudens Veiento Catullo,
qui numquam visae flagrabat amore puellae,

[1] Acilius Glabrio the younger was exiled, and afterwards put to death by Domitian.
[2] *i.e.* "son of a clod." Giants were supposed to be sprung from earth (γηγενεῖς).
[3] Brutus feigned madness to elude the suspicion of Tarquin. A simple "bearded" monarch was easily imposed upon.
[4] Evidently an informer.

nor was he one to speak freely the thoughts of his heart, and stake his life upon the truth. Thus was it that he lived through many winters and saw his eightieth solstice, protected, even in that Court, by weapons such as these.

94 Next to him hurried Acilius, of like age as himself, and with him the youth [1] who little merited the cruel death that was so soon hurried on by his master's sword. But to be both old and noble has long since become as good as a prodigy; hence I would rather be a giant's [2] little brother. Therefore it availed the poor youth nothing that he speared in close fight Numidian bears, stripped as a huntsman upon the Alban arena. For who nowadays would not see through patrician tricks? Who would now marvel, Brutus, at that old-world cleverness of yours? [3] 'Tis an easy matter to befool a king that wears a beard.

104 No more cheerful in face, though of ignoble blood, came Rubrius, condemned long since of a crime that may not be named, and yet more shameless than a reprobate who should write satire. There too was present the unwieldy paunch of Montanus; and Crispinus, reeking at early dawn with odours enough to out-scent two funerals; more ruthless than he Pompeius,[4] whose gentle whisper would cut men's throats; and Fuscus,[5] who planned battles in his marble halls, keeping his flesh for the Dacian vultures. Then along with the sage Veiento came the death-dealing Catullus,[6] who burnt with love for a maiden whom he had never seen—a mighty and

[5] Cornelius Fuscus, prefect of the Praetorian Guard. He was killed in Domitian's Dacian wars, A.D. 86–88.

[6] Fabricius Veiento and Catullus Messalinus, informers under Domitian.

grande et conspicuum nostro quoque tempore monstrum,
caecus adulator, dirusque a ponte satelles
dignus Aricinos qui mendicaret ad axes
blandaque devexae iactaret basia raedae.
nemo magis rhombum stupuit; nam plurima dixit
in laevum conversus, at illi dextra iacebat
belua. sic pugnas Cilicis laudabat et ictus
et pegma et pueros inde ad velaria raptos.
Non cedit Veiento, set ut fanaticus oestro
percussus, Bellona, tuo divinat et "ingens
omen habes," inquit, "magni clarique triumphi.
regem aliquem capies, aut de temone Britanno
excidet Arviragus. peregrina est belua, cernis
erectas in[1] terga sudes?" hoc defuit unum
Fabricio, patriam ut rhombi memoraret et annos.
"Quidnam igitur censes? conciditur?" "absit ab illo
dedecus hoc," Montanus ait, "testa alta paretur,
quae tenui muro spatiosum colligat orbem.
debetur magnus patinae subitusque Prometheus.
argillam atque rotam citius properate; sed ex hoc
tempore iam, Caesar, figuli tua castra sequantur."
vicit digna viro sententia. noverat ille
luxuriam inperii veterem noctesque Neronis
iam medias aliamque famem, cum pulmo Falerno
arderet. nulli maior fuit usus edendi
tempestate mea; Circeis nata forent an

[1] Housm. conj. *per* for *in*.

notable marvel even in these days of ours: a blind flatterer, a dire courtier from a beggar-haunted bridge, well fitted to beg at the wheels of chariots and blow soft kisses to them as they rolled down the Arician hill. None marvelled more at the fish than he, turning to the left as he spoke; only the creature happened to be on his right. In like fashion would he commend the thrusts of a Cilician gladiator, or the machine which whisks up the boys into the awning.

123 But Veiento was not to be outdone; and like a seer inspired, O Bellona, by thine own gadfly, he bursts into prophecy: "A mighty presage hast thou, O Emperor! of a great and glorious victory. Some King will be thy captive; or Arviragus[1] will be hurled from his British chariot. The brute is foreign-born: dost thou not see the prickles bristling upon his back?" Nothing remained for Fabricius but to tell the turbot's age and birthplace.

130 "What then do you advise?" quoth the Emperor. "Shall we cut it up?" "Nay, nay," rejoins Montanus; "let that indignity be spared him. Let a deep vessel be provided to gather his huge dimensions within its slender walls; some great and unforeseen Prometheus is destined for the dish! Haste, haste, with clay and wheel! but from this day forth, O Caesar, let potters always attend upon thy camp!" This proposal, so worthy of the man, gained the day. Well known to him were the old debauches of the Imperial Court, which Nero carried on to midnight till a second hunger came and veins were heated with hot Falernian. No one in my time had more skill in the eating art than he. He could tell at the first bite whether an oyster had been bred

[1] A British prince, as in *Cymbeline*.

Lucrinum ad saxum Rutupinove edita fundo
ostrea callebat primo deprendere morsu,
et semel aspecti litus dicebat echini.
Surgitur et misso proceres exire iubentur
consilio, quos Albanam dux magnus in arcem
traxerat attonitos et festinare coactos
tamquam de Chattis aliquid torvisque Sycambris
dicturus, tamquam ex diversis partibus orbis
anxia praecipiti venisset epistula pinna.
Atque utinam his potius nugis tota illa dedisset
tempora saevitiae, claras quibus abstulit urbi
inlustresque animas impune et vindice nullo.
sed periit postquam cerdonibus esse timendus
coeperat; hoc nocuit Lamiarum caede madenti.

SATVRA V

Si te propositi nondum pudet atque eadem est mens,
ut bona summa putes aliena vivere quadra;
si potes illa pati quae nec Sarmentus iniquas
Caesaris ad mensas nec vilis Gabba tulisset,
quamvis iurato metuam tibi credere testi.
ventre nihil novi frugalius; hoc tamen ipsum

---

[1] Richborough.
[2] The Chatti and the Sycambri were two of the most powerful German tribes, between the Rhine and the Weser.
[3] Taken as a type of the ancient noble families of Rome.

at Circeii, or on the Lucrine rocks, or on the beds of Rutupiae;[1] one glance would tell him the native shore of a sea-urchin.

144 The Council rises, and the councillors are dismissed: men whom the mighty Emperor had dragged in terror and hot haste to his Alban castle, as though to give them news of the Chatti, or the savage Sycambri,[2] or as though an alarming despatch had arrived on wings of speed from some remote quarter of the earth.

150 And yet would that he had rather given to follies such as these all those days of cruelty when he robbed the city of its noblest and choicest souls, with none to punish or avenge! He could steep himself in the blood of the Lamiae;[3] but when once he became a terror to the common herd he met his doom.[4]

SATIRE V

How Clients are Entertained

If you are still unashamed of your plan of life, and still deem it to be the highest bliss to live at another man's board—if you can brook indignities which neither Sarmentus nor the despicable Gabba[5] would have endured at Caesar's ill-assorted table—I should refuse to believe your testimony, even upon oath. I know of nothing so easily satisfied as the belly; but even granted that you have nothing wherewith to

[4] Domitian was murdered, as the outcome of a conspiracy, by the hand of a freedman, Stephanus, on September 18, A.D. 96.

[5] Sarmentus and Gabba are representatives of the lowest parasite class.

defecisse puta, quod inani sufficit alvo :
nulla crepido vacat ? nusquam pons et tegetis pars
dimidia brevior ? tantine iniuria cenae,
tam ieiuna fames, cum possit honestius illic
et tremere et sordes farris mordere canini ?

Primo fige loco, quod tu discumbere iussus
mercedem solidam veterum capis officiorum.
fructus amicitiae magnae cibus ; inputat hunc rex,
et quamvis rarum tamen inputat. ergo duos post
si libuit menses neglectum adhibere clientem,
tertia ne vacuo cessaret culcita lecto,
"una simus," ait. votorum summa ! quid ultra
quaeris ? habet Trebius propter quod rumpere somnum.
debeat et ligulas dimittere, sollicitus ne
tota salutatrix iam turba peregerit orbem,
sideribus dubiis aut illo tempore quo se
frigida circumagunt pigri serraca Bootae.

Qualis cena tamen ! vinum quod sucida nolit
lana pati : de conviva Corybanta videbis.
iurgia proludunt, sed mox et pocula torques
saucius et rubra deterges vulnera mappa,
inter vos quotiens libertorumque cohortem
pugna Saguntina fervet commissa lagona.

[1] *i.e.* the least honourable place on the least honourable of the three couches of the *triclinium*.
[2] The name of the client whom he is addressing.

fill its emptiness, is there no quay vacant, no bridge? Can you find no fraction of a beggar's mat to stand upon? Is a dinner worth all the insults with which you have to pay for it? Is your hunger so importunate, when it might, with greater dignity, be shivering where you are, and munching dirty scraps of dog's bread?

12 First of all be sure of this—that when bidden to dinner, you receive payment in full for all your past services. A meal is the return which your grand friendship yields you; the great man scores it against you, and though it come but seldom, he scores it against you all the same. So if after a couple of months it is his pleasure to invite his forgotten client, lest the third place on the lowest couch[1] should be unoccupied, and he says to you, "Come and dine with me," you are in the seventh heaven! what more can you desire? Now at last has Trebius[2] got the reward for which he must needs cut short his sleep, and hurry with shoe-strings untied, fearing that the whole crowd of callers may already have gone their rounds, at an hour when the stars are fading or when the chilly wain of Bootes is wheeling slowly round.

24 And what a dinner after all! You are given wine that fresh-clipped wool would refuse to suck up,[3] and which soon converts your revellers into Corybants. Foul words are the prelude to the fray; but before long tankards will be flying about; a battle royal with Saguntine crockery will soon be raging between you and the company of freedmen, and you will be staunching your wounds with a blood-stained napkin.

[3] *i.e.* the wine was not good enough to be used even for fomentations.

ipse capillato diffusum consule potat,
calcatamque tenet bellis socialibus uvam,
cardiaco numquam cyathum missurus amico;
cras bibet Albanis aliquid de montibus aut de
Setinis, cuius patriam titulumque senectus
delevit multa veteris fuligine testae,
quale coronati Thrasea Helvidiusque bibebant
Brutorum et Cassi natalibus.
Ipse capaces
Heliadum crustas et inaequales berullo
Virro tenet phialas: tibi non committitur aurum,
vel si quando datur, custos adfixus ibidem,
qui numeret gemmas, ungues observet acutos.
da veniam, praeclara illi[1] laudatur iaspis;
nam Virro, ut multi, gemmas ad pocula transfert
a digitis, quas in vaginae fronte solebat
ponere zelotypo iuvenis praelatus Iarbae.
tu Beneventani sutoris nomen habentem
siccabis calicem nasorum quattuor ac iam
quassatum et rupto poscentem sulpura vitro.
Si stomachus domini fervet vinoque ciboque,
frigidior Geticis petitur decocta pruinis.
non eadem vobis poni modo vina querebar:
vos aliam potatis aquam. tibi pocula cursor
Gaetulus dabit aut nigri manus ossea Mauri
et cui per mediam nolis occurrere noctem,
clivosae veheris dum per monumenta Latinae:

[1] *illic* ψ.

---

[1] The Social Wars, after which the Italians gained the Roman franchise, were fought between B.C. 91 and 88.

[2] Two famous Stoics whose outspoken freedom cost them their lives under Nero and Vespasian respectively.

[3] The patron who gives the dinner.

The great man himself drinks wine bottled in the days when Consuls wore long hair; the juice which he holds in his hand was squeezed during the Social Wars,[1] but never a glass of it will he send to a friend suffering from dyspepsia! To-morrow he will drink a vintage from the hills of Alba or Setia whose origin and date have been effaced by the plentiful soot which time has gathered upon the aged jar—such wine as Thrasea [2] and Helvidius [2] used to drink with chaplets on their heads upon the birthdays of Cassius and the Bruti.

37 The cup in Virro's [3] hands is richly crusted with amber and rough with beryl: to you no gold is entrusted; or if it is, a watcher is posted over it to count the gems and keep an eye on your sharp finger-nails. Pardon his anxiety; that fine jasper of his is much admired! For Virro, like so many others, transfers from his fingers to his cups the jewels with which the youth [4] preferred to the jealous Iarbas used to adorn the front of his scabbard. But *you* will drain dry a cracked cup with four nozzles that takes its name from a Beneventine cobbler,[5] and calls for sulphur wherewith to repair its broken glass.

49 If my lord's stomach is fevered with food and wine, a decoction colder than Thracian hoar-frosts will be brought to him. Did I complain just now that you were given a different wine? Why, the water which you clients drink is not the same. Cups will be handed to you by a Gaetulian groom, or by the bony hand of a blackamoor whom you would rather not meet at midnight when driving past the monuments on the hilly Latin Way. Before mine host stands the

[4] Aeneas. *Aen.* iv. 36.
[5] Vatinius, a man with a long nose.

flos Asiae ante ipsum, pretio maiore paratus
quam fuit et Tulli census pugnacis et Anci
et, ne te teneam, Romanorum omnia regum
frivola. quod cum ita sit, tu Gaetulum Ganymedem
respice, cum sities. nescit tot milibus emptus
pauperibus miscere puer; set forma, set aetas
digna supercilio. quando ad te pervenit ille?
quando rogatus adest calidae gelidaeque minister?
quippe indignatur veteri parere clienti,
quodque aliquid poscas et quod se stante recumbas.
[maxima quaeque domus servis est plena superbis.]
ecce alius quanto porrexit murmure panem
vix fractum, solidae iam mucida frusta farinae,
quae genuinum agitent, non admittentia morsum;
sed tener et niveus mollique siligine fictus
servatur domino. dextram cohibere memento,
salva sit artoptae reverentia. finge tamen te
inprobulum, superest illic qui ponere cogat:
"vis tu consuetis, audax conviva, canistris
impleri panisque tui novisse colorem?"
"scilicet hoc fuerat, propter quod saepe relicta
coniuge per montem adversum gelidasque cucurri
Esquilias, fremeret saeva cum grandine vernus
Iuppiter et multo stillaret paenula nimbo."
Aspice quam longo distinguat[1] pectore lancem
quae fertur domino squilla, et quibus undique saepta
asparagis qua despiciat convivia cauda,

[1] *distinguat* P Vind.: *distendat* ψ.

very pink of Asia, a youth bought for a sum bigger than the entire fortune of the warlike Tullus or Ancus, more valuable, in short, than all the chattels of all the kings of Rome. That being so, when you are thirsty look to your swarthy Ganymede. The page who has cost so many thousands cannot mix a drink for a poor man: but then his beauty, his youth, justify his disdain! When will he get as far as you? When does he listen to your request for water, hot or cold? It is beneath him to attend to an old dependent; he is indignant that you should ask for anything, and that you should be seated while he stands. All your great houses are full of saucy slaves. See with what a grumble another of them has handed you a bit of hard bread that you can scarce break in two, or bits of solid dough that have turned mouldy—stuff that will exercise your grinders and into which no tooth can gain admittance. For Virro himself a delicate loaf is reserved, white as snow, and kneaded of the finest flour. Be sure to keep your hands off it: take no liberties with the bread-basket! If you are presumptuous enough, poor wretch, to take a piece, there will be someone to bid you put it down: "What, Sir Impudence? Will you please fill yourself from your proper tray, and learn the colour of your own bread?" "What?" you ask, "was it for this that I would so often leave my wife's side on a spring morning and hurry up the chilly Esquiline when the spring skies were rattling down the pitiless hail, and the rain was pouring in streams off my cloak?"

80 See now that huge lobster being served to my lord, all garnished with asparagus; see how his lordly breast distinguishes the dish; with what a tail he

dum venit excelsi manibus sublata ministri.
set tibi dimidio constrictus cammarus ovo
ponitur exigua feralis cena patella.
ipse Venafrano piscem perfundit: at hic qui
pallidus adfertur misero tibi caulis olebit
lanternam; illud enim vestris datur alveolis quod
canna Micipsarum prora subvexit acuta,
propter quod Romae cum Boccare nemo lavatur,
quod tutos etiam facit a serpentibus atris.[1]
Mullus erit domini, quem misit Corsica vel quem
Tauromenitanae rupes, quando omne peractum est
et iam defecit nostrum mare, dum gula saevit,
retibus adsiduis penitus scrutante macello
proxima, nec patimur Tyrrhenum crescere piscem.
instruit ergo focum provincia, sumitur illinc
quod captator emat Laenas, Aurelia vendat.
Virroni muraena datur, quae maxima venit
gurgite de Siculo; nam dum se continet Auster,
dum sedet et siccat madidas in carcere pinnas,
contemnunt mediam temeraria lina Charybdim.
vos anguilla manet longae cognata colubrae,
aut glacie aspersus maculis Tiberinus, et ipse
vernula riparum, pinguis torrente cloaca
et solitus mediae cryptam penetrare Suburae.
Ipsi pauca velim, facilem si praebeat aurem.
" nemo petit, modicis quae mittebantur amicis

[1] This line and vi. 126 are the only two lines omitted by P (excepting, of course, vi. O 1–34).

[1] To-day Taormina, on the E. coast of Sicily.

[2] Juvenal and other Roman writers are full of allusions to *captatores*, legacy-hunters, who showered presents of all

looks down upon the company, borne aloft in the hands of that tall attendant! Before you is placed on a tiny plate a shrimp hemmed in by half an egg—a fit banquet for the dead. The host souses his fish in Venafran oil; the sickly greens offered to you, poor devil, will smell of the lamp; for the stuff presented to your platters was brought up the Tiber in a sharp-prowed Numidian canoe—stuff which prevents anyone at Rome sharing a bath with Bocchar, and which will even protect you from a black serpent's bite.

92 My lord will have a mullet dispatched from Corsica or the rocks of Tauromenium:[1] for in the rage for gluttony our own seas have given out; the nets of the fish-market are for ever raking our home waters, and prevent Tyrrhenian fish from attaining their full size. And so the Provinces supply our kitchens; from the Provinces come the fish for the legacy-hunter Laenas to buy, and for Aurelia to send to market.[2]

99 Virro is served with a lamprey, the finest that the Straits of Sicily can purvey; for so long as the South wind stays at home, and sits in his prison-house drying his dank wings, the middle of Charybdis has no terrors for the daring fish-nets. For you is reserved an eel, first cousin to a water-snake, or perchance a pike mottled with ice-spots; he too was bred on Tiber's banks and was wont to find his way into the inmost recesses of the Subura, battening himself amid its flowing sewers.

107 And now one word with the great man himself, if he will lend his ear. "No one asks of you such

kinds upon rich and childless old men or women. Aurelia sells the fish she has received as a present from Laenas.

a Seneca, quae Piso bonus, quae Cotta solebat
largiri ; namque et titulis et fascibus olim
maior habebatur donandi gloria. solum
poscimus ut cenes civiliter.[1] hoc face et esto,
esto, ut nunc multi, dives tibi, pauper amicis."
Anseris ante ipsum magni iecur, anseribus par
altilis, et flavi dignus ferro Meleagri
spumat[1] aper. post hunc tradentur tubera, si ver
tunc erit et facient optata tonitrua cenas
maiores. " tibi habe frumentum," Alledius inquit,
" o Libye, disiunge boves, dum tubera mittas."
Structorem interea, nequa indignatio desit,
saltantem spectes et chironomunta volanti
cultello, donec peragat dictata magistri
omnia ; nec minimo sane discrimine refert,
quo gestu lepores et quo gallina secetur.
duceris planta velut ictus ab Hercule Cacus[2]
et ponere foris, si quid temptaveris umquam
hiscere, tamquam habeas tria nomina. quando
propinat
Virro tibi, sumitve tuis contacta labellis
pocula ? quis vestrum temerarius usque adeo, quis
perditus, ut dicat regi " bibe " ? plurima sunt quae
non audent homines pertusa dicere laena.
quadringenta tibi si quis deus aut similis dis

[1] *spumat* PSA : *fumat* ψ.

---

[1] The word *civiliter*, from which our word "civil" comes, meant "as a citizen and an equal."

[2] The Aetolian hero who slew the Calydonian boar.

[3] Thunder was supposed to be favourable to the growth of truffles.

lordly gifts as Seneca, or the good Piso or Cotta, used to send to their humble friends: for in the days of old, the glory of giving was deemed grander than titles or fasces. All we ask of you is that you should dine with us as a fellow-citizen[1]: do this and remain, like so many others nowadays, rich for yourself and poor to your friends."

114 Before Virro is put a huge goose's liver; a fattened fowl as big as a goose, and a boar, piping hot, worthy of yellow-haired Meleager's[2] steel. Then will come truffles, if it be spring-time and the longed-for thunder have enlarged our dinners.[3] "Keep your corn to yourself, O Libya!" says Alledius; "unyoke your oxen, if only you send us truffles!"

120 During all this time, lest any occasion for disgust should be wanting, you may behold the carver capering and gesticulating with knife in air, and carrying out all the instructions of his preceptor: for it makes a mighty difference with what gestures a hare or a hen be carved! If you ever dare to utter one word as though you were possessed of three names,[4] you will be dragged by the heels and thrust out of doors as Cacus was, after the drubbing he got from Hercules. When will Virro offer to drink wine with you? or take a cup that has been polluted by your lips? Which one of you would be so foolhardy, so lost to shame, as to say to your patron "A glass with you, Sir"? No, no: there's many a thing which a man whose coat has holes in it cannot say! But if some God, or god-like manikin more kindly than the fates, should present you with four hundred thousand

[4] *i.e.* as if you were a free-born Roman with the three necessary names—the *praenomen*, the *nomen*, and the *cognomen*.

et melior fatis donaret homuncio, quantus,
ex nihilo, quantus fieres Virronis amicus!
"da Trebio, pone ad Trebium. vis, frater, ab ipsis
ilibus?" o nummi, vobis hunc praestat honorem,
vos estis fratres. dominus tamen et domini rex
si vis tu fieri, nullus tibi parvolus aula
luserit Aeneas nec filia dulcior illo;
iucundum et carum sterilis facit uxor amicum.
sed tua nunc Mycale pariat licet et pueros tres
in gremium patris fundat semel, ipse loquaci
gaudebit nido, viridem thoraca iubebit
adferri minimasque nuces assemque rogatum,
ad mensam quotiens parasitus venerit infans.

Vilibus ancipites fungi ponentur amicis,
boletus domino, set quales Claudius edit
ante illum uxoris, post quem nihil amplius edit.
Virro sibi et reliquis Virronibus illa iubebit
poma dari, quorum solo pascaris odore,
qualia perpetuus Phaeacum autumnus habebat,
credere quae possis subrepta sororibus Afris:
tu scabie frueris mali, quod in aggere rodit
qui tegitur parma et galea, metuensque flagelli
discit ab hirsuta iaculum torquere capella.

Forsitan inpensae Virronem parcere credas.
hoc agit ut doleas; nam quae comoedia, mimus
quis melior plorante gula? ergo omnia fiunt,

---

[1] *i. e.* the fortune of an *eques*. See note on i. 106.
[2] It was the childless that were courted for their money.
[3] Agrippina the younger. She poisoned her husband, the emperor, with a mushroom. [4] The Hesperides.

sesterces,[1] O how great a personage would you become, from being a nobody; how dear a friend to Virro! "Pray help Trebius to this!" "Let Trebius have some of that!" "Would you like a cut just from the loin, good brother?" O money, money! It is to you that he pays this honour, it is you that are his brother! Nevertheless, if you wish to be yourself a great man, and a great man's lord, let there be no little Aeneas playing about your halls, nor yet a little daughter, more sweet than he; nothing will so endear you to your friend as a barren wife.[2] But as things now are, though your Mycale pour into your paternal bosom three boys at a birth, Virro will be charmed with the chattering brood, and will order little green jackets to be given them, and little nuts, and pennies too if they be asked for, when the little parasites present themselves at his table.

146 Before the common guests will be placed toadstools of doubtful quality, before my lord a noble mushroom, such a one as Claudius ate before that mushroom of his wife's [3]—after which he ate nothing more. To himself and the rest of the Virros he will order fruits to be served whose scent alone would be a feast—fruits such as grew in the never-failing Autumn of the Phaeacians, and which you might believe to have been filched from the African sisters;[4] you are treated to a rotten apple like those munched on the ramparts by a monkey equipped with shield and helmet who learns, in terror of the whip, to hurl a javelin from the back of a shaggy goat.

156 You may perhaps suppose that Virro grudges the expense; not a bit of it! His object is to give you pain. For what comedy, what mime, is so amusing as a disappointed belly? His one object,

si nescis, ut per lacrimas effundere bilem
cogaris pressoque diu stridere molari.
tu tibi liber homo et regis conviva videris :
captum te nidore suae putat ille culinae ;
nec male coniectat : quis enim tam nudus, ut illum
bis ferat, Etruscum puero si contigit aurum
vel nodus tantum et signum de paupere loro ?
spes bene cenandi vos decipit : "ecce dabit iam
semesum leporem atque aliquid de clunibus apri,
ad nos iam veniet minor altilis." inde parato
intactoque omnes et stricto pane tacetis.
ille sapit qui te sic utitur. omnia ferre
si potes, et debes. pulsandum vertice raso
praebebis quandoque caput, nec dura timebis
flagra pati, his epulis et tali dignus amico.

SATVRA VI

Credo Pudicitiam Saturno rege moratam
in terris visamque diu, cum frigida parvas
praeberet spelunca domos ignemque Laremque
et pecus et dominos communi clauderet umbra,
silvestrem montana torum cum sterneret uxor
frondibus et culmo vicinarumque ferarum

let me tell you, is to compel you to pour out your wrath in tears, and to keep gnashing your squeaking molars. You think yourself a free man, and guest of a grandee; he thinks—and he is not far wrong—that you have been captured by the savoury odours of his kitchen. For who that had ever worn the Etruscan bulla[1] in his boyhood,—or even the poor man's leather badge—could tolerate such a patron for a second time, however destitute he might be? It is the hope of a good dinner that beguiles you: "Surely he will give us," you say, "what is left of a hare, or some scraps of a boar's haunch; the remains of a fattened fowl will come our way by and by." And so you all sit in dumb silence, your bread clutched, untasted, and ready for action. In treating you thus, the great man shows his wisdom. If you can endure such things, you deserve them; some day you will be offering your head to be shaved and slapped: nor will you flinch from a stroke of the whip, well worthy of such a feast and such a friend.

SATIRE VI

The Ways of Women

In the days of Saturn,[2] I believe, Chastity still lingered on the earth, and was to be seen for a time —days when men were poorly housed in chilly caves, which under one common shelter enclosed hearth and household gods, herds and their owners; when the hill-bred wife spread her silvan bed with leaves and straw and the skins of her neighbours the wild beasts

[1] The golden *bulla*, enclosing a charm, was the sign of free birth (*ingenuitas*). [2] *i.e.* in the golden days of innocence.

pellibus, haut similis tibi, Cynthia, nec tibi, cuius
turbavit nitidos extinctus passer ocellos,
sed potanda ferens infantibus ubera magnis
et saepe horridior glandem ructante marito.
quippe aliter tunc orbe novo caeloque recenti
vivebant homines, qui rupto robore nati
compositive luto nullos habuere parentes.
multa Pudicitiae veteris vestigia forsan
aut aliqua exstiterint et sub Iove, set Iove nondum
barbato, nondum Graecis iurare paratis
per caput alterius, cum furem nemo timeret
caulibus et pomis, et aperto viveret horto.
paulatim deinde ad superos Astraea recessit
hac comite, atque duae pariter fugere sorores.

Anticum et vetus est alienum, Postume, lectum
concutere atque sacri genium contemnere fulcri.
omne aliud crimen mox ferrea protulit aetas :
viderunt primos argentea saecula moechos.
conventum tamen et pactum et sponsalia nostra
tempestate paras, iamque a tonsore magistro
pecteris, et digito pignus fortasse dedisti.
certe sanus eras ; uxorem, Postume, ducis ?
dic, qua Tisiphone, quibus exagitare [1] colubris ?
ferre potes dominam salvis tot restibus ullam,
cum pateant altae caligantesque fenestrae,

[1] *exagitare* Pψ : *exagitere* O.

---

[1] The Cynthia of Propertius.
[2] The Lesbia of Catullus.
[3] There was a legend that men had been born from oak-trees.
[4] Astraea, daughter of Zeus and Themis, was the last

—a wife not like thee, O Cynthia,[1] nor to thee, Lesbia,[2] whose bright eyes were clouded by a sparrow's death, but one whose breasts gave suck to lusty babes, often more unkempt herself than her acorn-belching husband. For in those days, when the world was young, and the skies were new, men born of the riven oak,[3] or formed of dust, lived differently from now, and had no parents of their own. Under Jupiter, perchance, some few traces of ancient modesty may have survived; but that was before he had grown his beard, before the Greeks had learned to swear by someone else's head, when men feared not thieves for their cabbages or fruits, and lived with unwalled gardens. After that Astraea [4] withdrew by degrees to heaven, with Chastity as her comrade, the two sisters taking flight together.

[21] To set your neighbour's bed a-shaking, Postumus, and to flout the Genius of the sacred couch,[5] is now an ancient and long-established practice. All other sins came later, the products of the age of Iron; but it was the silver age that saw the first adulterers. Nevertheless, in these days of ours, you are preparing for a covenant, a marriage-contract and a betrothal; you are by now getting your hair combed by a master barber; you have also perhaps given a pledge to her finger. What! Postumus, are you, you who once had your wits, taking to yourself a wife? Tell me what Tisiphone, what snakes are driving you mad? Can you submit to a she-tyrant when there is so much rope to be had, so many dizzy heights of windows standing open, and when

mortal to leave the earth when the Golden Age came to an end; she was placed among the stars as *Virgo*.

[5] The fulcrum was the head of the couch, often ornamented with the figure of the Genius in bronze.

cum tibi vicinum se praebeat Aemilius pons?
aut si de multis nullus placet exitus, illud
nonne putas melius, quod tecum pusio dormit?
pusio qui noctu non litigat, exigit a te
nulla iacens illic munuscula nec queritur quod
et lateri parcas nec quantum iussit anheles.
Sed placet Vrsidio lex Iulia, tollere dulcem
cogitat heredem, cariturus turture magno
mullorumque iubis et captatore macello.
quid fieri non posse putes, si iungitur ulla
Vrsidio? si moechorum notissimus olim
stulta maritali iam porrigit ora capistro,
quem totiens texit perituri cista Latini?
quid quod et antiquis uxor de moribus illi
quaeritur? o medici, nimiam pertundite venam.
delicias hominis! Tarpeium limen adora
pronus et auratam Iunoni caede iuvencam,
si tibi contigerit capitis matrona pudici.
paucae adeo Cereris [1] vittas contingere dignae,
quarum non timeat pater oscula: necte coronam
postibus et densos per limina tende corymbos.
unus Hiberinae vir sufficit? ocius illud
extorquebis, ut haec oculo contenta sit uno.
magna tamen fama est cuiusdam rure paterno
viventis? vivat Gabiis ut vixit in agro,
vivat Fidenis, et agello cedo paterno.
quis tamen adfirmat nil actum in montibus aut in
speluncis? adeo senuerunt Iuppiter et Mars?

[1] *Cereris* Pψ: Housm. conj. *teretis*.

[1] A law to encourage marriage.

the Aemilian bridge offers itself to your hand? Or if none of all these modes of exit hit your fancy, how much better to take some boy-bedfellow, who would never wrangle with you o' nights, never ask presents of you when in bed, and never complain that you took your ease and were indifferent to his solicitations!

[38] But Ursidius approves of the Julian Law.[1] He purposes to bring up a dear little heir, though he will thereby have to do without the fine turtle-doves, the bearded mullets, and all the legacy-hunting delicacies of the meat-market. What can you think impossible if Ursidius takes to himself a wife? if he, who has long been the most notorious of gallants, who has so often found safety in the corn-bin of the luckless Latinus,[2] puts his silly head into the connubial noose? And what think you of his searching for a wife of the good old virtuous sort? O doctors, lance his over-blooded veins. A pretty fellow you! Why, if you have the good luck to find a modest spouse, you should prostrate yourself before the Tarpeian threshold, and sacrifice a heifer with gilded horns to Juno; so few are the wives worthy to handle the fillets of Ceres, or from whose kisses their own father would not shrink! Weave a garland for thy doorposts, and set up wreaths of ivy over thy lintel! But will Hiberina be satisfied with one man? Sooner compel her to be satisfied with one eye! You tell me of the high repute of some maiden, who lives on her paternal farm: well, let her live at Gabii, at Fidenae, as she lived in her own country, and I will believe in your little paternal farm. But will anyone tell me that nothing ever took place on a mountain side or in a cave? Have Jupiter and Mars become so senile?

[2] An actor who played the part of a lover in hiding.

Porticibusne tibi monstratur femina voto
digna tuo? cuneis an habent spectacula totis
quod securus ames quodque inde excerpere possis?
chironomon Ledam molli saltante Bathyllo
Tuccia vesicae non imperat, Apula gannit
sicut in amplexu subito et miserabile longum;
attendit Thymele: Thymele tunc rustica discit.
Ast aliae, quotiens aulaea recondita cessant
et vacuo clusoque sonant fora sola theatro,
atque a plebeis longe Megalesia, tristes
personam thyrsumque tenent et subligar Acci.
Vrbicus exodio risum movet Atellanae
gestibus Autonoes; hunc diligit Aelia pauper.
solvitur his magno comoedi fibula, sunt quae
Chrysogonum cantare vetent, Hispulla tragoedo
gaudet: an expectas ut Quintilianus ametur?
accipis uxorem de qua citharoedus Echion
aut Glaphyrus fiat pater Ambrosiusque choraules.
longa per angustos figamus pulpita vicos,
ornentur postes et grandi ianua lauro,
ut testudineo tibi, Lentule, conopeo
nobilis Euryalum aut murmillonem exprimat infans.
Nupta senatori comitata est Eppia ludum
ad Pharon et Nilum famosaque moenia Lagi,

---

[1] The Megalesian games began on the 4th of April and lasted for six days; the Plebeian games took place early in November. [2] A famous singer.

[3] M. Fabius Quintilianus, the famous Roman rhetorician, A.D. 40–100. No grave and learned man like Quintilian will attract them.

[4] The *conopeum* was properly a mosquito-net; here it seems to be used for a bassinette or cradle. [5] A gladiator.

60 Can our arcades show you one woman worthy of your vows? Do all the tiers in all our theatres hold one whom you may love without misgiving, and pick out thence? When the soft Bathyllus dances the part of the gesticulating Leda, Tuccia cannot contain herself; your Apulian maiden heaves a sudden and longing yelp of ecstasy, as though she were in a man's arms; the rustic Thymele is all attention, it is then that she learns her lesson.

67 Others again, when all the stage draperies have been put away; when the empty theatres are closed, and all is silent save in the courts, and the Megalesian games are far off from the Plebeian,[1] ease their dullness by taking to the mask, the thyrsus and the tights of Accius. Urbicus, in an Atellane after-piece, raises a laugh by the gestures of Autonoe; the penniless Aelia is in love with him. Other women pay great prices for the favours of a comedian; some will not allow Chrysogonus[2] to sing. Hispulla has a fancy for tragedians; but do you suppose that any one will be found to love Quintilian?[3] If you marry a wife, it will be that the lyrist Echion or Glaphyrus, or the flute player Ambrosius, may become a father. Then up with a long dais in the narrow street! Adorn your doors and doorposts with wreaths of laurel, that your highborn son, O Lentulus, may exhibit, in his tortoiseshell cradle,[4] the lineaments of Euryalus[5] or of a murmillo![6]

82 When Eppia, the senator's wife, ran off with a gladiator[7] to Pharos and the Nile and the ill-famed

[6] A *murmillo* was a gladiator equipped as a Gaulish warrior in heavy armour. He carried the image of a fish on his crest, whence the name μορμύρος or μορμύλος.

[7] *Ludus* is properly a gladiatorial school, or a troop of gladiators. Lagus' city (line 84) = Alexandria.

prodigia et mores urbis damnante Canopo.
inmemor illa domus et coniugis atque sororis
nil patriae indulsit, plorantesque improba natos,
utque magis stupeas, ludos Paridemque reliquit.
sed quamquam in magnis opibus plumaque paterna
et segmentatis dormisset parvula cunis,
contempsit pelagus; famam contempserat olim,
cuius apud molles minima est iactura cathedras.
Tyrrhenos igitur fluctus lateque sonantem
pertulit Ionium constanti pectore, quamvis
mutandum totiens esset mare. iusta pericli
si ratio est et honesta, timent pavidoque gelantur
pectore nec tremulis possunt insistere plantis:
fortem animum praestant rebus quas turpiter audent.
si iubeat coniunx, durum est conscendere navem;
tunc sentina gravis, tunc summus vertitur aer.
quae moechum sequitur, stomacho valet. illa maritum
convomit, haec inter nautas et prandet et errat
per puppem et duros gaudet tractare rudentis.
Qua tamen exarsit forma, qua capta iuventa
Eppia? quid vidit propter quod ludia dici
sustinuit? nam Sergiolus iam radere guttur
coeperat et secto requiem sperare lacerto;
praeterea multa in facie deformia, sicut
attritus galea mediisque in naribus ingens
gibbus et acre malum semper stillantis ocelli.
sed gladiator erat; facit hoc illos Hyacinthos,
hoc pueris patriaeque, hoc praetulit illa sorori

city of Lagus, Canopus itself cried shame upon the monstrous morals of our town. Forgetful of home, of husband and of sister, without thought of her country, she shamelessly abandoned her weeping children; and—more marvellous still—deserted Paris and the games. Though born in wealth, though as a babe she had slept in a bedizened cradle on the paternal down, she made light of the sea, just as she had long made light of her good name—a loss but little accounted of among our soft litter-riding dames. And so with stout heart she endured the tossing and the roaring of the Tyrrhenian and Ionian Seas, and all the many seas she had to cross. For when danger comes in a right and honourable way, a woman's heart grows chill with fear and dread, she cannot stand upon her trembling feet: but if she be doing a bold, bad thing, her courage fails not. For a husband to order his wife on board ship is cruelty: the bilge-water then sickens her, the heavens go round and round. But if she is running away with a lover, she feels no qualms: then she vomits over her husband; now she messes with the sailors, she roams about the deck, and delights in hauling at hard ropes.

103 And what were the youthful charms which captivated Eppia? What did she see in him to allow herself to be called "a she-Gladiator"? Her dear Sergius had already begun to shave; a wounded arm gave promise of a discharge, and there were sundry deformities in his face: a scar caused by the helmet, a huge wen upon his nose, a nasty humour always trickling from his eye. But then he was a gladiator! It is this that transforms these fellows into Hyacinthuses! it was this that she preferred to children and to country, to sister and to husband. What these

atque viro : ferrum est quod amant. hic Sergius idem
accepta rude coepisset Veiento videri.
Quid privata domus, quid fecerit Eppia, curas ?
respice rivales divorum, Claudius audi
quae tulerit. dormire virum cum senserat uxor,
ausa Palatino tegetem praeferre cubili,
sumere nocturnos meretrix Augusta cucullos
linquebat comite ancilla non amplius una.
sed nigrum flavo crinem abscondente galero
intravit calidum veteri centone lupanar
et cellam vacuam atque suam ; tunc nuda papillis
prostitit auratis titulum mentita Lyciscae
ostenditque tuum, generose Britannice, ventrem.
excepit blanda intrantis atque aera poposcit ;
mox lenone suas iam dimittente puellas
tristis abit, et quod potuit tamen ultima cellam
clausit, adhuc ardens rigidae tentigine volvae,
et lassata viris necdum satiata recessit,
obscurisque genis turpis fumoque lucernae
foeda lupanaris tulit ad pulvinar odorem.
Hippomanes carmenque loquar coctumque venenum
privignoque datum ? faciunt graviora coactae
imperio sexus minimumque libidine peccant.
" Optima set quare Censennia teste marito ? "
bis quingena dedit : tanti vocat ille pudicam.

---

[1] Probably the husband.
[2] In allusion to the deification of the emperors.
[3] Messalina was the mother of Britannicus, b. A.D. 42.

women love is the sword: had this same Sergius received his discharge, he would have been no better than a Veiento.[1]

[114] Do the concerns of a private household and the doings of Eppia affect you? Then look at those who rival the Gods,[2] and hear what Claudius endured. As soon as his wife perceived that her husband was asleep, this august harlot was shameless enough to prefer a common mat to the imperial couch. Assuming a night-cowl, and attended by a single maid, she issued forth; then, having concealed her raven locks under a light-coloured peruque, she took her place in a brothel reeking with long-used coverlets. Entering an empty cell reserved for herself, she there took her stand, under the feigned name of Lycisca, her nipples bare and gilded, and exposed to view the womb that bore thee, O nobly-born Britannicus![3] Here she graciously received all comers, asking from each his fee; and when at length the keeper dismissed his girls, she remained to the very last before closing her cell, and with passion still raging hot within her went sorrowfully away. Then exhausted by men but unsatisfied, with soiled cheeks, and begrimed with the smoke of lamps, she took back to the imperial pillow all the odours of the stews.

[133] Why tell of love potions and incantations, of poisons brewed and administered to a stepson, or of the grosser crimes to which women are driven by the imperious power of sex? Their sins of lust are the least of all their sins.

[136] "But tell me why is Censennia, on her husband's testimony, the best of wives?" She brought him a million sesterces; that is the price at which he calls her chaste. He has not pined under the

nec pharetris Veneris macer est aut lampade fervet:
inde faces ardent, veniunt a dote sagittae.
libertas emitur; coram licet innuat atque
rescribat: vidua est, locuples quae nupsit avaro.
"Cur desiderio Bibulae Sertorius ardet?"
si verum excutias, facies, non uxor amatur.
tres rugae subeant et se cutis arida laxet,
fiant obscuri dentes oculique minores:
"collige sarcinulas," dicet libertus, "et exi.
iam gravis es nobis, et saepe emungeris. exi
ocius" et "propera, sicco venit altera naso."
interea calet et regnat poscitque maritum
pastores et ovem Canusinam ulmosque Falernas;
quantulum in hoc? pueros omnes, ergastula tota;
quodque domi non est, sed habet vicinus, ematur.
mense quidem brumae, quo[1] iam mercator Iason
clausus et armatis opstat casa candida nautis,
grandia tolluntur crystallina, maxima rursus
myrrhina, deinde adamans notissimus et Beronices
in digito factus pretiosior: hunc dedit olim
barbarus incestae, dedit hunc[2] Agrippa sorori,

[1] *quo* PA: *cum* ψ.
[2] *dedit hunc* Sψ: *dedit huc* P: Housm. conj. *gestare*.

---

[1] This passage is thus explained: The lady buys various articles at the feast of the *Sigillaria* (December 17–20), so called from the statuettes which were then on sale. These and other articles were set out in canvas booths, which were built up against certain public buildings so as to screen them from view. One of these buildings was the Portico of

arrows of Venus' quiver; he was never burnt by her torch. It was the dowry that lighted his fires, the dowry that shot those arrows! That dowry bought liberty for her: she may make what signals, and write what love letters she pleases, before her husband's face; the rich woman who marries a money-loving husband is as good as unmarried.

142 "Why does Sertorius burn with love for Bibula?" If you shake out the truth, it is the face that he loves, not the wife. Let three wrinkles make their appearance; let her skin become dry and flabby; let her teeth turn black, and her eyes lose their lustre: then will his freedman give her the order, "Pack up your traps and be off! you've become a nuisance; you are for ever blowing your nose; be off, and quick about it! There's another wife coming who will not sniffle." But till that day comes, the lady rules the roast, asking her husband for shepherds and Canusian sheep, and elms for her Falernian vines. But that's a mere nothing: she asks for all his slave-boys, all his prison-gangs; everything that her neighbour possesses, and that she does not possess, must be bought. Then in the winter time, when the merchant Jason is shut out from view, and his armed sailors are blocked out by the white booths,[1] she will carry off huge crystal vases, vases bigger still of agate, and finally a diamond of great renown, made precious by the finger of Berenice.[2] It was given as a present long ago by the barbarian Agrippa to his incestuous sister, in that country where

Agrippa on which there were paintings of the Argonauts. Thus "the merchant" Jason and his armed sailors were shut out and could not be seen.

[2] Sister to King Agrippa II. (*Acts*, xxv. 23).

observant ubi festa mero pede sabbata reges
et vetus indulget senibus clementia porcis.
" Nullane de tantis gregibus tibi digna videtur ? "
sit formosa decens dives fecunda, vetustos
porticibus disponat avos, intactior omni
crinibus effusis bellum dirimente Sabina,
rara avis in terris nigroque simillima cycno :
quis feret uxorem cui constant omnia ? malo,
malo Venusinam quam te, Cornelia, mater
Gracchorum, si cum magnis virtutibus adfers
grande supercilium et numeras in dote triumphos.
tolle tuum, precor, Hannibalem victumque Syphacem
in castris et cum tota Carthagine migra.
" Parce, precor, Paean, et tu, dea, pone sagittas ;
nil pueri faciunt, ipsam configite matrem,"
Amphion clamat ; sed Paean contrahit arcum.
extulit ergo greges natorum ipsumque parentem,
dum sibi nobilior Latonae gente videtur
atque eadem scrofa Niobe fecundior alba.
quae tanti gravitas, quae forma, ut se tibi semper
imputet ? huius enim rari summique voluptas
nulla boni, quotiens animo corrupta superbo
plus aloes quam mellis habet. quis deditus autem

---

[1] Josephus relates that Berenice sacrificed at Jerusalem with dishevelled hair and bare feet.
[2] For Jewish abstinence from pork see Tac. *Hist.* v. 4.
[3] Alluding to the exploits of the elder Scipio.
[4] Husband of Niobe.

kings celebrate festal sabbaths with bare feet,[1] and where a long-established clemency suffers pigs to attain old age.[2]

161 "Do you say no worthy wife is to be found among all these crowds?" Well, let her be handsome, charming, rich and fertile; let her have ancient ancestors ranged about her halls; let her be more chaste than all the dishevelled Sabine maidens who stopped the war—a prodigy as rare upon the earth as a black swan! yet who could endure a wife that possessed all perfections? I would rather have a Venusian wench for my wife than you, O Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, if, with all your virtues, you bring me a haughty brow, and reckon up Triumphs as part of your marriage portion. Away with your Hannibal, I beseech you! Away with Syphax overpowered in his camp! Take yourself off, Carthage and all![3]

172 "Be merciful, I pray, O Apollo! and thou, O goddess, lay down thine arrows. These babes have done naught: shoot down their mother!" Thus prayed Amphion;[4] but Apollo bends his bow, and Niobe[5] led forth to the grave her troop of sons, and their father to boot, because she deemed herself nobler in her offspring than Latona was in hers, and more prolific than the white sow of Alba. For is any dignity in a wife, any beauty, worth the cost, if she is for ever reckoning up her merits against you? These high and transcendent qualities lose all their charm when spoilt by a pride that savours more of aloes than of

[5] Wife of Amphion, king of Thebes. Proud of her six sons and six daughters, she boasted herself against Leto, mother of Apollo and Artemis. Indignant at her presumption, they slew all her children with arrows.

usque adeo est, ut non illam quam laudibus effert
horreat inque diem septenis oderit horis?
Quaedam parva quidem, sed non toleranda maritis.
nam quid rancidius, quam quod se non putat ulla
formosam nisi quae de Tusca Graecula facta est,
de Sulmonensi mera Cecropis? omnia Graece,
cum sit turpe magis nostris nescire Latine;
hoc sermone pavent, hoc iram gaudia curas,
hoc cuncta effundunt animi secreta: quid ultra?
concumbunt Graece. dones tamen ista puellis:
tune etiam, quam sextus et octogensimus annus
pulsat, adhuc Graece? non est hic sermo pudicus
in vetula: quotiens lascivum intervenit illud
ζωὴ καὶ ψυχή, modo sub lodice relictis[1]
uteris in turba. quod enim non excitet inguen
vox blanda et nequam? digitos habet. ut tamen
omnes
subsidant pinnae, dicas haec mollius Haemo
quamquam et Carpophoro, facies tua conputat annos.
Si tibi legitimis pactam iunctamque tabellis
non es amaturus, ducendi nulla videtur
causa, nec est quare cenam et mustacea perdas
labente officio crudis donanda, nec illud
quod prima pro nocte datur, cum lance beata
Dacicus et scripto radiat Germanicus auro.
si tibi simplicitas uxoria, deditus uni
est animus, summitte caput cervice parata
ferre iugum. nullam invenies quae parcat amanti:

[1] Housm. conj. *ferendis* for the *relictis* of Pψ.

---

[1] Sulmo, in the Pelignian country, was the birthplace of Ovid. [2] Names of actors.

[3] Alluding to the gold coins (*aurei*) minted by Trajan in honour of his victories. The *aureus* was about equal in metal value to our guinea.

honey. And who was ever so enamoured as not to shrink from the woman whom he praises to the skies, and to hate her for seven hours out of every twelve?

184 Some small faults are intolerable to husbands. What can be more offensive than this, that no woman believes in her own beauty unless she has converted herself from a Tuscan into a Greekling, or from a maid of Sulmo [1] into a true maid of Athens? They talk nothing but Greek, though it is a greater shame for our people to be ignorant of Latin. Their fears and their wrath, their joys and their troubles—all the secrets of their souls—are poured forth in Greek; their very loves are carried on in Greek fashion. All this might be pardoned in a girl; but will you, who are hard on your eighty-sixth year, still talk in Greek? That tongue is not decent in an old woman's mouth. When you come out with the wanton words *ζωὴ καὶ ψυχή*, you are using in public the language of the bed-chamber. Caressing and naughty words like these incite to love; but though you say them more tenderly than a Haemus or a Carpophorus,[2] they will cause no fluttering of the heart—your years are counted up upon your face!

200 If you are not to love the woman betrothed and united to you in due form, what reason have you for marrying? Why waste the supper, and the wedding cakes to be given to the well-filled guests when the company is slipping away—to say nothing of the first night's gift of a salver rich with glittering gold inscribed with Dacian or Germanic victories? [3] If you are honestly uxorious, and devoted to one woman, then bow your head and submit your neck ready to bear the yoke. Never will you find a woman

ardeat ipsa licet, tormentis gaudet amantis
et spoliis ; igitur longe minus utilis illi
uxor, quisquis erit bonus optandusque maritus.
nil umquam invita donabis coniuge, vendes
hac opstante nihil, nihil, haec si nolet, emetur.
haec dabit affectus : ille excludatur amicus
iam senior, cuius barbam tua ianua vidit.
testandi cum sit lenonibus atque lanistis
libertas et iuris idem contingat harenae,
non unus tibi rivalis dictabitur heres.
" Pone crucem servo." " meruit quo crimine servus
supplicium ? quis testis adest ? quis detulit ? audi ;
nulla umquam de morte hominis cunctatio longa est."
" o demens, ita servus homo est ? nil fecerit, esto :
hoc volo, sic iubeo, sit pro ratione voluntas."
imperat ergo viro. set mox haec regna relinquit
permutatque domos et flammea conterit, inde
avolat et spreti repetit vestigia lecti ;
ornatas paulo ante fores, pendentia linquit
vela domus et adhuc virides in limine ramos.
sic crescit numerus, sic fiunt octo mariti
quinque per autumnos, titulo res digna sepulchri.
Desperanda tibi salva concordia socru.
illa docet spoliis nudi gaudere mariti,

who spares the man who loves her; for though she be herself aflame, she delights to torment and plunder him. So the better the man, the more desirable he be as a husband, the less good by far will he get out of his wife. No present will you ever make if your wife forbids; nothing will you ever sell if she objects; nothing will you buy without her consent. She will arrange your friendships for you; she will turn your now-aged friend from the door which saw the beginnings of his beard. Panders and trainers can make their wills as they please, as also can the gentlemen of the arena; but you will have to write down among your heirs more than one rival of your own.

219 "Crucify that slave!" says the wife. "But what crime worthy of death has he committed?" asks the husband; "where are the witnesses? who informed against him? Give him a hearing at least; no delay can be too long when a man's life is at stake!" "What, you numskull? You call a slave a man, do you? He has done no wrong, you say? Be it so; but this is my will and my command: let my will be the voucher for the deed." Thus does she lord it over her husband. But before long she vacates her kingdom; she flits from one home to another, wearing out her bridal veil; then back she flies again and returns to her own imprints in the bed that she has abandoned, leaving behind her the newly decorated door, the festal hangings on the walls, and the branches green still over the threshold. Thus does the tale of her husbands grow; there will be eight of them in the course of five autumns—a fact worthy of commemoration on her tomb!

231 Give up all hope of peace so long as your mother-in-law is alive. It is she that teaches her

illa docet missis a corruptore tabellis
nil rude nec simplex rescribere, decipit illa
custodes aut aere domat; tunc corpore sano
advocat Archigenen onerosaque pallia iactat.
abditus interea latet et secretus adulter,
inpatiensque morae silet et praeputia ducit.
scilicet expectas ut tradat mater honestos
atque alios mores quam quos habet? utile porro
filiolam turpi vetulae producere turpem.

Nulla fere causa est in qua non femina litem
moverit. accusat Manilia, si rea non est.
conponunt ipsae per se formantque libellos,
principium atque locos Celso dictare paratae.

Endromidas Tyrias et femineum ceroma
quis nescit, vel quis non vidit vulnera pali,
quem cavat adsiduis rudibus scutoque lacessit
atque omnes implet numeros dignissima prorsus
Florali matrona tuba, nisi si quid in illo
pectore plus agitat veraeque paratur harenae.
quem praestare potest mulier galeata pudorem,
quae fugit a sexu? vires amat: haec tamen ipsa
vir nollet fieri, nam quantula nostra voluptas!
quale decus, rerum si coniugis auctio fiat,
balteus et manicae et cristae crurisque sinistri
dimidium tegimen! vel, si diversa movebit

---

[1] A fashionable doctor of the day.

[2] Either a jurist or a rhetorician.

[3] The *endromis* was a coarse, woollen cloak in which athletes wrapped themselves after their exercises.

[4] Games in honour of Flora (April 28–May 3), at which much female licence was allowed. See pp. 386–7, n. 3.

[5] *i.e.* a gladiatorial contest.

daughter to revel in stripping and despoiling her husband; it is she that teaches her to reply to a seducer's love-letters in no unskilled and innocent fashion; she eludes or bribes your guards; it is she that calls in Archigenes[1] when your daughter has nothing the matter with her, and tosses about the heavy blankets; the lover meanwhile is in secret and silent hiding, trembling with impatience and expectation. Do you really expect the mother to teach her daughter honest ways—ways different from her own? Nay, the vile old woman finds a profit in bringing up her daughter to be vile.

242 There never was a case in court in which the quarrel was not started by a woman. If Manilia is not a defendant, she'll be the plaintiff; she will herself frame and adjust the pleadings; she will be ready to instruct Celsus[2] himself how to open his case, and how to urge his points.

246 Why need I tell of the purple wraps[3] and the wrestling-oils used by women? Who has not seen one of them smiting a stump, piercing it through and through with a foil, lunging at it with a shield, and going through all the proper motions?—a matron truly qualified to blow a trumpet at the Floralia![4] Unless, indeed, she is nursing some further ambition in her bosom, and is practising for the real arena. What modesty can you expect in a woman who wears a helmet, abjures her own sex, and delights in feats of strength? Yet she would not choose to be a man, knowing the superior joys of womanhood. What a fine thing for a husband, at an auction of his wife's effects, to see her belt and armlets and plumes put up for sale, with a gaiter that covers half the left leg; or if she fight another sort[5] of battle, how charmed

proelia, tu felix ocreas vendente puella.
hae sunt quae tenui sudant in cyclade, quarum
delicias et panniculus bombycinus urit.
aspice quo fremitu monstratos perferat ictus
et quanto galeae curvetur pondere, quanta
poplitibus sedeat quam denso fascia libro,
et ride positis scaphium cum sumitur armis.
dicite vos, neptes Lepidi caecive Metelli
Gurgitis aut Fabii, quae ludia sumpserit umquam
hos habitus, quando ad palum gemat uxor Asyli.
Semper habet lites alternaque iurgia lectus
in quo nupta iacet; minimum dormitur in illo.
tum gravis illa viro, tunc orba tigride peior,
cum simulat gemitus occulti conscia facti;
aut odit pueros aut ficta paelice plorat,
uberibus semper lacrimis semperque paratis
in statione sua atque expectantibus illam,
quo iubeat manare modo; tu credis amorem,
tu tibi tunc, uruca, places fletumque labellis
exorbes, quae scripta et quot lectare tabellas,
si tibi zelotypae retegantur scrinia moechae!
sed iacet in servi complexibus aut equitis. "dic,
dic aliquem sodes hic, Quintiliane, colorem."
"haeremus. dic ipsa." "olim convenerat," inquit,
"ut faceres tu quod velles, nec non ego possem
indulgere mihi. clames licet et mare caelo

---

[1] Supposed to be a gladiator.

[2] The famous Roman rhetorician, b. A.D. 44, author of the *Institutiones Oratoriae*. Cp. p. 88, n. 3.

you will be to see your young wife disposing of her greaves! Yet these are the women who find the thinnest of thin robes too hot for them; whose delicate flesh is chafed by the finest of silk tissue. See how she pants as she goes through her prescribed exercises; how she bends under the weight of her helmet; how big and coarse are the bandages which enclose her haunches; and then laugh when she lays down her arms and shows herself to be a woman! Tell us, ye grand-daughters of Lepidus, or of the blind Metellus, or of Fabius Gurges, what gladiator's wife ever assumed accoutrements like these? When did the wife of Asylus[1] ever gasp against a stump?

268 The bed that holds a wife is never free from wrangling and mutual bickerings; no sleep is to be got there! It is there that she sets upon her husband, more savage than a tigress that has lost her cubs; conscious of her own secret slips, she affects a grievance, abusing his boys, or weeping over some imagined mistress. She has an abundant supply of tears always ready in their place, awaiting her command in which fashion they should flow. You, poor worm, are delighted, believing them to be tears of love, and kiss them away; but what notes, what love-letters would you find if you opened the desk of your green-eyed adulterous wife! If you find her in the arms of a slave or of a knight, "Speak, speak, Quintilian,[2] give me one of your colours,[3]" she will say. But Quintilian says "I'm stuck. Find it yourself," says he. "We agreed long ago," says the lady, "that you were to go your way, and I mine. You may confound sea and sky with your bellowing,

[3] *Color* is a technical term in rhetoric, denoting an argument which puts a favourable or palliative light on some act.

confundas, homo sum." nihil est audacius illis
deprensis : iram atque animos a crimine sumunt.
Unde haec monstra tamen vel quo de fonte, requiris ?
praestabat castas humilis fortuna Latinas
quondam, nec vitiis contingi parva sinebant
tecta labor somnique breves et vellere Tusco
vexatae duraeque manus ac proximus urbi
Hannibal[1] et stantes Collina turre mariti.
nunc patimur longae pacis mala, saevior armis
luxuria incubuit victumque ulciscitur orbem.
nullum crimen abest facinusque libidinis, ex quo
paupertas Romana perit. hinc fluxit ad istos
et Sybaris colles, hinc et Rhodos et Miletos
atque coronatum et petulans madidumque Tarentum.
prima peregrinos obscaena pecunia mores
intulit, et turpi fregerunt saecula luxu
divitiae molles. quid enim Venus ebria curat ?
inguinis et capitis quae sint discrimina, nescit
grandia quae mediis iam noctibus ostrea mordet,
cum perfusa mero spumant unguenta Falerno,
cum bibitur concha, cum iam vertigine tectum
ambulat et geminis exsurgit mensa lucernis.
I nunc et dubita, qua sorbeat aera sanna
Tullia, quid dicat notae collactea Maurae
Maura, Pudicitiae veterem cum praeterit aram.
noctibus hic ponunt lecticas, micturiunt hic
effigiemque deae longis siphonibus implent

[1] For Hannibal at the Colline Gate, B.C. 213, see Liv. xxvi. 10.

[2] Duff explains this of a scene in the theatre in Tarentum when the people, garlanded in honour of Dionysus, insulted the Roman ambassador (Dio. Cass. fragm. 145).

I am a human being after all." There's no effrontery like that of a woman caught in the act; her very guilt inspires her with wrath and insolence.

286 But whence come these monstrosities? you ask; from what fountain do they flow? In days of old, the wives of Latium were kept chaste by their humble fortunes. It was toil and brief slumbers that kept vice from polluting their modest homes; hands chafed and hardened by Tuscan fleeces, Hannibal nearing the city, and husbands standing to arms at the Colline tower.[1] We are now suffering the calamities of long peace. Luxury, more deadly than any foe, has laid her hand upon us, and avenges a conquered world. Since the day when Roman poverty perished, no deed of crime or lust has been wanting to us; from that moment Sybaris and Rhodes and Miletus have poured in upon our hills, with the begarlanded and drunken and unabashed Tarentum.[2] Filthy lucre first brought in amongst us foreign ways; wealth enervated and corrupted the ages with foul indulgences. What decency does Venus observe when she is drunken? when she knows not head from tail, eats giant oysters at midnight, pours foaming unguents into her unmixed Falernian, and drinks out of perfume-flasks, while the roof spins dizzily round, the table dances, and every light shows double!

306 Go to now and wonder what means the sneer with which Tullia snuffs the air, or what Maura whispers to her ill-famed foster-sister, when she passes by the ancient altar of Chastity?[3] It is there that they set down their litters at night, and befoul the image of the Goddess, playing their filthy pranks

[3] The ancient Temple of Pudicitia was in the Forum Boarium.

inque vices equitant ac Luna teste moventur ;
inde domos abeunt : tu calcas luce reversa
coniugis urinam magnos visurus amicos.
Nota bonae secreta deae, cum tibia lumbos
incitat et cornu pariter vinoque feruntur
attonitae crinemque rotant ululantque Priapi
maenades. o quantus tunc illis mentibus ardor
concubitus, quae vox saltante libidine, quantus
ille meri veteris per crura madentia torrens !
lenonum ancillas posita Saufeia corona
provocat ac tollit pendentis praemia coxae ;
ipsa Medullinae fluctum crisantis adorat :
palma inter dominas, virtus natalibus aequa.
nil ibi per ludum simulabitur, omnia fient
ad verum, quibus incendi iam frigidus aevo
Laomedontiades et Nestoris hirnea possit.
tunc prurigo morae inpatiens, tum femina simplex,
ac pariter toto repetitus clamor ab antro
" iam fas est, admitte viros." si dormit adulter,
illa iubet sumpto iuvenem properare cucullo ;
si nihil est, servis incurritur ; abstuleris spem
servorum, veniet conductus aquarius ; hic si
quaeritur et desunt homines, mora nulla per ipsam,
quo minus imposito clunem summittat asello.
atque utinam ritus veteres et publica saltem
his intacta malis agerentur sacra ! sed omnes
noverunt Mauri atque Indi quae psaltria penem
maiorem, quam sunt duo Caesaris Anticatones,
illuc, testiculi sibi conscius unde fugit mus,
intulerit, ubi velari pictura iubetur
quaecumque alterius sexus imitata figuras.
Et quis tunc hominum contemptor numinis ?
aut quis
simpuvium ridere Numae nigrumque catinum

for the moon to witness. Thence home they go; while you, when daylight comes, and you are on your way to salute your mighty friends, will tread upon the traces of your wife's abominations.

314 Well known to all are the mysteries of the Good Goddess, when the flute stirs the loins and the Maenads of Priapus sweep along, frenzied alike by the horn-blowing and the wine, whirling their locks and howling. What foul longings burn within their breasts! What cries they utter as the passion palpitates within! How drenched their limbs in torrents of old wine! Saufeia challenges the slave-girls to a contest. Her agility wins the prize, but she has herself in turn to bow the knee to Medullina. And so the palm remains with the mistress, whose exploits match her birth! There is no pretence as in a game; all is enacted to the life in a manner that would warm the cold blood of a Priam or a Nestor. And now impatient nature can wait no longer: woman shows herself as she is, and the cry comes from every corner of the den, "Now we can act! Let in the men!" If one favoured youth is asleep, another is bidden to put on his cowl and hurry along; if better cannot be got, a run is made upon the slaves; if they too fail, the water-carrier will be paid to come in. . . . O would that our ancient practices, or at least our public rites, were not polluted by scenes like these! But every Moor and Indian knows who was the she-lutist who brought a yard bigger than the two Anticatos of Caesar into a place whence every buckmouse scuttles away conscious of his virility, and in which every picture of the male form must be veiled.

342 Who ever sneered at the Gods in the days of old? Who would have dared to laugh at the earthen-

et Vaticano fragiles de monte patellas
ausus erat? sed nunc ad quas non Clodius aras? 345
[Audio quid veteres olim moneatis amici:
"pone seram, cohibe."[1] sed quis custodiet ipsos
custodes? cauta est et ab illis incipit uxor.[2]]
iamque eadem summis pariter minimisque libido,
nec melior, silicem pedibus quae conterit atrum, 350
quam quae longorum vehitur cervice Syrorum.
Ut spectet ludos, conducit Ogulnia vestem,
conducit comites sellam cervical amicas
nutricem et flavam cui det mandata puellam.
haec tamen argenti superest quodcumque paterni 355
levibus athletis et vasa novissima donat;
multis res angusta domi, sed nulla pudorem
paupertatis habet nec se metitur ad illum
quem dedit haec posuitque modum. tamen utile quid sit
prospiciunt aliquando viri, frigusque famemque 360
formica tandem quidam expavere magistra:
prodiga non sentit pereuntem femina censum.
ac velut exhausta redivivus pullulet arca
nummus et e pleno tollatur semper acervo,
non umquam reputant quanti sibi gaudia constent.[3] 365

[1] P here has the false reading *prohibe* for *cohibe*.

[2] Lines 346–348 are obviously out of place. They are repeated below, with an addition, in their proper place in O 29–34.

[3] The following thirty-four lines, marked O 1–34, which are now accepted as genuine by Juvenalian critics, were discovered in 1899 by E. O. Winstedt in a Bodleian MS. (Canonicianus 41), now known by the letter O. For the announcement of this discovery see *Classical Review*, May, 1899, pp. 201 foll. This passage is in many places obscure; many of the readings are uncertain; and Housman has kindly permitted me to insert his paraphrase of

ware bowls or black pots of Numa, or the brittle plates made out of Vatican clay? But nowadays at what altar will you not find a Clodius?[1]

346 I hear all this time the advice of my old friends—"Put on a lock and keep your wife indoors." Yes, but who will ward the warders? The wife arranges accordingly and begins with them. High or low their passions are all the same. She who wears out the black cobble-stones with her bare feet is no better than she who rides upon the necks of eight stalwart Syrians.

352 Ogulnia hires clothes to see the games; she hires attendants, a litter, cushions, female friends, a nurse, and a fair-haired girl to run her messages; yet she will give all that remains of the family plate, down to the last flagon, to some smooth-faced athlete. Many of these women are poor, but none of them pay any regard to their poverty, or measure themselves by the standard which that prescribes and lays down for them. Men, on the other hand, do sometimes have an eye to utility; the ant has at last taught some of them to dread cold and hunger. But your extravagant woman is never sensible of her dwindling means; and just as though money were for ever sprouting up afresh from her exhausted coffers, and she had always a full heap to draw from, she never gives a thought to what her pleasures cost her.

[1] Alluding to the profanation of the mysteries of the Bona Dea by Clodius, in B.C. 62, by appearing in the disguise of a female lutist.

---

the passage as a whole which he published in the *C.R.* for June, 1899, p. 268, and which he subsequently corrected for lines 9–12 (*C.R.* 1904, pp. 395–8). He has also kindly supplied me with a version of line 18 which he left untranslated in his original version.

In quacumque domo vivit luditque professus O 1
obscenum, tremula promittit et omnia dextra,
invenies omnis turpes similesque cinaedis.
his violare cibos sacraeque adsistere mensae
permittunt, et vasa iubent frangenda lavari, O 5
cum colocyntha bibit vel cum barbata chelidon.
purior ergo tuis laribus meliorque lanista,
in cuius numero longe migrare iubetur
psellus[1] ab Eupholio; quid quod nec retia turpi
iunguntur tunicae, nec cella ponit eadem O 10
munimenta umeri pulsatamque arma[2] tridentem
qui nudus pugnare solet? pars ultima ludi
accipit has animas aliusque in carcere nervos.
sed tibi communem calicem facit uxor et illis,
cum quibus Albanum Surrentinumque recuset O 15
flava ruinosi lupa degustare sepulchri.
horum consiliis nubunt subitaeque recedunt,
his languentem animum servant et seria vitae,
his clunem atque latus discunt vibrare magistris,
quicquid praeterea scit qui docet. haud tamen
illi O 20
semper habenda fides: oculos fuligine pascit
distinctus croceis et reticulatus adulter.
suspectus tibi sit quanto vox mollior et quo
saepius in teneris haerebit dextera lumbis.
hic erit in lecto fortissimus: exuit illic O 25
personam docili Thais saltata Triphallo.
"quem rides? aliis hunc mimum! sponsio fiat:
purum te contendo virum. contendo: fateris?
an vocat ancillas tortoris pergula?"
Novi
consilia et veteres quaecumque monetis amici: O 30

[1] *psellus* so Housm. and Owen: O reads *psillus*: Büch. *Psyllus*. *Eupholio* O: Housm. reads *euphono*: Büch. conj. Euhoplio.

[01] "Whenever a cinaedus is kept he taints the household. Folks let these fellows eat and drink with them, and merely have the vessels washed, not shivered to atoms as they should be when such lips have touched them. So even the lanista's establishment is better ordered than yours, for he separates the vile from the decent, and sequesters even from their fellow-retiarii the wearers of the ill-famed tunic; in the training-school, and even in gaol, such creatures herd apart; but your wife condemns you to drink out of the same cup as these gentry, with whom the poorest trull would refuse to sip the choicest wine. Them do women consult about marriage and divorce, with their society do they relieve boredom or business, from them do they learn lascivious motions and whatever else the teacher knows. But beware! that teacher is not always what he seems: true, he darkens his eyes and dresses like a woman, but adultery is his design. Mistrust him the more for his show of effeminacy; he is a valiant mattress-knight; there Triphallus drops the mask of Thais. Whom are you fooling?[1] not me; play this farce to those who cannot pierce the masquerade. I wager you are every inch a man; do you own it, or must we wring the truth out of the maid-servants?"

[029] I know well the advice and warnings of my old

[1] He now addresses the cinaedus himself.

---

[2] O reads *pulsatamque arma*: Housm. conj. *pulsata hastamque*: *pulsata arcaque* Owen: *pulsantemque* Postgate: Büch. conj. *pulsatoremque tridentem* and compares vi. 40.

"pone seram, cohibe." sed quis custodiat[1] ipsos
custodes, qui nunc lascivae furta puellae
hac mercede silent? crimen commune tacetur:
prospicit hoc prudens et ab illis incipit uxor. . . . O 34
Sunt quas eunuchi inbelles ac mollia semper 366
oscula delectent et desperatio barbae
et quod abortivo non est opus. illa voluptas
summa tamen, quod iam calida matura iuventa
inguina traduntur medicis, iam pectine nigro; 370
ergo expectatos ac iussos crescere primum
testiculos, postquam coeperunt esse bilibres,
tonsoris damno tantum rapit Heliodorus.[2]
conspicuus longe cunctisque notabilis intrat
balnea nec dubie custodem vitis et horti 375
provocat a domina factus spado. dormiat ille
cum domina, sed tu iam durum, Postume, iamque
tondendum eunucho Bromium committere noli.
Si gaudet cantu, nullius fibula durat
vocem vendentis praetoribus. organa semper 380
in manibus, densi radiant testudine tota
sardonyches; crispo numerantur pectine chordae,
quo tener Hedymeles operas dedit: hunc tenet,
hoc se
solatur, gratoque indulget basia plectro.
quaedam de numero Lamiarum ac nominis Appi 385
et farre et vino Ianum Vestamque rogabat,
an Capitolinam deberet Pollio quercum
sperare et fidibus promittere. quid faceret plus
aegrotante viro, medicis quid tristibus erga
filiolum? stetit ante aram nec turpe putavit 390
pro cithara velare caput dictataque verba
pertulit, ut mos est, et aperta palluit agna.

[1] O here reads *custodiat*, but Pψ have *custodiet* in the repeated passage, line 347.

friends: "Put on a lock and keep your wife indoors." Yes, but who is to ward the warders? They get paid in kind for holding their tongues as to their young lady's escapades; participation seals their lips. The wily wife arranges accordingly, and begins with them. . . .

379 If your wife is musical, none of those who sell their voices[1] to the praetor will hold out against her charms. She is for ever handling musical instruments; her sardonyx rings sparkle thick all over the tortoise-shell; the quivering quill with which she runs over the chords will be that with which the gentle Hedymeles performed; she hugs it, consoles herself with it, and lavishes kisses on the dear implement. A certain lady of the lineage of the Lamiae and the Appii[2] inquired of Janus and Vesta, with offerings of cake and wine, whether Pollio could hope for the Capitoline oak-chaplet and promise victory to his lyre.[3] What more could she have done had her husband been ill, or if the doctors had been shaking their heads over her dear little son? There she stood before the altar, thinking it no shame to veil her head[4] on behalf of a harper; she repeated, in due form, all the words prescribed to her; her cheek blanched when the lamb was opened. Tell me now, I pray, O father Janus, thou

[1] *i.e.* professionals who sing for hire on public occasions.

[2] *i.e.* of a noble family.

[3] A prize of oak-leaves was given at the *agon Capitolinus*, instituted by Domitian. Pollio was a player on the *cithara*.

[4] To veil the head was part of the ceremony at a sacrifice.

---

[2] Between lines 373 and 374 the MS. O gives the following two lines:—

mangonum pueros vera ac miserabilis urit
debilitas follisque pudet cicerisque relicti.

dic mihi nunc quaeso, dic, antiquissime divom,
respondes his, Iane pater? magna otia caeli;
non est, quod video, non est quod agatur aput vos.
haec de comoedis te consulit, illa tragoedum
commendare volet, varicosus fiet haruspex.

Sed cantet potius quam totam pervolet urbem
audax et coetus possit quae ferre virorum
cumque paludatis ducibus praesente marito
ipsa loqui recta facie siccisque mamillis.
haec eadem novit quid toto fiat in orbe,
quid Seres, quid Thraces agant, secreta novercae
et pueri, quis amet, quis diripiatur adulter;
dicet quis viduam praegnatem fecerit et quo
mense, quibus verbis concumbat quaeque, modis quot.
instantem regi Armenio Parthoque cometen
prima videt, famam rumoresque illa recentis
excipit ad portas, quosdam facit; isse Niphaten
in populos magnoque illic cuncta arva[1] teneri
diluvio, nutare urbes, subsidere terras
quocumque in trivio cuicumque est obvia, narrat.

Nec tamen id vitium magis intolerabile quam quae[2]
vicinos humiles rapere et concidere loris
exorata[3] solet. nam si latratibus alti
rumpuntur somni, "fustes huc ocius," inquit,
"adferte" atque illis dominum iubet ante feriri,
deinde canem, gravis occursu, taeterrima vultu.

[1] *arva* ψ: *arma* P.
[2] *quod* ψ: *quae* P.
[3] *exorata* ψ, *exortata* P Housm. Büch. (1910).

most ancient of the Gods, dost thou answer such as she? You have much time on your hands in heaven; so far as I can see, there is nothing for you Gods to do. One lady consults you about a comedian, another wishes to commend to you a tragic actor; the soothsayer will soon be troubled with varicose veins.[1]

398 Better, however, that your wife should be musical than that she should be rushing boldly about the entire city, attending men's meetings, talking with unflinching face and hard breasts to Generals in their military cloaks, with her husband looking on! This same woman knows what is going on all over the world: what the Chinese and Thracians are after, what has passed between the stepmother and the stepson; she knows who loves whom, what gallant is the rage; she will tell you who got the widow with child, and in what month; how every woman behaves to her lovers, and what she says to them. She is the first to notice the comet threatening the kings of Armenia and Parthia; she picks up the latest rumours at the city gates, and invents some herself: how the Niphates [2] has burst out upon the nations, and is inundating entire districts yonder; how cities are tottering and lands subsiding, she tells to every one she meets at every street crossing.

413 No less insufferable is the woman who loves to catch hold of her poor neighbours, and deaf to their cries for mercy lays into them with a whip. If her sound slumbers are disturbed by a barking dog, "Quick with the rods!" she cries; "thrash the owner first, and then the dog!" She is a formidable woman to encounter; she is terrible to look at.

[1] *i.e.* with so much standing about.
[2] Properly a mountain; here meant for a river.

balnea nocte subit, conchas et castra moveri
nocte iubet, magno gaudet sudare tumultu,
cum lassata gravi ceciderunt bracchia massa,
callidus et cristae digitos inpressit aliptes
ac summum dominae femur exclamare coegit.
convivae miseri interea somnoque fameque
urguentur. tandem illa venit rubicundula, totum
oenophorum sitiens, plena quod tenditur urna
admotum pedibus, de quo sextarius alter
ducitur ante cibum rabidam facturus orexim,
dum redit et loto terram ferit intestino.
marmoribus rivi properant, aurata Falernum
pelvis olet; nam sic tamquam alta in dolia longus
deciderit serpens, bibit et vomit. ergo maritus
nauseat atque oculis bilem substringit opertis.
Illa tamen gravior, quae cum discumbere coepit,
laudat Vergilium, periturae ignoscit Elissae,
committit vates et comparat, inde Maronem
atque alia parte in trutina suspendit Homerum.
cedunt grammatici, vincuntur rhetores, omnis
turba tacet, nec causidicus nec praeco loquetur,
altera nec mulier; verborum tanta cadit vis,
tot pariter pelves ac tintinnabula dicas
pulsari. iam nemo tubas, nemo aera fatiget:
una laboranti poterit succurrere Lunae.
inponit finem sapiens et rebus honestis;
nam quae docta nimis cupit et facunda videri,
crure tenus medio tunicas succingere debet,

[1] Eclipses of the moon were supposed by the ignorant to be due to the incantations of witches. To prevent these from being heard, and so ward off the evil events portended by the eclipse, it was the custom to create a din by the clashing of bells, horns and trumpets, etc.

She frequents the baths by night; not till night does she order her oil-flasks and her quarters to be shifted thither; she loves all the bustle and sweat of the bath; when her arms drop exhausted by the heavy weights, the anointer passes his hand skilfully over her body, bringing it down at last with a resounding smack upon the top of her thigh. Meanwhile her unfortunate guests are overcome with sleep and hunger, till at last she comes in with a flushed face, and with thirst enough to drink off the vessel containing full three gallons which is laid at her feet, and from which she tosses off a couple of pints before her dinner to create a raging appetite; then she brings it all up again and souses the floor with the washings of her inside. The stream runs over the marble pavement; the gilt basin reeks of Falernian, for she drinks and vomits like a big snake that has tumbled into a vat. The sickened husband closes his eyes and so keeps down his bile.

434 But most intolerable of all is the woman who as soon as she has sat down to dinner commends Virgil, pardons the dying Dido, and pits the poets against each other, putting Virgil in the one scale and Homer in the other. The grammarians make way before her; the rhetoricians give in; the whole crowd is silenced: no lawyer, no auctioneer will get a word in, no, nor any other woman; so torrential is her speech that you would think that all the pots and bells were being clashed together. Let no one more blow a trumpet or clash a cymbal: one woman will be able to bring succour to the labouring moon![1] She lays down definitions, and discourses on morals, like a philosopher; thirsting to be deemed both wise and eloquent, she ought to tuck up her

caedere Silvano porcum, quadrante lavari.
non habeat matrona, tibi quae iuncta recumbit,
dicendi genus aut curvum sermone rotato
torqueat enthymema, nec historias sciat omnes,
sed quaedam ex libris et non intellegat. odi
hanc ego quae repetit volvitque Palaemonis artem
servata semper lege et ratione loquendi
ignotosque mihi tenet antiquaria versus
nec curanda viris[1] opicae castigat amicae
verba; soloecismum liceat fecisse marito.

Nil non permittit mulier sibi, turpe putat nil,
cum virides gemmas collo circumdedit et cum
auribus extentis magnos commisit elenchos;
intolerabilius nihil est quam femina dives.
interea foeda aspectu ridendaque multo
pane tumet facies aut pinguia Poppaeana
spirat, et hinc miseri viscantur labra mariti:
ad moechum lota veniunt cute. quando videri
vult formosa domi? moechis foliata parantur,
his emitur quidquid graciles huc mittitis Indi.
tandem aperit vultum et tectoria prima reponit;
incipit agnosci, atque illo lacte fovetur
propter quod secum comites educit asellas
exul Hyperboreum si dimittatur ad axem.

[1] Housm. puts a full stop after *viris*, and interprets: *aliasque res virorum cura indignas*. Postgate suggests, after one of Ruperti's MSS., *haec curanda viris?*

---

[1] *i.e.* wear the short tunic of a man.
[2] Only men sacrificed to Silvanus.
[3] *i.e.* bathe in the public baths.
[4] A treatise on grammar by Q. Remmius Palaemon, the most famous grammarian of the early empire.

skirts knee-high,[1] sacrifice a pig to Silvanus,[2] and take a penny bath.[3] Let not the wife of your bosom possess a special style of her own; let her not hurl at you in whirling speech the crooked enthymeme! Let her not know all history; let there be some things in her reading which she does not understand. I hate a woman who is for ever consulting and poring over the "Grammar" of Palaemon,[4] who observes all the rules and laws of language, who like an antiquary quotes verses that I never heard of, and corrects her unlettered [5] female friends for slips of speech that no man need trouble about: let husbands at least be permitted to make slips in grammar!

457 There is nothing that a woman will not permit herself to do, nothing that she deems shameful, when she encircles her neck with green emeralds, and fastens huge pearls to her elongated ears: there is nothing more intolerable than a wealthy woman. Meanwhile she ridiculously puffs out and disfigures her face with lumps of dough; she reeks of rich Poppaean [6] unguents which stick to the lips of her unfortunate husband. Her lover she will meet with a clean-washed skin; but when does she ever care to look nice at home? It is for her lovers that she provides the spikenard, for them she buys all the scents which the slender Indians bring to us. In good time she discloses her face; she removes the first layer of plaster, and begins to be recognisable. She then laves herself with that milk for which she takes a herd of she-asses in her train if sent away to the Hyper-

[5] The word *Opican* is equivalent to *Oscan*, denoting the early inhabitants of Campania. It is used here as equivalent to barbarian.

[6] Cosmetics, called after Nero's wife Poppaea.

sed quae mutatis inducitur atque fovetur
tot medicaminibus coctaeque siliginis offas
accipit et madidae, facies dicetur an ulcus?
Est pretium curae penitus cognoscere toto
quid faciant agitentque die. si nocte maritus
aversus iacuit, periit libraria, ponunt
cosmetae tunicas, tarde venisse Liburnus
dicitur et poenas alieni pendere somni
cogitur; hic frangit ferulas, rubet ille flagello,
hic scutica; sunt quae tortoribus annua praestent.
verberat atque obiter faciem linit, audit amicas,
aut latum pictae vestis considerat aurum,
et caedit, longi relegit transversa diurni
et caedit, donec lassis caedentibus "exi"
intonet horrendum iam cognitione peracta.
Praefectura domus Sicula non mitior aula;
nam si constituit solitoque decentius optat
ornari et properat iamque expectatur in hortis
aut aput Isiacae potius sacraria lenae,
disponit crinem laceratis ipsa capillis
nuda umero Psecas infelix nudisque mamillis.
"altior hic quare cincinnus?" taurea punit
continuo flexi crimen facinusque capilli.
quid Psecas admisit? quaenam est hic culpa puellae,

[1] *i.e.* the husband's.

[2] The text reads as if the flogging was done by the lady herself. But it was evidently done for her by slaves.

[3] Books were usually written lengthwise on the roll; but it seems that the *acta diurna*, here mentioned, were written crosswise.

borean pole. But when she has been coated over and treated with all those layers of medicaments, and had those lumps of moist dough applied to it, shall we call it a face or a sore?

474 It is well worth while to ascertain how these ladies busy themselves all day. If the husband has turned his back upon his wife at night, the wool-maid is done for; the tire-women will be stripped of their tunics; the Liburnian chair-man will be accused of coming late, and will have to pay for another man's[1] drowsiness; one will have a rod broken over his back, another will be bleeding from a strap, a third from the cat; some women engage their executioners by the year. While the flogging goes on, the lady will be daubing her face, or listening to her lady-friends, or inspecting the widths of a gold-embroidered robe. While thus flogging and flogging,[2] she reads the lengthy Gazette, written right across the page,[3] till at last, the floggers being exhausted, and the inquisition ended, she thunders out a gruff "Be off with you!"

486 Her household is governed as cruelly as a Sicilian Court.[4] If she has an appointment and wishes to be turned out more nicely than usual, and is in a hurry to meet some one waiting for her in the gardens, or more likely near the chapel of the wanton Isis, the unhappy maid that does her hair will have her own hair torn, and the clothes stripped off her shoulders and her breasts. "Why is this curl standing up?" she asks, and then down comes a thong of bull's hide to inflict chastisement for the offending ringlet. Pray how was Psecas in fault? How would the girl be to blame if you happened

[4] In allusion to Phalaris, tyrant of Agrigentum.

si tibi displicuit nasus tuus? altera laevum
extendit pectitque comas et volvit in orbem.
est in consilio materna admotaque lanis
emerita quae cessat acu; sententia prima
huius erit, post hanc aetate atque arte minores
censebunt, tamquam famae discrimen agatur
aut animae: tanta est quaerendi cura decoris,
tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc conpagibus altum
aedificat caput; Andromachen a fronte videbis;
post minor est, credas aliam. cedo si breve parvi
sortita est lateris spatium breviorque videtur
virgine Pygmaea nullis adiuta cothurnis
et levis erecta consurgit ad oscula planta.
nulla viri cura interea nec mentio fiet
damnorum. vivit tamquam vicina mariti,
hoc solo propior quod amicos coniugis odit
et servos, gravis est rationibus.
Ecce furentis
Bellonae matrisque deum chorus intrat et ingens
semivir, obscaeno facies reverenda minori,
mollia qui rapta secuit genitalia testa
iam pridem, cui rauca cohors, cui tympana cedunt,
plebeia et Phrygia vestitur bucca tiara.
grande sonat metuique iubet Septembris et Austri
adventum, nisi se centum lustraverit ovis
et xerampelinas veteres donaverit ipsi,
ut quidquid subiti et magni discriminis instat
in tunicas eat et totum semel expiet annum.
hibernum fracta glacie descendet in amnem,

[1] Hector's wife Andromache must be tall, as living in the heroic age. [2] See p. 389, n. 3.

not to like the shape of your own nose? Another maid on the left side combs out the hair and rolls it into a coil; a maid of her mother's, who has served her time at sewing, and has been promoted to the wool department, assists at the council. She is the first to give her opinion; after her, her inferiors in age or skill will give theirs, as though some question of life or honour were at stake. So important is the business of beautification; so numerous are the tiers and storeys piled one upon another on her head! In front, you would take her for an Andromache[1]; she is not so tall behind: you would not think it was the same person. What if nature has made her so short of stature that, if unaided by high heels, she looks no bigger than a pigmy, and has to rise nimbly on tip-toe for a kiss! Meantime she pays no attention to her husband; she never speaks of what she costs him. She lives with him as if she were only his neighbour; in this alone more near to him, that she hates his friends and his slaves, and plays the mischief with his money.

511 And now, behold! in comes the chorus of the frantic Bellona and the mother of the Gods, attended by a giant eunuch[2] to whom his obscene inferiors must do reverence. . . . Before him the howling herd with the timbrels give way; his plebeian cheeks are covered with a Phrygian tiara. With solemn utterance he bids the lady beware the coming of the September Siroccos if she do not purify herself with a hundred eggs, and present him with some old mulberry-coloured garments in order that any great and unforeseen calamity impending may pass into the clothes, and make expiation for the entire year. In winter she will go down to the river of a morning,

ter matutino Tiberi mergetur et ipsis
verticibus timidum caput abluet, inde superbi
totum regis agrum nuda ac tremibunda cruentis
erepet genibus; si candida iusserit Io,
ibit ad Aegypti finem calidaque petitas
a Meroe portabit aquas ut spargat in aede
Isidis, antiquo quae proxima surgit ovili.
credit enim ipsius dominae se voce moneri:
en animam et mentem cum qua di nocte loquantur!
ergo hic praecipuum summumque meretur honorem,
qui grege linigero circumdatus et grege calvo
plangentis populi currit derisor Anubis.
ille petit veniam, quotiens non abstinet uxor
concubitu sacris observandisque diebus
magnaque debetur violato poena cadurco
et movisse caput visa est argentea serpens;
illius lacrimae meditataque murmura praestant
ut veniam culpae non abnuat, ansere magno
scilicet et tenui popano corruptus, Osiris.
Cum dedit ille locum, cophino faenoque relicto
arcanam Iudaea tremens mendicat in aurem,
interpres legum Solymarum et magna sacerdos
arboris ac summi fida internuntia caeli.
implet et illa manum, set parcius; aere minuto
qualiacumque voles Iudaei somnia vendunt.

---

[1] *i.e.* the Campus Martius.

[2] Apparently here identified with Isis. Io was changed into a white cow by Juno out of jealousy.

[3] An island formed by the waters of the Nile. See xiii. 163.

[4] The Temple of Isis was in the Campus Martius near the polling-booths (*saepta*) here called *ovile*.

[5] A god of the dead; he attended on Isis, and is represented with the head of a dog.

[6] The priest who personates Anubis laughs at the people when they lament Osiris.

break the ice, and plunge three times into the Tiber, dipping her trembling head even in its whirling waters, and crawling out thence naked and shivering, she will creep with bleeding knees right across the field [1] of Tarquin the Proud. If the white Io [2] shall so order, she will journey to the confines of Egypt, and fetch water got from hot Meroe [3] with which to sprinkle the Temple of Isis which stands hard by the ancient sheepfold.[4] For she believes that the command was given by the voice of the Goddess herself—a pretty kind of mind and spirit for the Gods to have converse with by night! Hence the chief and highest place of honour is awarded to Anubis,[5] who, with his linen-clad and bald crew, mocks at the weeping of the people as he runs along.[6] He it is that obtains pardon for wives who break the law of purity on days that should be kept holy, and exacts huge penalties when the coverlet has been profaned, or when the silver serpent has been seen to nod his head. His tears and carefully-studied mutterings make sure that Osiris will not refuse a pardon for the fault, bribed, no doubt, by a fat goose and a slice of sacrificial cake.

542 No sooner has that fellow departed than a palsied Jewess, leaving her basket and her truss of hay,[7] comes begging to her secret ear; she is an interpreter of the laws of Jerusalem, a high priestess of the tree,[8] a trusty go-between of highest heaven. She, too, fills her palm, but more sparingly, for a Jew will tell you dreams of any kind you please for the minutest of coins.

[7] See iii. 14: *Iudaei quorum cophinus faenumque supellex.*

[8] Jews were allowed to camp out under trees as gipsies do in our own country. See iii. 15, 16.

Spondet amatorem tenerum vel divitis orbi
testamentum ingens calidae pulmone columbae
tractato Armenius vel Commagenus haruspex ;
pectora pullorum rimabitur, exta catelli,
interdum et pueri ; faciet quod deferat ipse.
Chaldaeis set maior erit fiducia : quidquid
dixerit astrologus, credent a fonte relatum
Hammonis, quoniam Delphis oracula cessant
et genus humanum damnat caligo futuri.
praecipuus tamen est horum, qui saepius exul,
cuius amicitia conducendaque tabella
magnus civis obit et formidatus Othoni.[1]
inde fides artis, sonuit si dextera ferro
laevaque, si longe castrorum in carcere mansit.
nemo mathematicus genium indemnatus habebit,
sed qui paene perit, cui vix in Cyclada mitti
contigit et parva tandem caruisse Seripho.
Consulit ictericae lento de funere matris,
ante tamen de te Tanaquil tua, quando sororem
efferat et patruos, an sit victurus adulter
post ipsam : quid enim maius dare numina possunt ?
haec tamen ignorat[2] quid sidus triste minetur
Saturni, quo laeta Venus se proferat astro,
quis mensis damnis, quae dentur tempora lucro :

[1] Lines 558–9 are omitted in some MSS., and seem out of place here.
[2] *haec ignorat* GLOU : *haec ignorant* T : *hae ignorant* Büch. (1893).

---

[1] According to Tac. *Hist.* i. 22 the name of Otho's astrologer was Ptolemy. [2] The emperor Galba.

548 An Armenian or Commagenian sooth-sayer, after examining the lungs of a dove that is still warm, will promise a youthful lover, or a big bequest from some rich and childless man; he will probe the breast of a chicken, or the entrails of a puppy, sometimes even of a boy; some things he will do with the intention of informing against them himself.

553 Still more trusted are the Chaldaeans; every word uttered by the astrologer they will believe has come from Hammon's fountain, for now that the Delphian oracles are dumb, man is condemned to darkness as to his future. Chief among these was one [1] who was oft in exile, through whose friendship and venal ticket of prophecy the great citizen [2] died whom Otho feared. For nowadays no astrologer has credit unless he have been imprisoned in some distant camp, with chains clanking on either arm; none believe in his powers unless he has been condemned and all but put to death, having just contrived to get deported to a Cyclad, or to escape at last from the diminutive Seriphos.[3]

565 Your excellent Tanaquil [4] consults as to the long-delayed death of her jaundiced mother—having previously enquired about your own; she will ask when she may expect to bury her sister, or her uncles; and whether her lover will outlive herself—what greater boon could the Gods bestow upon her? And yet your Tanaquil does not herself understand the gloomy threats of Saturn, or under what constellation Venus will show herself propitious, which months will be months of losses, which of gains; but beware

[3] One of the smaller Cyclades (*Serpho*), a well-known place of exile.

[4] *i.e.* his wife. Tanaquil was wife of Tarquinius Priscus (*perita caelestium prodigiorum*, Liv. i. 34).

illius occursus etiam vitare memento,
in cuius manibus ceu pinguia sucina tritas
cernis ephemeridas, quae nullum consulit et iam
consulitur, quae castra viro patriamque petente
non ibit pariter numeris revocata Thrasylli.
ad primum lapidem vectari cum placet, hora
sumitur ex libro ; si prurit frictus ocelli
angulus, inspecta genesi collyria poscit ;
aegra licet iaceat, capiendo nulla videtur
aptior hora cibo nisi quam dederit Petosiris.

Si mediocris erit, spatium lustrabit utrimque
metarum et sortes ducet frontemque manumque
praebebit vati crebrum poppysma roganti.
divitibus responsa dabit [1] Phryx augur, et Indus [2]
conductus, dabit astrorum mundique peritus
atque aliquis senior qui publica fulgura condit :
plebeium in circo positum est et in aggere fatum ;
quae nudis longum ostendit cervicibus aurum
consulit ante falas delphinorumque columnas
an saga vendenti nubat caupone relicto.

Hae tamen et partus subeunt discrimen et omnis
nutricis tolerant fortuna urgueute labores ;

[1] *dabit* PG : *dabunt* FTU.

[2] *indus* Brit. 15 B xvii : *inde* PΣψ : *indi* U : Owen and Büch. (1893) *Indae* : Housm. and Büch. (1910) *inde*. Housm. thinks a line has dropped out.

[1] Roman ladies carried balls of amber in their hands, either as a scent or for warmth.

[2] The favourite astrologer of Tiberius.

[3] An ancient Egyptian astrologer.

[4] The *metae* were the turning-posts at each end of the low wall (*spina*) round which the chariots had to turn. Each *meta* consisted of a group of conical pillars with dolphins on them.

[5] *Poppysma* is a smacking sound made by the lips ; it was

of ever encountering one whom you see clutching a well-worn calendar in her hands as if it were a ball of clammy amber[1]; one who inquires of none, but is now herself inquired of; one who, if her husband is going forth to camp, or returning home from abroad, will not bear him company if the numbers of Thrasyllus[2] call her back. If she wants to drive as far as the first mile-stone, she finds the right hour from her book; if there is an itch when she rubs a corner of her eye, she will not call for a salve until she has consulted her horoscope: and if she be ill in bed, deems no hour so suitable for taking food as that prescribed to her by Petosiris.[3]

582 If the woman be of humble rank, she will promenade between the turning-posts[4] of the Circus; she will have her fortune told, and will present her brow and her hand to the seer who asks for many an approving smack.[5] Wealthy women will pay for answers from a Phrygian or Indian augur well skilled in the stars and the heavens, or one of the elders employed to expiate thunderbolts.[6] Plebeian destinies are determined in the Circus or on the ramparts[7]: the woman[8] who displays a long gold chain on her bare neck inquires before the pillars and the columns of dolphins whether she shall throw over the tavern-keeper and marry the old-clothes-man.

592 These poor women, however, endure the perils of child-birth, and all the troubles of nursing to which their lot condemns them; but how often

apparently a sign of approval and satisfaction. These sounds are made by the consulting party.

[6] By burying (*condere*) what had been struck.

[7] The famous rampart of Servius Tullius.

[8] Apparently alluding to a low class of women.

sed iacet aurato vix ulla puerpera lecto.
tantum artes huius, tantum medicamina possunt,
quae steriles facit atque homines in ventre necandos
conducit. gaude, infelix, atque ipse bibendum
porrige quidquid erit; nam si distendere vellet
et vexare uterum pueris salientibus, esses
Aethiopis fortasse pater, mox decolor heres
impleret tabulas numquam tibi mane videndus.
Transeo suppositos et gaudia votaque saepe
ad spurcos decepta lacus, atque inde petitos
pontifices, salios Scaurorum nomina falso
corpore laturos. stat Fortuna inproba noctu
adridens nudis infantibus; hos fovet omnes[1]
involvitque sinu, domibus tunc porrigit altis
secretumque sibi mimum parat; hos amat, his se
ingerit utque suos semper producit alumnos.
Hic magicos adfert cantus, hic Thessala vendit
philtra, quibus valeat mentem vexare mariti
et solea pulsare natis: quod desipis, inde est,
inde animi caligo et magna oblivio rerum
quas modo gessisti. tamen hoc tolerabile, si non[2]
et furere incipias ut avunculus ille Neronis,
cui totam tremuli frontem Caesonia pulli

[1] *omnes* ψ : *omni* PT and most edd.

[2] Some MSS. here insert three lines not given above (one MS. places them after 601). See Housm. on this passage, and also in *C.R.* vol. xv. 265 *sqq.* See also Owen's note.

[1] These were pools or reservoirs in which infants were exposed. Fortune delights in spiriting these foundlings into the houses of the great.

[2] The priests of Mars, recruited from noble families.

[3] Thessaly was famous for witches and the magic art The husband here is made mad by a love-potion.

does a gilded bed contain a woman that is lying in? So great is the skill, so powerful the drugs, of the abortionist, paid to murder mankind within the womb. Rejoice, poor wretch; give her the stuff to drink whatever it be, with your own hand: for were she willing to get big and trouble her womb with bouncing babes, you might perhaps find yourself the father of an Ethiopian; and some day a coloured heir, whom you would rather not meet by daylight, would fill all the places in your will.

602 I say nothing of supposititious children, of the hopes and prayers so often cheated at those filthy pools[1] from which are supplied Priests and Salii,[2] with bodies that will falsely bear the name of Scauri. There Fortune shamelessly takes her stand by night, smiling on the naked babes; she fondles them all and folds them in her bosom, and then, to provide herself with a secret comedy, she sends them forth to the houses of the great. These are the children that she loves, on these she lavishes herself, and with a laugh brings them always forward as her own nurslings.

610 One man supplies magical spells; another sells Thessalian[3] charms by which a wife may upset her husband's mind, and lather his buttocks with a slipper; thence come loss of reason, and darkness of soul, and blank forgetfulness of all that you did but yesterday. Yet even that can be endured, if only you become not raving mad like that uncle[4] of Nero's into whose drink Caesonia poured the whole brow of a weakly foal[5]; and what

[4] The emperor Caligula. His wife Caesonia was said to have made him mad by a love-philtre.

[5] Alluding to the *hippomanes*, an excrescence on the head of a young foal, which was used in love-potions.

infudit. quae non faciet quod principis uxor ?
ardebant cuncta et fracta conpage ruebant,
non aliter quam si fecisset Iuno maritum
insanum. minus ergo nocens erit Agrippinae
boletus, siquidem unius praecordia pressit
ille senis tremulumque caput descendere iussit
in caelum et longa manantia labra saliva ;
haec poscit ferrum atque ignes, haec potio torquet,
haec lacerat mixtos equitum cum sanguine patres.
tanti partus equae, tanti una venefica constat.

Oderunt natos de paelice : nemo repugnet,
nemo vetet, iam iam privignum occidere fas est.
vos ego, pupilli, moneo, quibus amplior est res,
custodite animas et nulli credite mensae :
livida materno fervent adipata veneno.
mordeat ante aliquis quidquid porrexerit illa
quae peperit, timidus praegustet pocula papas.

Fingimus haec altum satura sumente cothurnum
scilicet, et finem egressi legemque priorum
grande Sophocleo carmen bacchamur hiatu,
montibus ignotum Rutulis caeloque Latino ?
nos utinam vani. set clamat Pontia " feci,
confiteor, puerisque meis aconita paravi,
quae deprensa patent ; facinus tamen ipsa peregi."
tune duos una, saevissima vipera, cena ?
tune duos ? " septem, si septem forte fuissent ! "

[1] Agrippina the younger murdered her husband, the Emperor Claudius, by a dish of mushrooms (Tac. *Ann.* xii. 57, Suet. 44). See v. 147.

woman will not follow when an Empress leads the way? The whole world was ablaze then and falling down in ruin just as if Juno had made her husband mad. Less guilty therefore will Agrippina's mushroom[1] be deemed, seeing that it only stopped the breath of one old man, and sent down his palsied head and slobbering lips to heaven, whereas the other potion demanded fire and sword and torture, mingling Knights and Fathers in one mangled bleeding heap. Such was the cost of one mare's offspring and of one she-poisoner.

627 A wife hates the children of a concubine; let none demur or forbid, seeing that it has long been deemed right and proper to slay a stepson. But I warn you wards—you that have a good estate—keep watch over your lives; trust not a single dish: those hot pastries are black with poison of a mother's baking. Whatever is offered you by the mother, let someone taste it first; let your trembling tutor take the first taste of every cup.

634 Now think you that all this is a fancy tale, and that our Satire is taking to herself the high heels of tragedy? Think you that I have out-stepped the limits and the laws of those before me, and am mouthing in Sophoclean tones a grand theme unknown to the Rutulian hills and the skies of Latium? Would indeed that my words were idle! But here is Pontia proclaiming "I did the deed; I gave aconite, I confess it, to my own children; the crime was detected, and is known to all; yes, with my own hands I did it." "What, you most savage of vipers? you killed two, did you, *two*, at a single meal?" "Aye, and seven too, had there chanced to be seven to kill!"

Credamus tragicis quidquid de Colchide torva
dicitur et Progne ; nil contra conor. et illae
grandia monstra suis audebant temporibus, sed
non propter nummos ; minor admiratio summis
debetur monstris, quotiens facit ira nocentes
hunc sexum et rabie iecur incendente feruntur
praecipites, ut saxa iugis abrupta, quibus mons
subtrahitur clivoque latus pendente recedit :
illam ego non tulerim, quae conputat et scelus ingens
sana facit. spectant subeuntem fata mariti
Alcestim, et similis si permutatio detur,
morte viri cupiant animam servare catellae.
occurrent multae tibi Belides atque Eriphylae
mane, Clytaemestram nullus non vicus habebit.
hoc tantum refert, quod Tyndaris illa bipennem
insulsam et fatuam dextra laevaque tenebat,
at nunc res agitur tenui pulmone rubetae ;
sed tamen et ferro, si praegustabit [1] Atrides
Pontica ter victi cautus medicamina regis.

SATVRA VII

Et spes et ratio studiorum in Caesare tantum ;
solus enim tristes hac tempestate Camenas

[1] *praegustabit* PSG : *praegustaret* ψ : *praegustarit* Markl. and Housm.

[1] Medea.

[2] Procne, daughter of Pandion, king of Athens, revenged herself on her husband, Tereus, by serving up to him the flesh of his son Itys. She was turned into a swallow.

[648] Let us believe all that Tragedy tells us of the savage Colchian[1] and of Procne[2]; I seek not to gainsay her. Those women were monsters of wickedness in their day; but it was not for money that they sinned. We marvel less at great crimes when it is wrath that incites the sex to the guilty deed, when burning passion carries them headlong, like a rock torn from a mountain side, when the ground beneath gives way, and the overhanging slopes of the hillside fall in. I cannot endure the woman who calculates, and commits a great crime in her sober senses. Our wives look on at Alcestis undergoing her husband's fate; if they were granted a like liberty of exchange, they would fain let the husband die to save a puppy-dog's life. You will meet a daughter of Belus[3] or an Eriphyle every morning: no street but has its Clytemnestra.[4] The only difference is this: the daughter of Tyndareus[5] wielded in her two hands a clumsy two-headed axe, whereas nowadays a slice of a toad's lung will do the business. Yet it may be done by steel as well, if the wary husband, son[6] of Atreus, have beforehand tasted the medicaments of the thrice-conquered king of Pontus.[7]

SATIRE VII

Learning and Letters Unprofitable

On Caesar alone hang all the hopes and prospects of the learned; he alone in these days of ours has cast a favouring glance upon the sorrowing Muses—

[3] Belus was father of Danaus; hence Danaids = Belides.

[4] The Danaids (daughters of Danaus), Eriphyle, and Clytemnestra, all killed their husbands.

[5] Clytemnestra was daughter of Tyndareus.

[6] Agamemnon, murdered by his wife Clytemnestra.

[7] Mithridates, who was said to have secured himself against poisoning by prophylactics.

respexit, cum iam celebres notique poetae
balneolum Gabiis, Romae conducere furnos
temptarent, nec foedum alii nec turpe putarent
praecones fieri, cum desertis Aganippes
vallibus esuriens migraret in atria Clio ;
nam si Pieria quadrans tibi nullus in umbra
ostendatur, ames nomen victumque Machaerae
et vendas potius commissa quod auctio vendit
stantibus, oenophorum tripedes armaria cistas,
Alcitheon Pacci, Thebas et Terea Fausti.
hoc satius quam si dicas sub iudice " vidi "
quod non vidisti, faciant equites Asiani
[quamquam et Cappadoces faciant equitesque
Bithyni,]
altera quos nudo traducit Gallia talo.
Nemo tamen studiis indignum ferre laborem
cogetur posthac, nectit quicumque canoris
eloquium vocale modis laurumque momordit.
hoc agite, o iuvenes. circumspicit et stimulat vos
materiamque sibi ducis indulgentia quaerit.
si qua aliunde putas rerum expectanda tuarum
praesidia atque ideo croceae membrana tabellae
impletur, lignorum aliquid posce ocius et quae
componis dona Veneris, Telesine, marito,
aut clude et positos tinea pertunde libellos.
frange miser calamum vigilataque proelia dele,
qui facis in parva sublimia carmina cella,
ut dignus venias hederis et imagine macra.
spes nulla ulterior ; didicit iam dives avarus
tantum admirari, tantum laudare disertos,

[1] An inspiring spring on Mt. Helicon, sacred to the Muses.
[2] Apparently an auctioneer. [3] Apparently names of tragedies. [4] Easterns originally imported as slaves, who had risen to be *equites*. [5] *i.e.* as slaves from Galatia. [6] Vulcan.

at a time when poets of name and fame thought of hiring baths at Gabii, or bakehouses in Rome, while others felt no shame in becoming public criers, and starving Clio herself, bidding adieu to the vales of Aganippe,[1] was flitting to the auction rooms. For if you see no prospect of earning a groat within the Muses' grove, you had better put up with Machaera's [2] name and profits and join in the battle of the sale-room, selling to the crowd winejars, tripods, book-cases and cupboards—the *Alcithoe* of Paccius, the *Thebes* or the *Tereus* [3] of Faustus! How much better that than to say before a judge "I saw" what you did not see! Leave that to the Knights of Asia,[4] of Bithynia and Cappadocia too, and gentry that were imported bare-footed [5] from New Gaul.

[17] But from this day forth no man who weaves the tuneful web of song and has bitten Apollo's laurel will be compelled to endure toil unworthy of his craft. To your task, young men! Your Prince is looking around and goading you on, seeking objects for his favour. If you expect patronage from any other quarter, and in that hope are filling up the parchment of your saffron tablet, you had better order faggots at once, Telesinus, and present your productions to the spouse [6] of Venus; or else put away your tomes, and let bookworms bore holes in them where they lie. Break your pen, poor wretch; destroy the battles that have robbed you of your sleep—you that are inditing lofty strains in a tiny garret, that you may come forth worthy of a scraggy bust [7] wreathed with ivy! No hope have you beyond that; your rich miser has now learnt only to admire, only to commend the

[7] The busts of poets were wreathed with ivy (*doctarum hederae praemia frontium*, Hor. *Od.* I. i. 29).

ut pueri Iunonis avem. sed defluit aetas
et pelagi patiens et cassidis atque ligonis.
taedia tunc subeunt animos, tunc seque suamque
Terpsichoren odit facunda et nuda senectus.

Accipe nunc artes ne quid tibi conferat iste
quem colis et Musarum et Apollinis aede relicta.
ipse facit versus, atque uni cedit Homero
propter mille annos. et si dulcedine famae
succensus recites, maculosas[1] commodat aedes;
haec longe ferrata domus servire iubetur,
in qua sollicitas imitatur ianua portas.
scit dare libertos extrema in parte sedentis
ordinis et magnas comitum disponere voces:
nemo dabit regum quanti subsellia constant
et quae conducto pendent anabathra tigillo,
quaeque reportandis posita est orchestra cathedris.
nos tamen hoc agimus tenuique in pulvere sulcos
ducimus et litus sterili versamus aratro.
nam si discedas, laqueo tenet ambitiosi
[consuetudo mali, tenet insanabile multos][2]
scribendi cacoethes et aegro in corde senescit.

Sed vatem egregium, cui non sit publica vena,
qui nil expositum soleat deducere nec qui

[1] *maculosas* Heinr.: *maculonsas* Ribb.Housm.: *maculonus* ψ: *maculonis* PGBüch.

[2] The text of lines 50–52 is evidently corrupt. Part of the passage seems to be a gloss, but, even if line 51 be eliminated, lines 50 and 52 can scarcely be translated though the general sense is clear.

eloquent, just as boys admire the bird of Juno.[1] Meantime the years flow by that could have endured the sea, the helmet, or the spade; the soul becomes wearied, and an eloquent but penniless old age curses itself and its own Terpsichore![2]

[36] And now learn the devices by which the patron for whose favour you desert the temples of the Muses and Apollo seeks to avoid spending anything on you. He writes verses of his own; yielding the palm to none but Homer—and that only because of his thousand years. If the sweets of fame fire you to give a recitation, he puts at your disposal a tumble-down house in some distant quarter, the door of which is closely barred like the gate of a beleaguered city. He knows how to supply you with freedmen to sit at the end of the rows, and how to distribute about the room the stalwart voices of his retainers: but none of your great men will give you as much as will pay for the benches, or for the tiers of seats resting on hired beams, or for the chairs in the front rows which will have to be returned when done with. Yet for all that, we poets stick to our task; we go on drawing furrows in the thin dust, and turning up the shore with unprofitable plough. For if you would give it up, the itch for writing and making a name holds you fast as with a noose, and becomes inveterate in your distempered brain.

[53] But your real poet, who has a vein of genius all his own—one who spins no hackneyed lays, and

[1] *i.e.* the peacock. [2] Properly the Muse of Dancing; used here, like Clio above, for poetry in general.

communi feriat carmen triviale moneta,
hunc, qualem nequeo monstrare et sentio tantum,
anxietate carens animus facit, omnis acerbi
inpatiens, cupidus silvarum aptusque bibendis
fontibus Aonidum. neque enim cantare sub antro
Pierio thyrsumque potest contingere maesta
paupertas atque aeris inops, quo nocte dieque
corpus eget: satur est cum dicit Horatius "euhoe!"
quis locus ingenio, nisi cum se carmine solo
vexant et dominis Cirrhae Nysaeque feruntur
pectora vestra duas non admittentia curas?
magnae mentis opus, nec de lodice paranda
attonitae, currus et equos faciesque deorum
aspicere et qualis Rutulum confundat Erinys.
nam si Vergilio puer et tolerabile desset
hospitium, caderent omnes a crinibus hydri,
surda nihil gemeret grave bucina: poscimus ut sit
non minor antiquo Rubrenus Lappa cothurno,
cuius et alveolos et laenam pignerat Atreus?
non habet infelix Numitor quod mittat amico:
Quintillae quod donet habet, nec defuit illi
unde emeret multa pascendum carne leonem
iam domitum; constat leviori belua sumptu
nimirum et capiunt plus intestina poetae.

Contentus fama iaceat Lucanus in hortis
marmoreis, et Serrano tenuique Saleio
gloria quantalibet quid erit, si gloria tantum est?

---

[1] Apollo and Dionysus.
[2] Turnus. See Virg. *Aen.* vii. 445 ff.

whose pieces are struck from no common mint—such an one as I cannot point to, and only feel—is the product of a soul free from care, that knows no bitterness, that loves the woodlands, and is fitted to drink at the Muses' spring. For how can unhappy Poverty sing songs in the Pierian cave and grasp the thyrsus when it is short of cash, which the body has need of both by night and day? Horace's stomach was well filled when he shouted his cry of *Evoe*! Where can genius find a place except in a heart stirred by song alone, that shuts out every thought but one, and is swept along by the lords of Cirrha and of Nysa![1] It needs a lofty soul, not one that is dismayed at the cost of a coverlet, to have visions of chariots and horses and Gods' faces, or to tell with what a mien the Fury confounded the Rutulian[2]: had Virgil possessed no slave, and no decent roof over his head, all the snakes would have fallen from the Fury's hair; no dread note would have boomed from her voiceless trumpet. Do we expect Rubrenus Lappa to be as great in the buskin as the ancients, when his *Atreus* has to be pawned for his cloak and crockery? Numitor, poor man, has nothing to give to a needy friend, though he is rich enough to send presents to his mistress, and he had enough, too, to buy a tamed lion that needed masses of meat for his keep. It costs less, no doubt, to keep a lion than a poet; the poet's belly is more capacious!

79 Lucan,[3] indeed, reclining amid the statues of his gardens, may be content with fame; but what will ever so much glory bring in to Serranus, or to the starving Saleius, if it be glory only? When

[3] The famous author of the *Pharsalia*, M. Annaeus Lucanus, A.D. 39-65.

currītur ad vocem iucundam et carmen amicae
Thebaidos, laetam cum fecit Statius urbem
promisitque diem: tanta dulcedine captos
adficit ille animos tantaque libidine volgi
auditur; sed cum fregit subsellia versu,
esurit, intactam Paridi nisi vendit Agauen.
ille et militiae multis largitur honorem,
semenstri digitos vatum circumligat auro:
quod non dant proceres, dabit histrio; tu Camerinos
et Baream, tu nobilium magna atria curas?
praefectos Pelopea facit, Philomela tribunos.
haut tamen invideas vati quem pulpita pascunt:
quis tibi Maecenas, quis nunc erit aut Proculeius
aut Fabius? quis Cotta iterum, quis Lentulus alter?
tunc par ingenio pretium, tunc utile multis
pallere et vinum toto nescire Decembri.

Vester porro labor fecundior, historiarum
scriptores? perit[1] hic plus temporis atque olei plus.
nullo quippe modo millensima pagina surgit
omnibus et crescit multa damnosa papyro;
sic ingens rerum numerus iubet atque operum lex.
quae tamen inde seges? terrae quis fructus apertae?
quis dabit historico quantum daret acta legenti?

[1] *perit* PFG : *petit* ψ.

[1] P. Papinius Statius, author of the *Thebais*, *circ.* A.D. 61–96.

[2] Paris, a famous pantomimic dancer. There were two of the name; one a favourite of Nero, executed by him as a rival, A.D. 67; the other a favourite of Domitian, also executed, A.D. 87. See Introduction.

[3] The commanding officers (*tribuni*) of a Legion became *equites* after serving for six months. Claudius instituted the practice of making honorary appointments, without service, so as to bestow the title of *eques* on his favourites.

Statius[1] has gladdened the city by promising a day, people flock to hear his pleasing voice and his loved *Thebais*; so charmed are their souls by his sweetness, with such rapture does the multitude listen to him. But when his verses have brought down the house, poor Statius will starve if he does not sell his virgin *Agave* to Paris[2]: for it is Paris who appoints many to military commands; it is Paris who puts the golden ring round the poet's finger after six months of service.[3] You can get from a stage-player what no great man will give you: why frequent the spacious ante-chambers of the Camerini or of Barea? It is *Pelopea*[4] that appoints our Prefects, and *Philomela*[4] our tribunes! Yet you need not begrudge the bard who gains his living from the stage: who nowadays will be a Maecenas[5] to you, a Proculeius, or a Fabius? who another Cotta, or a second Lentulus? Genius in those days met with its due reward; many then found their profit in pale cheeks and in abjuring potations all through December.[6]

98 And is *your* labour more remunerative, ye writers of history? More time, more oil, is wasted here; regardless of all limit, the pages run up to thousands; the pile of paper is ever mounting to your ruin. So ordains the vast array of facts, and the rules of the craft. But what harvest will you gather, what fruit, from the tilling of your land? Who will give to an historian as much as he gives to the man who reads out the news?

[4] Names of pantomime plays.

[5] A noble patron of letters, especially of Horace; for Proculeius, see Hor. *Od.* II. ii. 5. Paulus Fabius Maximus was the patron of Ovid; Cotta is panegyrised by Ovid, *Epp. ex P.* II. viii.; P. Lentulus Spinther helped to recall Cicero from banishment.

[6] In reference to the festive season of the Saturnalia.

"Sed genus ignavum, quod lecto gaudet et umbra."
dic igitur quid causidicis civilia praestent
officia et magno comites in fasce libelli.
ipsi magna sonant, sed tum cum creditor audit
praecipue, vel si tetigit latus acrior illo
qui venit ad dubium grandi cum codice nomen.
tunc inmensa cavi spirant mendacia folles
conspuiturque sinus: veram deprendere messem
si libet, hinc centum patrimonia causidicorum,
parte alia solum russati pone Lacertae.[1]
consedere duces, surgis tu pallidus Aiax
dicturus dubia pro libertate bubulco
iudice. rumpe miser tensum iecur, ut tibi lasso
figantur virides, scalarum gloria, palmae.
quod vocis pretium? siccus petasunculus et vas
pelamydum aut veteres, Maurorum epimenia, bulbi,
aut vinum Tiberi devectum, quinque lagonae.
si quater egisti, si contigit aureus unus,
inde cadunt partes ex foedere pragmaticorum.
Aemilio dabitur quantum licet, et melius nos
egimus; huius enim stat currus aeneus, alti
quadriiuges in vestibulis, atque ipse feroci

[1] *Lacertae* ψ : *Lacernae* P.

---

[1] The *creditor* is one to whom the advocate owes money, and before whom he wishes to make a good appearance; the *acrior illo* is a litigant whom the advocate hopes to secure as a client.

[2] Spitting or slobbering on the breast was considered lucky, to obviate the evil results of boasting.

[3] Lacerta is apparently the name of a charioteer.

[4] Alluding to the contest between Ajax and Ulysses for the arms of Achilles.

105 "O but historians are a lazy crew, that delight in lounging and the shade." Tell me then what do pleaders get for their services in the courts, and for those huge bundles of papers which they bring with them? They talk big enough, especially if a creditor[1] of their own happens to be listening: or if, more urgent still, they get poked in the ribs by one who has brought a huge ledger to claim a doubtful debt. Then indeed do their capacious bellows pant forth prodigious lies! Then are their breasts be-slobbered![2] and yet, if you want to discover their real gains, you may put on one side the fortunes of a hundred lawyers, on the other that of a single jockey of the Red![3] The great men are seated; you rise, a pale-faced Ajax,[4] to declaim before a bumpkin judge in a case of contested liberty. Strain your lungs, poor fool, until they burst, that when exhausted by your labours some green palm-branches may be put up to adorn your garret.[5] What fee will your voice bring in? A dried-up ham[6]; a jar of sprats; some veteran onions which would serve as a month's rations for a Moor, or five flagons of wine that has sailed down the Tiber.[7] If you have pled on four occasions, and been lucky enough to get a gold piece, a bit of it, as part of the compact, will go to the attorneys. Aemilius will get the maximum legal fee,[8] though he did not plead so well as we did; but then he has a bronze chariot in his forecourt, with four stately steeds, and an effigy

[5] The advocate who had won a case would have his stair decorated.

[6] Lawyers received presents in kind from their country clients.

[7] *i.e.* poor wine; like the *vile Sabinum* of Hor. *Od.* I. xx. 1.

[8] Aemilius was a noble; the Lex Cincia (B.C. 204) placed a limit upon lawyers' fees.

bellatore sedens curvatum hastile minatur
eminus et statua meditatur proelia lusca.
sic Pedo conturbat, Matho deficit, exitus hic est
Tongilii, magno cum rhinocerote lavari
qui solet et vexat lutulenta balnea turba,
perque forum iuvenes longo premit assere Maedos
empturus pueros argentum murrina villas;
spondet enim Tyrio stlattaria purpura filo.
et tamen est illis hoc utile: purpura vendit
causidicum, vendunt amethystina; convenit illi
et strepitu et facie maioris vivere census,
sed finem inpensae non servat prodiga Roma.
Fidimus eloquio[1]? Ciceroni nemo ducentos
nunc dederit nummos, nisi fulserit anulus ingens.
respicit haec primum qui litigat, an tibi servi
octo, decem comites, an post te sella, togati
ante pedes. ideo conducta Paulus agebat
sardonyche, atque ideo pluris quam Gallus agebat,
quam Basilus. rara in tenui facundia panno.
quando licet Basilo flentem producere matrem?
quis bene dicentem Basilum ferat? accipiat te
Gallia vel potius nutricula causidicorum
Africa, si placuit mercedem ponere linguae.
Declamare doces? o ferrea pectora Vetti,
cum perimit saevos classis numerosa tyrannos.

[1] Instead of *fidimus eloquio* ψ has *ut redeant veteres.* See Housm., Introd. p. xxv.

---

[1] These men are ruined by imitating the extravagance of their betters.

[2] Flourishing schools of rhetoric were established under the early Empire in Gaul, Spain, and Africa.

of himself, seated on a gallant charger, brandishing from afar a bending spear, and practising for battle with one eye closed. That is how Pedo[1] becomes bankrupt, and how Matho[1] fails; and such will be the end of Tongilius, who frequents the baths with a huge oil-flask of rhinoceros horn, and disturbs the bathers with a mob of dirty retainers. His Maedian bearers are weighed down by the long poles of his litter as he passes through the Forum on his way to buy slaves or plate, agate vases or country houses; for that foreign robe of his, with its Tyrian purple, gains him credit. Yet these gentlemen get profit out of this display; the purple or the violet robe brings practice to a lawyer; it pays him to live with a racket and an appearance beyond his means, and wasteful Rome sets no limits to extravagance.

139 Trust in eloquence, indeed? Why, no one would give Cicero himself two hundred pence nowadays unless a huge ring were blazing on his finger. The first thing that a litigant looks to is, Have you eight slaves and a dozen retainers? Have you a litter to wait on you, and gowned citizens to walk before you? That is why Paulus used to hire a sardonyx ring; that is why he earned a higher fee than Gallus or Basilus. When is eloquence ever found beneath a shabby coat? When does Basilus get the chance of producing in court a weeping mother? Who would listen to him, however well he spoke? Better go to Gaul or to Africa,[2] that nursing mother of lawyers, if you would make a living by your tongue!

150 Or do you teach rhetoric? O Vettius! what iron bowels must you have when your troop of scholars slays[3] the cruel tyrant: when each in turn

[2] *i.e.* in a rhetorical exercise.

nam quaecumque sedens modo legerat, haec eadem stans
perferet atque eadem cantabit versibus isdem;
occidit miseros crambe repetita magistros.
quis color et quod sit causae genus atque ubi summa
quaestio, quae veniant diversa e parte[1] sagittae,
nosse volunt omnes, mercedem solvere nemo.
"mercedem appellas? quid enim scio?" culpa docentis
scilicet arguitur, quod laevae parte mamillae
nil salit Arcadico iuveni, cuius mihi sexta
quaque die miserum dirus caput Hannibal inplet,
quidquid id est de quo deliberat, an petat urbem
a Cannis, an post nimbos et fulmina cautus
circumagat madidas a tempestate cohortes.
quantum vis stipulare et protinus accipe: quid[2] do
ut totiens illum pater audiat? haec alii sex
vel plures uno conclamant ore sophistae
et veras agitant lites raptore relicto;
fusa venena silent, malus ingratusque maritus
et quae iam veteres sanant mortaria caecos.

Ergo sibi dabit ipse rudem, si nostra movebunt
consilia, et vitae diversum iter ingredietur
ad pugnam qui rhetorica descendit ab umbra,
summula ne pereat qua vilis tessera venit

[1] *parte.* So ψ: P and Büch. have *forte.*
[2] *quid* PFGTU: *quod* ALO.

---

[1] For the meaning of *color*, see note on vi. 280.
[2] The English idiom would be "What would I *not* give."
[3] *i.e.* teachers, especially of rhetoric.
[4] The rhetor goes to law to recover his fees.

stands up, and repeats what he has just been conning in his seat, reciting the self-same things in the self-same verses! Served up again and again, the cabbage is the death of the unhappy master! What complexion[1] should be put on the case; within what category it falls; what is the crucial point; what hits will be made on the other side—these are things which everyone wants to know, but for which no one is willing to pay. "Pay indeed? Why, what have I learnt?" asks the scholar. It is the teacher's fault, of course, that the Arcadian youth feels no flutter in his left breast when he dins his "dire Hannibal" into my unfortunate head on every sixth day of the week, whatever be the question which he is pondering: whether he should make straight for the city from the field of Cannae, or whether, after the rain and thunder, he should warily lead around his cohorts, all dripping after the storm. Name any sum you please and you shall have it: what would I give[2] that the lad's father might listen to him as often as I do! So cry half-a-dozen or more of our sophists[3] in one breath, entering upon real lawsuits[4] of their own, abandoning "The Ravisher" and forgetting all about "The Poisoner" or "The wicked and thankless Husband," or the pounded drugs that restore sight to the chronic blind.

171 And so, if my counsel goes for anything, I would advise the man who comes down from his rhetorical shade to fight for a petty sum that would buy a trumpery corn-ticket[5]—for that's the most handsome fee he will ever get—to present himself with a discharge,[6]

[5] A ticket for the gratuitous distribution of corn.

[6] A retiring gladiator received a wooden sword or quarter-staff (*rudis*) as a token of discharge.

frumenti ; quippe haec merces lautissima. tempta
Chrysogonus quanti doceat vel Polio quanti
lautorum pueros : artem scindes[1] Theodori
Balnea sescentis et pluris porticus in qua
gestetur dominus quotiens pluit—anne serenum
expectet spargatve luto iumenta recenti ?
hic potius, namque hic mundae nitet ungula mulae.
parte alia longis Numidarum fulta columnis
surgat et algentem rapiat cenatio solem.
quanticumque domus, veniet qui fercula docte
conponat,[2] veniet qui pulmentaria condit.[3]
hos inter sumptus sestertia Quintiliano,
ut multum, duo sufficient ; res nulla minoris
constabit patri quam filius. "unde igitur tot
Quintilianus habet saltus ?" exempla novorum
fatorum transi : felix et pulcer et acer,
felix et sapiens et nobilis et generosus
adpositam nigrae lunam subtexit alutae ;
felix orator quoque maximus et iaculator,
et si perfrixit, cantat bene. distat enim quae
sidera te excipiant modo primos incipientem
edere vagitus et adhuc a matre rubentem.
si Fortuna volet, fies[4] de rhetore consul ;
si volet haec eadem, fiet de consule rhetor.

[1] *scindens* Pψ : *scindes* conj. Iahn, confirmed by Voss. 64.
[2] *componit* GT. P and most MSS. have *componat*. See Housm., *Journal of Phil.* No. 67, p. 41.
[3] P has *condit* : LOU *condat* : *condiat* Lachmann.
[4] *fies* pψ : *fiet* P.

[1] Chrysogonus was a singer (vi. 74), Pollio a player on the *cithara* (vi. 387).
[2] A rhetorician at Rhodes. [3] See p. 88, n. 3.

and enter upon some other walk of life. If you ask what fees Chrysogonus and Pollio[1] get for teaching music to the sons of our great men, you will tear up the *Rhetoric* of Theodorus.[2]

178 Your great man will spend six hundred thousand sesterces upon his baths, and something more on the colonnade in which he is to drive on rainy days. What? Is he to wait for a clear sky, and bespatter his beasts with fresh mud? How much better to drive where the mules' hoofs will remain bright and spotless! Elsewhere let a banqueting hall arise, supported on lofty pillars of African marble, to catch the winter sun. And cost the house what it may, there will come a man to arrange the courses skilfully, and the man who makes up the tasty dishes. Amidst expenditure such as this two thousand sesterces will be enough, and more than enough, for Quintilian:[3] there is nothing on which a father will not spend more money than on his son. "How then," you ask, "does Quintilian possess those vast domains?" Pass by cases of rare good fortune: the lucky man[4] is both beautiful and brave, he is wise and noble and high-born; he sews on to his black shoe the crescent of the Senator. He is a great orator too, a good javelin-man, and if he chance to have caught a cold, he sings divinely. For it makes all the difference by what stars you are welcomed when you begin to utter your first squalls, and are still red from your mother's womb. If Fortune so choose, you will become a Consul from being a rhetor; if again she so wills, you will become a rhetor from being a Consul.

[4] Juvenal sarcastically assigns to the lucky man all the qualities which the Stoics attributed to the *sapiens*. See Hor. *Epp.* I. i. 106-108. Juvenal probably had an eye to that passage.

Ventidius quid enim? quid Tullius? anne aliud
quam
sidus et occulti miranda potentia fati?
servis regna dabunt, captivis fata triumphum.
felix ille tamen corvo quoque rarior albo.
paenituit multos vanae sterilisque cathedrae,
sicut Thrasimachi probat exitus atque Secundi
Carrinatis; et hunc inopem vidistis, Athenae,
nil praeter gelidas ausae conferre cicutas.
di, maiorum umbris tenuem et sine pondere terram
spirantisque crocos et in urna perpetuum ver,
qui praeceptorem sancti voluere parentis
esse loco. metuens virgae iam grandis Achilles
cantabat patriis in montibus et cui non tunc
eliceret risum citharoedi cauda magistri;
sed Rufum atque alios caedit sua quemque iuventus,
Rufum, quem totiens Ciceronem Allobroga dixit.

Quis gremio Celadi doctique Palaemonis adfert
quantum grammaticus meruit labor? et tamen ex hoc
quodcumque est, minus est autem quam rhetoris aera,
discipuli custos praemordet acoenonoetus[1]
et qui dispensat frangit sibi. cede, Palaemon,

[1] *acoenonoetus* PS: *acoenonetos* U (ἀκοινώνητος "refusing to go shares").

---

[1] P. Ventidius Bassus rose from nothing to be consul B.C. 43; he triumphed over the Parthians.

[2] Cicero.

[3] Both rhetoricians. Carrinas was banished by Caligula, and apparently hanged himself.

[4] The reference must surely be to Socrates; though *illum* would have been more appropriate than *hunc*.

What of Ventidius[1] and Tullius?[2] What made their fortunes but the stars and the wondrous potency of secret Fate? The Fates will give kingdoms to a slave, and triumphs to a captive! Nevertheless that fortunate man is rare—rarer than a white raven. Many have repented them of the Professor's vain and unprofitable chair; witness the ends of Thrasymachus[3] and Secundus Carrinas.[3] Him too didst thou see in poverty on whom thou, O Athens, hadst nothing better to bestow than a cup of cold hemlock![4] Grant, O Gods, that the earth may lie soft and light upon the shades of our forefathers: may the sweet-scented crocus and a perpetual spring-time bloom over their ashes; who deemed that the teacher should hold the place of a revered parent! Achilles trembled for fear of the rod when already of full age, singing songs in his native hills; nor would he then have dared to laugh at the tail of his musical instructor.[5] But Rufus and the rest are cudgelled each by his own pupils—that Rufus[6] whom they have so often styled "the Allobrogian Cicero."

215 Who pours into the lap of Celadus, or of the learned Palaemon,[7] as much as their grammatical labours deserve? And yet, small as the fee is—and it is smaller than the rhetor's wage—the pupil's unfeeling[8] attendant nibbles off a bit of it for himself; so too does the steward. But give in,

[5] Achilles was instructed in the lyre by the Centaur Chiron.

[6] Rufus was apparently an Allobrogian. The Allobroges occupied the country between the Rhone and the Isère.

[7] Q. Remmius Palaemon, a famous Roman grammarian in the time of Tiberius and Caligula.

[8] *Acoenonoetus* is one of those Greek terms whose use Juvenal wishes to ridicule. The Scholiast explains it as *communi sensu carens.* See Mayor.

et patere inde aliquid decrescere, non aliter
quam
institor hibernae tegetis niveique cadurci,
dummodo non pereat mediae quod noctis ab hora
sedisti, qua nemo faber, qua nemo sederet
qui docet obliquo lanam deducere ferro;
dummodo non pereat totidem olfecisse lucernas
quot stabant pueri, cum totus decolor esset
Flaccus et haereret nigro fuligo Maroni.

Rara tamen merces quae cognitione tribuni
non egeat. sed vos saevas inponite leges,
ut praeceptori verborum regula constet,
ut legat historias, auctores noverit omnes
tamquam ungues digitosque suos, ut forte rogatus
dum petit aut thermas aut Phoebi balnea, dicat
nutricem Anchisae, nomen patriamque novercae
Anchemoli, dicat quot Acestes vixerit annis,
quot Siculi Phrygibus vini donaverit urnas;
exigite ut mores teneros ceu pollice ducat,
ut si quis cera voltum facit; exigite ut sit
et pater ipsius coetus, ne turpia ludant,
ne faciant vicibus; non est leve tot puerorum
observare manus oculosque in fine trementis.
"haec," inquit, "cura, sed [1] cum se verterit annus,
accipe, victori populus quod postulat, aurum."

[1] *cura sed* G and one of Ruperti's MSS.: *curas et* Pψ and Büch. (1893): *cures et* Owen.

Palaemon; suffer some diminution of your wage, like the hawker who sells rags and white Gallic blankets for winter wear, if only it do not go for nothing that you have sat from midnight in a hole which no blacksmith would put up with, no workman who teaches how to card wool with slanting tool: if only it do not go for nothing to have snuffed up the odour of as many lamps as you had scholars in your class thumbing a discoloured Horace or a soot-begrimed Virgil.

228 But it is seldom that the fee can be recovered without a judgment of a tribune. And yet be sure, ye parents, to impose the strictest laws upon the teacher: he must never be at fault in his grammar; he must know all history, and have all the authorities at his finger-tips. If asked a chance question on his way to the baths, or to the establishment of Phoebus,[1] he must at once tell you who was the nurse of Anchises, what was the name and birth-place of Anchemolus'[2] step-mother, to what age Acestes lived, how many flagons of Sicilian wine he presented to the Trojans.[3] Require of him that he shall mould the young minds as a man moulds a face out of wax with his thumb; insist that he shall be a father to the whole brood, so that they shall play no nasty game, and do no nasty trick—no easy matter to watch the hands and sparkling eyes of so many youngsters! "See to all this," you say, "and then, when the year comes round, receive the golden piece which the mob demands for a winning jockey."

[1] Probably a private bathing establishment.
[2] A warrior slain by Pallas. Virg. *Aen.* x. 389.
[3] *Aen.* v. 73 foll.

SATVRA VIII

STEMMATA quid faciunt? quid prodest, Pontice, longo
sanguine censeri, pictos ostendere vultus
maiorum et stantis in curribus Aemilianos
et Curios iam dimidios umerosque minorem
Corvinum et Galbam auriculis nasoque carentem?
quis fructus generis tabula iactare capaci
Corvinum,[1] posthac multa contingere virga
fumosos equitum cum dictatore magistros,
si coram Lepidis male vivitur? effigies quo
tot bellatorum, si luditur alea pernox
ante Numantinos, si dormire incipis ortu
Luciferi, quo signa duces et castra movebant?
cur Allobrogicis et magna gaudeat ara
natus in Herculeo Fabius lare, si cupidus, si
vanus et Euganea quantumvis mollior agna,
si tenerum attritus Catinensi pumice lumbum
squalentis traducit avos, emptorque veneni
frangenda miseram funestat imagine gentem?
tota licet veteres exornent undique cerae
atria, nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus.

[1] *Corvinum* P etc.: Housm. conj. *pontifices.*

---

[1] Alluding to the younger Scipio, son of L. Aemilius Paulus, who according to rule took the name of Aemilianus after his adoption by P. Cornelius Scipio (son of Scipio Africanus major).

[2] Scipio the younger was called *Numantinus* after the capture of Numantia, B.C. 134.

SATIRE VIII

Stemmata quid Faciunt?

What avail your pedigrees? What boots it, Ponticus, to be valued for one's ancient blood, and to display the painted visages of one's forefathers—an Aemilianus[1] standing in his car; a half-crumbled Curius; a Corvinus who has lost a shoulder, or a Galba that has neither ear nor nose? Of what profit is it to boast a Corvinus on your ample family chart, and thereafter to trace kinship through many a branch with grimy Dictators and Masters of the Horse, if in presence of the Lepidi you live an evil life? What signify all these effigies of warriors if you gamble all night long before your Numantine[2] ancestors, and begin your sleep with the rise of Lucifer, at an hour when our Generals of old would be moving their standards and their camps? Why should a Fabius, born in the home of Hercules,[3] take pride in the title Allobrogicus,[4] and in the Great Altar,[5] if he be covetous and empty-headed and more effeminate than a Euganean[6] lambkin; if his loins, rubbed smooth by Catanian[7] pumice, throw shame on his shaggy-haired grandfathers; or if, as a trafficker in poison, he dishonour his unhappy race by a statue that will have to be broken in pieces? Though you deck your hall from end to end with ancient waxen images, Virtue is the one and only true nobility. Be

[3] The Fabii pretended to be descended from Hercules.
[4] Alluding to Q. Fabius Maximus Allobrogicus (B.C. 121).
[5] The *ara maxima* of Hercules, near the Circus.
[6] Fine pasture land in Venetia, where dwelt the Euganei.
[7] From Catana near Mount Aetna.

Paulus vel Cossus vel Drusus moribus esto,
hos ante effigies maiorum pone tuorum,
praecedant ipsas illi te consule virgas.
prima mihi debes animi bona. sanctus haberi
iustitiaeque tenax factis dictisque mereris?
agnosco procerem: salve Gaetulice, seu tu
Silanus, quocumque alio de sanguine rarus
civis et egregius patriae contingis ovanti,
exclamare libet, populus quod clamat Osiri
invento. quis enim generosum dixerit hunc qui
indignus genere et praeclaro nomine tantum
insignis? nanum cuiusdam Atlanta vocamus,
Aethiopem Cycnum, pravam extortamque puellam
Europen; canibus pigris scabieque vetusta
levibus et siccae lambentibus ora lucernae
nomen erit pardus tigris leo, si quid adhuc est
quod fremat in terris violentius; ergo cavebis
et metues ne tu sic[1] Creticus aut Camerinus.
His ego quem monui? tecum est mihi sermo, Rubelli
Blande. tumes alto Drusorum stemmate, tamquam
feceris ipse aliquid propter quod nobilis esses,
ut te conciperet quae sanguine fulget Iuli,
non quae ventoso conducta sub aggere texit.
"vos humiles," inquis, "volgi pars ultima nostri,
quorum nemo queat patriam monstrare parentis;
ast ego Cecropides." vivas et originis huius
gaudia longa feras. tamen ima plebe Quiritem

[1] *sic* H. Junius: *si* P: *sis* ψ.

---

[1] When a new Apis was born, the people shouted *εὑρήκαμεν, συγχαίρομεν*. Apis was supposed to be an incarnation of Osiris.

a Paulus, or a Cossus, or a Drusus in character; rank them before the statues of your ancestors; let them precede the fasces themselves when you are Consul. You owe me, first of all things, the virtues of the soul; prove yourself stainless in life, one who holds fast to the right both in word and deed, and I acknowledge you as a lord; all hail to you, Gaetulicus, or you, Silanus, or from whatever stock you come, if you have proved yourself to a rejoicing country a rare and illustrious citizen, we would fain cry what Egypt shouts when Osiris has been found.[1] For who can be called "noble" who is unworthy of his race, and distinguished in nothing but his famous name? We call some one's dwarf an "Atlas," his blackamoor "a swan"; an ill-favoured, misshapen girl we call "Europa"; lazy hounds that are bald with chronic mange, and who lick the edges of a dry lamp, will bear the names of "Pard," "Tiger," "Lion," or of any other animal in the world that roars more fiercely: take you care that it be not on that principle that you are a Creticus or a Camerinus!

39 Who is it whom I admonish thus? It is to you, Rubellius Blandus,[2] that I speak. You are puffed up with the lofty pedigree of the Drusi, as though you had done something to make you noble, and to be conceived by one glorying in the blood of Iulus, rather than by one who weaves for hire under the windy rampart. "You others are dirt," you say; "the very scum of our populace; not one of you can point to his father's birthplace; but I am one of the Cecropidae!" Long life to you! May you long enjoy the glories of your birth! And yet among the

[2] Rubellius Blandus was married to Julia, grand-daughter of Tiberius. One of his descendants must be meant here.

facundum invenies : solet hic defendere causas
nobilis indocti ; veniet de plebe togata
qui iuris nodos et legum aenigmata solvat ;
hinc[1] petit Euphraten iuvenis domitique Batavi
custodes aquilas, armis industrius. at tu
nil nisi Cecropides, truncoque simillimus Hermae :
nullo quippe alio vincis discrimine quam quod
illi marmoreum caput est, tua vivit imago.

Dic mihi, Teucrorum proles : animalia muta
quis generosa putet nisi fortia ? nempe volucrem
sic laudamus equum, facili cui plurima palma
fervet et exultat rauco victoria circo ;
nobilis hic, quocumque venit de gramine, cuius
clara fuga ante alios et primus in aequore pulvis.
sed venale pecus Coryphaei posteritas et
Hirpini, si rara iugo victoria sedit ;
nil ibi maiorum respectus, gratia nulla
umbrarum ; dominos pretiis mutare iubentur
exiguis, trito ducunt epiraedia collo
segnipedes dignique molam versare nepotes.
ergo ut miremur te, non tua, privum aliquid da,
quod possim titulis incidere praeter honores
quos illis damus ac dedimus, quibus omnia debes.

Haec satis ad iuvenem quem nobis fama superbum
tradit et inflatum plenumque Nerone propinquo ;
rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illa
fortuna. sed te censeri laude tuorum,

[1] *hinc* conj. by Weidner and confirmed by GU: Pψ have *hic*.

[1] Famous racers.

lowest rabble you will find a Roman who has eloquence, one who will plead the cause of the unlettered noble; you must go to the toga-clad herd for a man to untie the knots and riddles of the law. From them will come the brave young soldier who marches to the Euphrates, or to the eagles that guard the conquered Batavians, while you are nothing but a Cecropid, the image of a limbless Hermes! For in no respect but one have you the advantage over him: his head is of marble, while yours is a living effigy!

56 Tell me, thou scion of the Trojans, who deems a dumb animal well-born unless it be strong? It is for this that we commend the swift horse whose speed sets every hand readily aglow, and fills the Circus with the hoarse shout of victory; that horse is noblest, on whatever pasture reared, whose rush clean outstrips the rest, and whose dust is foremost upon the plain. But the offspring of Coryphaeus [1] or Hirpinus [1] comes to the hammer if Victory light but seldom on his car: no respect is there paid to ancestors, no favour is shown to Shades! The descendants, slow of foot, that are fit only to turn a miller's wheel, pass an order, for a mere nothing, from one owner to another, and gall their necks against the collar. So, if I am to respect yourself, and not your belongings, give me something of your own to engrave among your titles, in addition to those honours which we pay, and have paid, to those to whom you owe your all.

71 Enough this for the youth whom report has handed down to us as proud and puffed up with his kinship to Nero: for in those high places regard for others is rarely to be found. But for you, Ponticus, I cannot wish that you should be valued for the

Pontice, noluerim sic ut nihil ipse futurae
laudis agas. miserum est aliorum incumbere famae,
ne conlapsa ruant subductis tecta columnis.
stratus humi palmes viduas desiderat ulmos.
esto bonus miles, tutor bonus, arbiter idem
integer; ambiguae si quando citabere testis
incertaeque rei, Phalaris licet imperet ut sis
falsus et admoto dictet periuria tauro,
summum crede nefas animam praeferre pudori,
et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.
dignus morte perit, cenet licet ostrea centum
Gaurana et Cosmi toto mergatur aeno.

Expectata diu tandem provincia cum te
rectorem accipiet,[1] pone irae frena modumque,
pone et avaritiae, miserere inopum sociorum:
ossa vides rerum[2] vacuis exucta medullis;
respice quid moneant leges, quid curia mandet,
praemia quanta bonos maneant, quam fulmine iusto
et Capito et Numitor ruerint damnante senatu,
piratae Cilicum. sed quid damnatio confert?
praeconem, Chaerippe, tuis circumspice pannis,
cum Pansa eripiat quidquid tibi Natta reliquit,
iamque tace; furor est post omnia perdere naulum.

[1] *accipiet* ψ : *accipiat* PAF.
[2] *rerum* PFGU : *regum* ALOT.

---

[1] The famous tyrant of Agrigentum, who slowly roasted his victims in a brazen bull. Cf. Persius, iii. 39.
[2] Gaurus was a hill overlooking the Lucrine lake.
[3] A well-known perfumer.
[4] Condemned for extortion in Cilicia. See Tac. *Ann.* xiii. 33.
[5] The word *piratae* is used because the Cilicians had been notorious pirates.
[6] The native Cilicians reap no benefit from the condemnation of the governors.

glories of your race while doing nothing that shall bring you praise in the days to come. It is a poor thing to lean upon the fame of others, lest the pillars give way and the house fall down in ruin. The vine-shoot, trailing upon the ground, longs for the widowed elm. Be a stout soldier, a faithful guardian, and an incorruptible judge; if summoned to bear witness in some dubious and uncertain cause, though Phalaris[1] himself should command you to tell lies and bring up his bull and dictate to you a perjury, count it the greatest of all sins to prefer life to honour, and to lose, for the sake of living, all that makes life worth having. The man who merits death is already dead, though he dine off a hundred Lucrine[2] oysters, and bathe in a whole cauldron of Cosmus'[3] essences.

87 When you enter your long-expected Province as its Governor, set a curb and a limit to your passion, as also to your greed; have compassion on the impoverished provincials, whose very bones you see sucked dry of marrow; have regard to what the law ordains, what the Senate enjoins; consider what honours await the good ruler, with what a just thunderstroke the Senate hurled down Capito and Numitor,[4] those plunderers[5] of the Cilicians. Yet what profit was there from their condemnation?[6] Look out for an auctioneer, Chaerippus,[7] to sell your rags, seeing that Pansa has stripped you of all that Natta left. And hold your tongue about it; when all else is gone, it is madness to throw away your passage-money.[8]

[7] Chaerippus is a Cilician native who is advised to sell anything he has left. Pansa and Natta are fictitious names to denote the plundering governors.

[8] *i.e.* the fee to be given to Charon for the passage over the Styx. Some take it of the passage-money to Rome.

Non idem gemitus olim neque vulnus erat par
damnorum sociis florentibus et modo victis.
plena domus tunc omnis, et ingens stabat acervus
nummorum, Spartana chlamys, conchylia Coa,
et cum Parrhasii tabulis signisque Myronis
Phidiacum vivebat ebur, nec non Polycliti
multus ubique labor, rarae sine Mentore mensae.
inde Dolabella [atque hinc] Antonius, inde
sacrilegus Verres referebant navibus altis
occulta spolia et plures de pace triumphos.
nunc sociis iuga pauca boum, grex parvus equarum,
et pater armenti capto eripietur agello,
ipsi deinde Lares, si quod spectabile signum,
si quis in aedicula deus unicus; haec etenim sunt
pro summis, iam[1] sunt haec maxima. despicias tu
forsitan inbellis Rhodios unctamque Corinthon;
despicias merito: quid resinata iuventus
cruraque totius facient tibi levia gentis?
horrida vitanda est Hispania, Gallicus axis
Illyricumque latus; parce et messoribus illis
qui saturant urbem circo scaenaeque vacantem;
quanta autem inde feres tam dirae praemia culpae,
cum tenuis nuper Marius discinxerit Afros?
curandum in primis ne magna iniuria fiat

[1] *iam* conj. by Büch.: *nam* Pψ and Büch. (1893): Housm. conj. *quis*.

[1] These are all names of famous Greek artists of the fifth and later centuries.

[2] Cornelius Dolabella, condemned of extortion in Cilicia, B.C. 78.

[3] C. Antonius, uncle of Mark Antony, expelled from the Senate for extortion, B.C. 70.

98 Very different in days of old were the wailings of our allies and the harm inflicted on them by losses, when they had been newly conquered and were wealthy still. Their houses then were all well-stored; they had piles of money, with Spartan mantles and Coan purples; beside the paintings of Parrhasius, and the statues of Myron, stood the living ivories of Phidias; everywhere the works of Polyclitus were to be seen; few tables were without a Mentor.[1] But after that came now a Dolabella,[2] now an Antonius,[3] and now a sacrilegious Verres,[4] loading big ships with secret spoils, peace-trophies more numerous than those of war. Nowadays, on capturing a little farm, you may rob our allies of a few yoke of oxen, or a small stable of mares, with the sire of the herd; or of the household gods themselves, if there be a good statue left, or a single Deity in his little shrine; such pass for the best, such are the choicest things now. You despise perchance, and deservedly, the unwarlike Rhodian and the scented Corinthian: what harm will their resined [5] youths do you, or the smooth legs of the entire breed? But keep clear of rugged Spain, avoid the land of Gaul and the Dalmatian shore; spare, too, those harvesters [6] who fill the belly of a city that has no leisure save for the Circus and the play: what great profit can you reap from outrages upon Libyans, seeing that Marius [7] has so lately stripped Africa to the skin? Beware above all things to do no wrong to men who are at

[4] C. Verres, propraetor of Sicily B.C. 73–70, attacked by Cicero in his famous Verrine orations.

[5] Resin was used as a depilatory.

[6] *i.e.* of Africa, whence came the main part of the Roman supplies of corn. [7] See n. to i. 49.

fortibus et miseris. tollas licet omne quod usquam est
auri atque argenti: scutum gladiumque relinques
[et iaculum et galeam; spoliatis arma supersunt.]
Quod modo proposui, non est sententia: verum est,
credite me vobis folium recitare Sibyllae.
si tibi sancta cohors comitum, si nemo tribunal
vendit acersecomes, si nullum in coniuge crimen
nec per conventus et cuncta per oppida curvis
unguibus ire parat nummos raptura Celaeno,
tum licet a Pico numeres genus, altaque si te
nomina delectant, omnem Titanida pugnam
inter maiores ipsumque Promethea ponas,
de quocumque voles proavum tibi sumito libro.
quod si praecipitem rapit ambitio atque libido,
si frangis virgas sociorum in sanguine, si te
delectant hebetes lasso lictore secures,
incipit ipsorum contra te stare parentum
nobilitas claramque facem praeferre pudendis.
omne animi vitium tanto conspectius in se
crimen habet, quanto maior qui peccat habetur.
quo mihi te solitum falsas signare tabellas
in templis quae fecit avus statuamque parentis
ante triumphalem? quo, si nocturnus adulter
tempora Santonico velas adoperta cucullo?
Praeter maiorum cineres atque ossa volucri
carpento rapitur pinguis Lateranus, et ipse,

[1] A mythical Latin king, son of Saturn, and father of Faunus.

once brave and miserable. You may take from them all the gold and silver that they have; you will still leave them their shields, their swords, their javelins, and helmets; plundered though they be, they will still have their arms.

125 What I have just propounded is no mere theme, it is the truth; you may take it that I am reading out to you one of the Sibyl's leaves. If your whole staff be incorruptible: if no long-haired Ganymede sells your judgments; if your wife be blameless; if, in your circuit through all the towns and districts, there is no Harpy ready to pounce with crooked talons upon gold,—then you may trace back your race to Picus[1]; if you delight in lofty names, you may count the whole array of Titans, and Prometheus himself, among your ancestors, and select for yourself a great-grandfather from whatever myth you please. But if you are carried away headlong by ambition and by lust; if you break your rods upon the bleeding backs of our allies; if you love to see your axes blunted and your headsmen weary, then the nobility of your own parents begins to rise up in judgment against you, and to hold a glaring torch over your misdeeds. The greater the sinner's name, the more signal the guiltiness of the sin in his soul. If you are wont to put your signature to forged deeds, what matters it to me that you sign them in temples built by your grandfather, or in front of the triumphal statue of your father? What does that matter, if you steal out at night for adultery, your brow concealed under a cowl of Gallic wool?

146 The bloated Lateranus whirls past the bones and ashes of his ancestors in a rapid car; with his

ipse rotam adstringit sufflamine mulio[1] consul.
nocte quidem, sed Luna videt, sed sidera testes
intendunt oculos. finitum tempus honoris
cum fuerit, clara Lateranus luce flagellum
sumet et occursum numquam trepidabit amici
iam senis ac virga prior annuet, atque maniplos
solvet et infundet iumentis hordea lassis.
interea, dum lanatas robumque iuvencum
more Numae caedit, Iovis ante altaria iurat
solam Eponam et facies olida ad praesepia pictas.
sed cum pervigiles placet instaurare popinas,
obvius adsiduo Syrophoenix unctus amomo
currit, Idymaeae Syrophoenix incola portae,
hospitis adfectu dominum regemque salutat,
et cum venali Cyane succincta lagona.
Defensor culpae dicet mihi " fecimus et nos
haec iuvenes." esto, desisti nempe nec ultra
fovisti errorem. breve sit quod turpiter audes;
quaedam cum prima resecentur crimina barba.
indulge veniam pueris: Lateranus ad illos
thermarum calices inscriptaque lintea vadit
maturus bello Armeniae Syriaeque tuendis
amnibus et Rheno atque Histro; praestare Neronem
securum valet haec aetas. mitte Ostia, Caesar,
mitte, sed in magna legatum quaere popina;
invenies aliquo cum percussore iacentem,
permixtum nautis et furibus ac fugitivis,

[1] All edd. before Bücheler (1886) read *multo*. The true reading *mulio* was found in the *Florilegium Sangallense* and is confirmed elsewhere. See Duff's and Housman's notes on the passage.

[1] Lateranus is called *mulio* as a term of reproach.
[2] A low quarter of Rome; perhaps the Jews' quarter.

own hands this muleteer[1] Consul locks the wheel with the drag. It is by night, indeed: but the moon looks on; the stars strain their eyes to see. When his time of office is over, Lateranus will take up his whip in broad daylight; not shrinking to meet a now-aged friend, he will be the first to salute him with his whip; he will unbind the trusses of hay, and deal out the fodder to his weary beasts. Meanwhile, though he slays woolly victims and tawny steers after Numa's fashion, he swears by no other deity before Jove's high altar than the Goddess of horse-flesh, and the images painted on the reeking stables. And when it pleases him to go back to the all-night tavern, a Syro-Phoenician runs forth to meet him—a denizen of the Idumaean gate[2] perpetually drenched in perfumes—and salutes him as lord and prince with all the airs of a host; and with him comes Cyane, her dress tucked up, carrying a flagon of wine for sale.

163 An apologist will say to me, "We too did the same as boys." Perhaps: but then you ceased from your follies and let them drop. Let your evil days be short; let some of your misdoings be cut off with your first beard.[3] Boys may be pardoned; but when Lateranus frequented those hot liquor shops with their inscribed linen awnings, he was of ripe age, fit to guard in arms the Armenian and Syrian rivers, the Rhine and the Danube; fit to protect the person of his Emperor. Send your Legate to Ostia, O Caesar, but search for him in some big cookshop! There you will find him, lying cheek-by-jowl beside a cut-throat, in the company of bargees, thieves, and

[3] The first cutting off of the beard of a son or a favourite was attended with some ceremony.

inter carnifices et fabros sandapilarum
et resupinati cessantia tympana galli.
aequa ibi libertas, communia pocula, lectus
non alius cuiquam, nec mensa remotior ulli.
quid facias talem sortitus, Pontice, servum?
nempe in Lucanos aut Tusca ergastula mittas.
at vos, Troiugenae, vobis ignoscitis, et quae
turpia cerdoni, Volesos Brutumque decebunt.
Quid si numquam adeo foedis adeoque pudendis
utimur exemplis, ut non peiora supersint?
consumptis opibus vocem, Damasippe, locasti
sipario, clamosum ageres ut Phasma Catulli.
Laureolum velox etiam bene Lentulus egit,
iudice me dignus vera cruce. nec tamen ipsi
ignoscas populo; populi frons durior huius
qui sedet et spectat triscurria patriciorum
planipedes audit Fabios, ridere potest qui
Mamercorum alapas. quanti sua funera vendant
quid refert? vendunt nullo cogente Nerone,
nec dubitant celsi praetoris vendere ludis.
finge tamen gladios inde atque hinc pulpita
poni,[1]
quid satius? mortem sic quisquam exhorruit, ut sit
zelotypus Thymeles, stupidi collega Corinthi?

[1] *poni* P; *pone* ψ.

[1] Private prisons in which gangs of slaves were kept in irons.

[2] *Siparium* was a curtain separating the front part of the stage, on which mimes were acted, from the back.

[3] A writer of *mimi*.

[4] A highwayman who was crucified.

[5] Actors in mimes wore no special shoes.

runaway slaves, beside hangmen and coffin-makers, or of some eunuch priest lying drunk with idle timbrels. Here is Liberty Hall! One cup serves for everybody; no one has a bed to himself, nor a table apart from the rest. What would you do, friend Ponticus, if you chanced upon a slave like this? You would send him to your Lucanian or Tuscan bridewell.[1] But you gentlemen of Trojan blood find excuses for yourselves; what would disgrace a huckster sits gracefully on a Volesus or a Brutus!

183 What if I can never cite any example so foul and shameful that there is not something worse behind? Your means exhausted, Damasippus, you hired out your voice to the stage,[2] taking the part of the Clamorous Ghost of Catullus.[3] The nimble Lentulus acted famously the part of Laureolus[4]: deserving, in my judgment, to be really and truly crucified. Nor can the spectators themselves be forgiven: this populace that with brazen front sits and beholds the triple buffooneries of our patricians, that can listen to a bare-footed[5] Fabius, and laugh to see the Mamerci cuffing each other. What matters it at what price they sell their deaths?[6] No Nero compels them to sell; yet they hesitate not to sell themselves at the games of the exalted Praetor. And yet suppose that on one side of you were placed execution, on the other the stage: which were the better choice? Was ever any man so afraid of death that he would choose to be the jealous husband of a Thymele, or the colleague of the clown Corinthus? Yet when an Emperor[7]

[6] "To sell their deaths" is equivalent to "to sell their lives." The word *funera* may also suggest that these degenerate nobles are destroying the old glories of their families.

[7] Nero.

res haut mira tamen citharoedo principe mimus
nobilis. haec ultra quid erit nisi ludus? et illic
dedecus urbis habes, nec murmillonis in armis
nec clipeo Gracchum pugnantem aut falce supina;[1]
damnat enim tales habitus, sed damnat et odit;
nec galea faciem abscondit; movet ecce tridentem.
postquam vibrata pendentia retia dextra
nequiquam effudit, nudum ad spectacula voltum
erigit et tota fugit agnoscendus harena.[2]
credamus tunicae, de faucibus aurea cum se
porrigat et longo iactetur spira galero.[3]
ergo ignominiam graviorem pertulit omni
vulnere cum Graccho iussus pugnare secutor.

Libera si dentur populo suffragia, quis tam
perditus ut dubitet Senecam praeferre Neroni?[4]
cuius supplicio non debuit una parari
simia nec serpens unus nec culleus unus
par Agamemnonidae crimen, sed causa facit rem
dissimilem: quippe ille deis auctoribus ultor
patris erat caesi media inter pocula. sed nec
Electrae iugulo se polluit aut Spartani
sanguine coniugii, nullis aconita propinquis
miscuit, in scaena numquam cantavit Orestes,[5]

---

[1] The phrase *falce supina* = "a sickle on its back"; the point of the weapon was bent backwards instead of forwards.

[2] It was a disgrace for Gracchus to fight as a *retiarius*. Having no armour, he had to run away if he missed his throw with the net. His adversary was fully armed.

[3] *Galerus* or *galerum* was probably a kind of helmet or cap. The Schol. here says *Galerus est humero impositus gladiatoris*. See Duff and Mayor.

[4] Seneca had to open his veins by Nero's order.

[5] The ancient punishment for parricide was that the criminal should be tied up in a sack along with a dog, an ape, a snake, and a cock, and then cast into the sea.

has taken to harp-playing, it is not so very strange that a noble should act in a mime. Beyond this, what will be left but the gladiatorial school? And here too you have seen scandal in our city: a Gracchus fighting, not indeed as a murmillo, nor with the round shield and scimitar[1]: such accoutrements he rejects, ay rejects and detests; nor does a helmet shroud his face. See what he wields—trident! and when with poised right hand he has cast the trailing net in vain, he lifts up his bare face to the benches and flies, for all to recognise, from one end of the arena to the other.[2] We cannot mistake the golden tunic that flutters from his throat, and the twisted cord that dangles from the high-crowned cap[3]; and so the pursuer who was pitted against Gracchus endured a shame more grievous than any wound.

211 If free suffrage were granted to the people, who would be so abandoned as not to prefer Seneca[4] to Nero—Nero, for whose chastisement no single ape or adder, no solitary sack,[5] should have been provided? His crime was like that of Agamemnon's son[6]; but the case was not the same, seeing that Orestes, at the bidding of the Gods, was avenging a father slain in his cups.[7] Orestes never stained himself with Electra's blood, or with that of his Spartan wife[8]; he never mixed poison-drafts for his own kin; he never sang upon the stage,[9] he never

[6] Orestes slew his mother Clytemnestra in revenge for the murder of his father. But he did not slay a sister or a wife as Nero slew his wife Octavia and his half-sister Antonia.

[7] So Homer, *Od.* xi. 409. The tragedian's story is that Agamemnon was slain in his bath. [8] Hermione.

[9] In the year A.D. 59 Nero presented himself upon the stage (Tac. *Ann.* xiv. 15). In A.D. 67–8 he made a tour of the Greek games and won prizes at many musical contests.

Troica non scripsit. quid enim Verginius armis
debuit ulcisci magis aut cum Vindice Galba,
quod[1] Nero tam saeva crudaque tyrannide fecit?
haec opera atque hae sunt generosi principis artes,
gaudentis foedo peregrina ad pulpita cantu
prostitui Graiaeque apium meruisse coronae.
maiorum effigies habeant insignia vocis,
ante pedes Domiti longum tu pone Thyestae
syrma vel Antigones vel personam Melanippes,
et de marmoreo citharam suspende colosso.

Quid, Catilina, tuis natalibus atque Cethegi
inveniet quisquam sublimius? arma tamen vos
nocturna et flammas domibus templisque paratis,
ut bracatorum pueri Senonumque minores,
ausi quod liceat tunica punire molesta.
sed vigilat consul vexillaque vestra coercet;
hic novus Arpinas, ignobilis et modo Romae
municipalis eques, galeatum ponit ubique
praesidium attonitis et in omni monte laborat.
tantum igitur muros intra toga contulit illi

[1] *quod* Madvig: *quid* Pψ.

---

[1] Verginius Rufus, Legate of Upper Germany, defeated the revolting Vindex, and refused to be named emperor after Galba's death in A.D. 69.

[2] C. Julius Vindex, propraetor of the province Lugdunensis, revolted against Nero in A.D. 68, and was defeated by Verginius.

[3] Not the father of Nero, but one of his distinguished ancestors on his father's side. Nero's name before his adoption by Claudius was L. Domitius Ahenobarbus.

[4] Tragic parts acted by Nero.

wrote an Epic upon Troy! For of all the deeds of Nero's cruel and bloody tyranny, which was there that more deserved to be avenged by the arms of a Verginius,[1] of a Vindex[2] or a Galba? These were the deeds, these the graces of our high-born Prince, whose delight it was to prostitute himself by unseemly singing upon a foreign stage, and to earn a chaplet of Greek celery! Let thy ancestral images be decked with the trophies of thy voice! Place thou at the feet of a Domitius[3] the trailing robe of Thyestes[4] or Antigone,[4] or the mask of Melanippa,[4] and hang up thy harp on a colossus[5] of marble!

231 Where can be found, O Catiline, nobler ancestors than thine, or than thine, Cethegus?[6] Yet you plot a night attack, you prepare to give our houses and temples to the flames as though you were the sons of trousered[7] Gauls, or sprung from the Senones,[8] daring deeds that deserved the shirt of torture.[9] But our Consul[10] is awake, and beats back your hosts. Born at Arpinum, of ignoble blood, a municipal knight new to Rome, he posts helmeted men at every point to guard the affrighted citizens, and is alert on every hill. Thus within the walls his toga won for him as much name and honour as Octavius

[5] This is doubtless meant as a hit at the famous bronze Colossus of Nero.

[6] C. Cornelius Cethegus was the most prominent associate of Catiline in the long-nursed conspiracy which was crushed by Cicero as consul in B.C. 63.

[7] Narbonese Gaul was called *bracata* because its inhabitants wore trousers.

[8] The Gauls who defeated the Romans in the battle of the Allia, B.C. 390.

[9] A shirt lined with pitch in which the victims were burnt to death. See above i. 155 and Tac. *Ann.* xv. 44.

[10] Cicero.

nominis ac tituli, quantum [in [1]] Leucade, quantum
Thessaliae campis Octavius abstulit udo
caedibus adsiduis gladio; sed Roma parentem,
Roma patrem patriae Ciceronem libera dixit.
Arpinas alius Volscorum in monte solebat
poscere mercedes alieno lassus aratro,
nodosam post haec frangebat vertice vitem,
si lentus pigra muniret castra dolabra;
hic tamen et Cimbros et summa pericula rerum
excipit et solus trepidantem protegit urbem.
atque ideo, postquam ad Cimbros stragemque volabant
qui numquam attigerant maiora cadavera corvi,
nobilis ornatur lauro collega secunda.
Plebeiae Deciorum animae, plebeia fuerunt
nomina; pro totis legionibus hi tamen et pro
omnibus auxiliis atque omni pube Latina
sufficiunt dis infernis Terraeque parenti;
[pluris enim Decii quam quae servantur ab illis.]
Ancilla natus trabeam et diadema Quirini
et fasces meruit, regum ultimus ille bonorum.
prodita laxabant portarum claustra tyrannis
exulibus iuvenes ipsius consulis et quos

[1] If we read *in* with PSGU the line is deficient metrically. ψ has *non*: Owen conj. *vi*. perhaps *ille in*.

---

[1] The island of Leucas here stands for the battle of Actium, though it was many miles distant from the place where the battle was fought.

[2] The battle of Philippi (B.C. 42) is meant, though Philippi was in Macedonia, not in Thessaly. The battle fought in Thessaly was the battle of Pharsalia, B.C. 49. The Roman poets confound the two battles.

gained by battle [in] Leucas[1]; as much as Octavius won by his sword wet from constant killing on the plains of Thessaly[2]; but then Rome was yet free when she styled Cicero the Parent and Father of his country! Another son of Arpinum[3] used to work for hire upon the Volscian hills, toiling behind a plough not his own; after that, a centurion's knotty staff would be broken over his head[4] if his pick were slow and sluggish in the camp's trench. Yet it is he who faces the Cimbri,[5] and the mightiest perils; alone he saves the trembling city. And so when the ravens, who had never before seen such huge carcasses, flew down upon the slaughtered Cimbri, his high-born colleague is decorated with the second bay.

254 Plebeian were the souls of the Decii,[6] plebeian were their names; yet they were accepted by the Gods beneath and by Mother Earth in lieu of all the Legions and the allies, and all the youth of Latium, for the Decii were more precious than the hosts whom they saved.

259 It was one born of a slave who won the robe and diadem and fasces of Quirinus—the last he was of our good Kings[7]—whereas the Consul's own sons, who should have dared some great thing for endangered liberty—some deed to be marvelled at by

[3] C. Marius. [4] *i.e.* he served as a private soldier.

[5] *Cimbri* includes *Teutones*. The latter were destroyed by Marius at Aquae Sextiae, 102 B.C., the former by Marius and his colleague Q. Lutatius Catulus on the Raudian plain in B.C. 101. Catulus shared in the triumph, but all the honour was given to Marius.

[6] P. Decius Mus, in the Latin War, B.C. 340, gained the victory for the Romans by devoting himself and the enemy to destruction; his son did the same in the battle of Sentinum, B.C. 295.

[7] Servius Tullius.

magnum aliquid dubia pro libertate deceret,
quod miraretur cum Coclite Mucius et quae
imperii fines Tiberinum virgo natavit :
occulta ad patres produxit crimina servus
matronis lugendus, at illos verbera iustis
adficiunt poenis et legum prima securis.

Malo pater tibi sit Thersites, dummodo tu sis
Aeacidae similis Vulcaniaque arma capessas,
quam te Thersitae similem producat Achilles.
et tamen, ut longe repetas longeque revolvas
nomen, ab infami gentem deducis asylo :
maiorum primus, quisquis fuit ille, tuorum
aut pastor fuit aut illud quod dicere nolo.

SATVRA IX

Scire velim, quare totiens mihi, Naevole, tristis
occurras, fronte obducta ceu Marsya victus.
quid tibi cum vultu, qualem deprensus habebat
Ravola, dum Rhodopes uda terit inguina barba ?
nos colaphum incutimus lambenti crustula servo.
non erit hac facie miserabilior Crepereius

[1] Horatius Cocles, who "kept the bridge so well": Mucius Scaevola, to show his courage, put his hand into the flames in Porsena's camp.

Musius or Cocles,[1] or by the maiden [2] who swam across the Tiber, the river-boundary of our realm—were for traitorously loosing the bolts of the city gates to the exiled tyrants. It was a slave—well worthy he to be bewailed by matrons—who revealed the secret plot to the Fathers, while the sons met their just punishment from scourging and from the axe then first used in the cause of Law.

269 I would rather that Thersites were your father if only you were like the grandson of Aeacus,[3] and could wield the arms of Vulcan, than that you should have been begotten by Achilles and be like Thersites. Yet, after all, however far you may trace back your name, however long the roll, you derive your race from an ill-famed asylum: the first of your ancestors, whoever he was, was either a shepherd or something that I would rather not name.

SATIRE IX

The Sorrows of a Reprobate

I should like to know, Naevolus, why you so often look gloomy when I meet you, knitting your brow like a vanquished Marsyas.[4] What have you to do with the look that Ravola wore when caught playing that dirty trick with Rhodope? If a slave takes a lick at the pastry, he gets a thrashing for his pains! Why do you look as woe-begone as Crepereius Pollio

[2] Cloelia, the hostage who escaped by swimming across the Tiber. Tiberinus = *Tiberis*.

[3] Achilles is called *Aeacides* as he was the grandson of Aeacus. Thersites is a low-born upstart in the Iliad.

[4] Flayed by Apollo when beaten in a musical contest.

Pollio, qui triplicem usuram praestare paratus
circumit et fatuos non invenit. unde repente
tot rugae? certe modico contentus agebas
vernam equitem, conviva ioco mordente facetus
et salibus vehemens intra pomeria natis.
omnia nunc contra: vultus gravis, horrida siccae
silva comae, nullus tota nitor in cute, qualem
Bruttia praestabat calidi tibi fascia visci,[1]
sed fruticante pilo neglecta et squalida crura.
quid macies aegri veteris, quem tempore longo
torret quarta dies olimque domestica febris?
deprendas animi tormenta latentis in aegro
corpore, deprendas et gaudia; sumit utrumque
inde habitum facies. igitur flexisse videris
propositum et vitae contrarius ire priori.
nuper enim, ut repeto, fanum Isidis et Ganymedem
Pacis et advectae secreta Palatia matris
et Cererem (nam quo non prostat femina templo?)
notior Aufidio moechus celebrare[2] solebas,
quodque taces, ipsos etiam inclinare maritos.
"Utile et hoc multis vitae genus, at mihi nullum
inde operae pretium. pingues aliquando lacernas,
munimenta togae, duri crassique coloris
et male percussas textoris pectine Galli
accipimus, tenue argentum venaeque secundae.
fata regunt homines, fatum est et partibus illis
quas sinus abscondit. nam si tibi sidera cessant,
nil faciet longi mensura incognita nervi,
quamvis te nudum spumanti Virro labello
viderit et blandae adsidue densaeque tabellae

[1] GU give this line in two places, here and after line 11. The reading is uncertain. Owen reads *lita* for *tibi*, taken from *circumlita* in ψ.

[2] *scelerare* P Büch.: *celebrare* ψ ("fortasse melius" Housm.).

when he goes round offering a triple rate of interest, and can find no fool to trust him? Why have you suddenly developed those wrinkles? You used to be an easily contented person, who passed as a home-bred knight that could make biting jests at the dinner-table and tell witty town-bred stories. But now you are a different man. You have a hang-dog look; your head is a forest of unkempt, unanointed hair; your skin has lost all the gloss that it got from swathes of hot Bruttian birdlime, and your legs are dirty and rough with sprouting hair. Why are you as thin as a chronic invalid in whom a burning quartan fever has long made its home? One can detect in a sickly body the secret torments of the soul, as also its joys: the face takes on the stamp of either. You seem, therefore, to have changed your mode of life, and to be going in a way opposite to your past. Not long ago, as I remember, you used to frequent the Temple of Isis and that of Peace with its Ganymede, and the secret courts of the Foreign Mother and Ceres—for in what temple are there not frail fair ones to be found?—you, a more notable adulterer than Aufidius, and what you say nothing of, you would corrupt the husbands themselves.

27 "Many men have found profit in my mode of life; but I have made nothing substantial out of my labours. I sometimes have a greasy cloak given me that will save my toga—a coarse and crudely dyed garment that has been ill-combed by the Gallic weaver—or some trifle in silver of an inferior quality. Man is ruled by destiny; even those parts of him that lie beneath his clothes. . . What

sollicitent, *αὐτὸς γὰρ ἐφέλκεται ἄνδρα κίναιδος.*
quod tamen ulterius monstrum quam mollis avarus?
'haec tribui, deinde illa dedi, mox plura tulisti';
computat, et cevet. ponatur calculus, adsint
cum tabula pueri; numera[1] sestertia quinque
omnibus in rebus: numerentur deinde labores.
an facile et pronum est agere intra viscera penem
legitimum atque illic hesternae occurrere cenae?
servus erit minus ille miser qui foderit agrum,
quam dominum; sed tu sane tenerum et puerum te
et pulchrum et dignum cyatho caeloque putabas.
vos humili adseculae, vos indulgebitis umquam
cultori, iam nec morbo donare parati?
en cui tu viridem umbellam, cui sucina mittas
grandia, natalis quotiens redit aut madidum ver
incipit et strata positus longaque cathedra
munera femineis tractat secreta kalendis.
"Dic, passer, cui tot montis, tot praedia servas
Apula, tot milvos intra tua pascua lassos?
te Trifolinus ager fecundis vitibus implet
suspectumque iugum Cumis et Gaurus inanis—
nam quis plura linit victuro dolia musto?—
quantum erat exhausti lumbos donare clientis
iugeribus paucis? meliusne hic[2] rusticus infans
cum matre et casulis et conlusore catello
cymbala pulsantis legatum fiet amici?
'improbus es cum poscis,' ait. sed pensio clamat
'posce'; sed appellat puer unicus ut Polyphemi
lata acies per quam sollers evasit Vlixes;

[1] *numera* ψ: *numeras* P.
[2] For *ne hic* (Pψ) Housm. conj. *nunc.*

[1] The 1st of March; see Hor. *Od.* III. viii. 1.

greater monster is there in the world than a miserly debauchee? 'I gave you this,' says he, 'and then that; and later you got ever so much more.' Thus he makes a reckoning with his lusts. Well, set out the counters, call in the lads with the reckoning board, count out five thousand sesterces all told, and then enumerate my services. . . . I am less accounted of than the poor hind who ploughs his master's field. You used to deem yourself a delicate and good-looking youth, fit to be Jove's own cup-bearer; but will men like you, who are unwilling to pay for your own morbid pleasures, ever show a kindness to a poor follower or a worshipper? A pretty fellow to have presents sent him of green sunshades or big amber balls on a birthday, or on the first day of showery spring, when he lolls at full length in a huge easy chair counting over the secret gifts he has received upon the Matron's Day![1]

54 "Tell me, you sparrow, for whose benefit are you keeping all those hills and farms in Apulia, all those pasture-lands that tire out the kites? Your stores are filled with rich grapes from your Trifoline vineyard, or from the slopes that look down upon Cumae, or the unpeopled Gaurus; whose vats seal up more vintages destined for long life than yours? Would it be a great matter to present a few acres to the loins of an exhausted client? Is it better, think you, that this country woman, with her cottage and her babe and her pet dog, should be bequeathed to a friend who beats the cymbals? 'You're an impudent beggar,' you say. Yes, but my rent cries on me to beg; and so does my single slave-lad—as single as that big eye of Polyphemus which helped the wily Ulysses to make his escape. And one slave is not

alter emendus erit, namque hic non sufficit, ambo
pascendi. quid agam bruma spirante? quid, oro,
quid dicam scapulis puerorum aquilone Decembri
et pedibus? 'durate atque expectate cicadas'?
" Verum ut dissimules, ut mittas cetera, quanto
metiris pretio, quod ni tibi deditus essem
devotusque cliens, uxor tua virgo maneret?
scis certe quibus ista modis, quam saepe rogaris,
et quae pollicitus. fugientem saepe puellam
amplexu rapui; tabulas quoque ruperat et iam
signabat: tota vix hoc ego nocte redemi
te plorante foris; testis mihi lectulus et tu,
ad quem pervenit lecti sonus et dominae vox.
instabile ac dirimi coeptum et iam paene solutum
coniugium in multis domibus servavit adulter.
quo te circumagas? quae prima aut ultima ponas?
nullum ergo meritum est, ingrate ac perfide, nullum,
quod tibi filiolus vel filia nascitur ex me?
tollis enim et libris actorum spargere gaudes
argumenta viri. foribus suspende coronas:
iam pater es, dedimus quod famae opponere possis.
iura parentis habes, propter me scriberis heres,
legatum omne capis nec non et dulce caducum.
commoda praeterea iungentur multa caducis,
si numerum, si tres implevero."
Iusta doloris,
Naevole, causa tui; contra tamen ille quid adfert?
" neglegit atque alium bipedem sibi quaerit asellum.
haec soli commissa tibi celare memento
et tacitus nostras intra te fige querellas.

enough; I shall have to buy a second and feed both. What shall I do, pray, when the winter howls? What to their shivering feet and shoulders when December's north wind blows? Shall I say 'Hold on, and wait till tree-crickets make a noise'?

70 "And though you ignore and pass by my other services, what price do you put on this, that were I not your true and devoted client, your wife would still be a maid? You know how often, and in what ways, you have asked that service of me, and what promises you made to me. . . . There's many a household in which a union that was unstable, ready to break up, and all but dissolved, has been saved by the intervention of a lover. Which way can you turn? Which service do you put first, which last? Is it to be no merit, you thankless and perfidious man, none at all, that I have presented you with a little son or daughter? For you rear the children, and love to spread abroad in the gazette the proofs of your virility. Hang up garlands over your door! You are now a father; I have given you something to set up against ill fame. You have now parental rights; through me you can be entered as an heir, and receive a legacy entire, with a nice little windfall into the bargain; to all which perquisites many more will be added if I make up your family to the full number of three."

90 Indeed, Naevolus, you have just cause of complaint. But what has he got to say on the other side? "He takes no notice, and looks out for another two-legged donkey like myself. But remember, my secrets are for your ears alone; keep my complaints fast locked up in your own bosom. It is a fatal thing to have for your enemy a man who keeps

nam res mortifera est inimicus pumice levis;
qui modo secretum commiserat, ardet et odit,
tamquam prodiderim quidquid scio. sumere ferrum,
fuste aperire caput, candelam adponere valvis
non dubitat. nec contemnas aut despicias quod
his opibus numquam cara est annona veneni.
ergo occulta teges ut curia Martis Athenis."
O Corydon, Corydon, secretum divitis ullum
esse putas? servi ut taceant, iumenta loquentur
et canis et postes et marmora. claude fenestras,
vela tegant rimas, iunge ostia, tollite lumen,
e medio fac eant omnes, prope nemo recumbat:
quod tamen ad cantum galli facit ille secundi,
proximus ante diem caupo sciet, audiet et quae
finxerunt pariter libarius archimagiri
carptores. quod enim dubitant componere crimen
in dominos, quotiens rumoribus ulciscuntur
baltea? nec derit qui te per compita quaerat
nolentem et miseram vinosus inebriet aurem.
illos ergo roges quidquid paulo ante petebas
a nobis, taceant illi. sed prodere malunt
arcanum, quam subrepti potare Falerni
pro populo faciens quantum Saufeia bibebat.
vivendum recte cum propter plurima tum est his[1]
[idcirco ut possis linguam contemnere servi.]
praecipue causis, ut linguas mancipiorum
contemnas. nam lingua mali pars pessima servi;

[1] *tum est his.* So Housm. instead of the *tunc est* of PA.

himself smooth by pumice-stone! The man who has lately entrusted me with a secret has a consuming hatred of me, believing I have revealed everything that I know; he will not hesitate to take up a sword, or to lay open my head with a club, or to put a lighted candle against my door. Nor can you disregard or make nothing of the fact that for a man of his means the price of poison is never high. So keep my secrets close—as close as did the Council of Areopagus!"

102 O my poor Corydon! Do you suppose that a rich man has any secrets? Though his slaves hold their tongues, his beasts of burden and his dog will talk; his door posts and his marble columns will tell tales. Let him shut the windows, and close every chink with curtains; let him fasten the doors, remove the light, turn everyone out of the house, and permit no one to sleep near—yet the tavern-keeper close by will know before dawn what he was doing at the second cock-crow; he will hear also all the tales invented by the pastry-man, by the head cooks and the carvers. For what calumny will they hesitate to concoct against their masters when a slander will avenge them for their strappings? Nor will some tippling friend be wanting to look for you at the crossways, and, do what you will, pour his drunken story into your wretched ear. So just ask those people to hold their tongues about the things you questioned me about just now! Why, they would rather blab out a secret than drink as much stolen wine as Saufeia used to swill when conducting a public sacrifice. There are many reasons for right living; but the chiefest of them all is this, that you need pay no attention to the talk of your slaves. For the tongue

deterior tamen hic qui liber non erit illis,
quorum animas et farre suo custodit et aere.
"Utile consilium modo, sed commune, dedisti.
nunc mihi quid suades post damnum temporis et spes
deceptas? festinat enim decurrere velox
flosculus angustae miseraeque brevissima vitae
portio; dum bibimus, dum serta unguenta puellas
poscimus, obrepit non intellecta senectus."
Ne trepida, numquam pathicus tibi derit amicus
stantibus et salvis his collibus: undique ad illos
convenient et carpentis et navibus omnes
qui digito scalpunt uno caput. altera maior
spes superest; tu tantum erucis inprime dentem.[1]
[gratus eris; tu tantum erucis inprime dentem.] 134A
"Haec exempla para felicibus. at mea Clotho
et Lachesis gaudent, si pascitur inguine venter.
o parvi nostrique Lares, quos ture minuto
aut farre et tenui soleo exorare corona,
quando ego figam aliquid, quo sit mihi tuta senectus
a tegete et baculo? viginti milia faenus
pigneribus positis, argenti vascula puri,
sed quae Fabricius censor notet, et duo fortes
de grege Moesorum, qui me cervice locata
securum iubeant clamoso insistere circo;
sit mihi praeterea curvus caelator, et alter
qui multas facies pingit cito; sufficiunt haec,
quando ego pauper ero; votum miserabile, nec spes

[1] After line 134 P has the line bracketed above, being mainly a repetition of that line. Housman conjectures an omission of five words, and reads the lines thus:

altera maior
spes superest; *turbae, properat quae crescere, molli*
gratus eris, tu tantum erucis imprime dentem.

is the worst part of a bad slave; and yet worse still is the plight of a man who cannot escape from the talk of those whom he supports with his own bread and money.

124 "Your advice is excellent, but it is vague. What do you advise me to do now, after all my lost time and disappointed hopes? for the short span of our poor unhappy life is hurrying swiftly on, like a flower, to its close: while we drink, and call for chaplets, for unguents, and for maidens, old age is creeping on us unperceived."

130 Be not afraid; so long as these seven hills of ours stand fast, pathic friends will never fail you: from every quarter, in carriages and in ships, those gentry who scratch their heads with one finger will flock in. And you have always a further and better ground of hope—if you only put a tooth to rocket-wort.

135 "Such maxims are for the fortunate; my Clotho and Lachesis are well pleased if I can fill my belly with my labours. O my own little Lares, whom I am wont to supplicate with a pinch of frankincense or spelt, or with a tiny garland, when can I assure myself of what will keep my old days from the beggar's staff and mat? Twenty thousand sesterces at interest, well secured; some vessels of plain silver—yet such a Censor Fabricius would have condemned—and a couple of stout Moesian porters on whose hired necks I may be taken comfortably to my place in the bawling circus. Let me have besides a stooping engraver, and a painter who will quickly dash off any number of likenesses. Enough this for a poor man like me. It is a pitiful prayer, and I have little hope

his saltem ; nam cum pro me Fortuna vocatur,
adfixit ceras illa de nave petitas,
quae Siculos cantus effugit remige surdo." 150

SATVRA X

Omnibus in terris, quae sunt a Gadibus usque
Auroram et Gangen, pauci dinoscere possunt
vera bona atque illis multum diversa, remota
erroris nebula. quid enim ratione timemus
aut cupimus ? quid tam dextro pede concipis, ut te 5
conatus non paeniteat votique peracti ?
evertere domos totas optantibus ipsis
di faciles. nocitura toga, nocitura petuntur
militia ; torrens dicendi copia multis
et sua mortifera est facundia, viribus ille 10
confisus periit admirandisque lacertis,
sed plures nimia congesta pecunia cura
strangulat et cuncta exuperans patrimonia census
quanto delphinis ballaena Britannica maior.
temporibus diris igitur iussuque Neronis 15
Longinum et magnos Senecae praedivitis hortos
clausit et egregias Lateranorum obsidet aedes
tota cohors : rarus venit in cenacula miles.

[1] Ulysses stuffed the ears of his followers with wax to prevent them hearing the voices of the Sirens (*Od.* xii. 39 foll.).

even of that; for whenever Fortune is supplicated on my behalf, she plugs her ears with wax fetched from that selfsame ship which escaped from the Sicilian songstresses through the deafness of her crew." [1]

SATIRE X

The Vanity of Human Wishes

In all the lands that stretch from Gades to the Ganges and the Morn, there are but few who can distinguish true blessings from their opposites, putting aside the mists of error. For when does Reason direct our desires or our fears? What project do we form so auspiciously that we do not repent us of our effort and of the granted wish? Whole households have been destroyed by the compliant Gods in answer to the masters' prayers; in camp and city alike we ask for things that will be our ruin. Many a man has met death from the rushing flood of his own eloquence; others from the strength and wondrous thews in which they have trusted. More still have been ruined by money too carefully amassed, and by fortunes that surpass all patrimonies by as much as the British whale exceeds the dolphin. It was for this that in the dire days Nero ordered Longinus [2] and the great gardens of the over-wealthy Seneca [3] to be put under siege; for this was it that the noble Palace of the Laterani [4] was beset by an entire cohort; it is but seldom that soldiers find their way into a garret!

[2] A famous lawyer banished by Nero.

[3] Forced by Nero to commit suicide.

[4] Plautius Lateranus was put to death by Nero for joining in Piso's conspiracy, A.D. 63.

pauca licet portes argenti vascula puri
nocte iter ingressus, gladium contumque timebis
et motae ad lunam trepidabis harundinis umbram:
cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.

Prima fere vota et cunctis notissima templis
divitiae, crescant ut opes, ut maxima toto
nostra sit arca foro. sed nulla aconita bibuntur
fictilibus: tunc illa time, cum pocula sumes
gemmata et lato Setinum ardebit in auro.
iamne igitur laudas quod de sapientibus alter
ridebat, quotiens de limine moverat unum
protuleratque pedem, flebat contrarius auctor?
sed facilis cuivis rigidi censura cachinni:
mirandum est unde ille oculis suffecerit umor.
perpetuo risu pulmonem agitare solebat
Democritus, quamquam non essent urbibus illis
praetextae trabeae fasces lectica tribunal;
quid si vidisset praetorem curribus altis
extantem et medii sublimem pulvere circi
in tunica Iovis et pictae Sarrana ferentem
ex umeris aulaea togae magnaeque coronae
tantum orbem, quanto cervix non sufficit ulla?
quippe tenet sudans hanc publicus et, sibi consul
ne placeat, curru servus portatur eodem.
da nunc et volucrem, sceptro quae surgit eburno,
illinc cornicines, hinc praecedentia longi
agminis officia et niveos ad frena Quirites,

[1] Democritus of Abdera. [2] Heraclitus of Ephesus.
[3] The *tunica palmata*, embroidered with palm, and the

Though you carry but few plain silver vessels with you in a night journey, you will be afraid of the sword and cudgel of a freebooter, you will tremble at the shadow of a reed shaking in the moonlight; but the empty-handed traveller will whistle in the robber's face.

[23] The foremost of all petitions—the one best known to every temple—is for riches and their increase, that our money-chest may be the biggest in all the Forum. But you will drink no aconite out of an earthenware cup; you may dread it when a jewelled cup is offered you, or when Setine wine sparkles in a golden bowl. Then will you not commend the two wise men, one of whom [1] would laugh while the opposite sage [2] would weep every time he set a foot outside the door? To condemn by a cutting laugh comes readily to us all; the wonder is how the other sage's eyes were supplied with all that water. The sides of Democritus shook with unceasing laughter, although in the cities of his day there were no purple-bordered or purple-striped robes, no fasces, no palanquins, no tribunals. What if he had seen the Praetor uplifted in his lofty car amid the dust of the Circus, attired in the tunic [3] of Jupiter, hitching an embroidered Tyrian toga [3] on to his shoulders, and carrying a crown so big that no neck could bear the weight of it? For a public slave is sweating under the burden; and that the Consul may not fancy himself overmuch, the slave rides in the same chariot with his master. Add to all this the bird that is perched on his ivory staff; on this side the horn-blowers, on that the duteous clients preceding him in long array, with white-robed Roman citizens, whose friendship

toga picta, with gold, were triumphal garments, described by Livy as *Iovis optimi maximi ornatus* (xx. 7).

defossa in loculos quos sportula fecit amicos.
tunc quoque materiam risus invenit ad omnis
occursus hominum, cuius prudentia monstrat
summos posse viros et magna exempla daturos
vervecum in patria crassoque sub aere nasci.
ridebat curas nec non et gaudia vulgi,
interdum et lacrimas, cum Fortunae ipse minaci
mandaret laqueum mediumque ostenderet unguem.

Ergo supervacua aut *quae*[1] perniciosa petuntur
propter quae fas est genua incerare deorum!
quosdam praecipitat subiecta potentia magnae
invidiae, mergit longa atque insignis honorum
pagina. descendunt statuae restemque sequuntur,
ipsas deinde rotas bigarum inpacta securis
caedit et inmeritis franguntur crura caballis;
iam strident ignes, iam follibus atque caminis
ardet adoratum populo caput et crepat ingens
Seianus, deinde ex facie toto orbe secunda
fiunt urceoli pelves sartago matellae.[2]
pone domi laurus, duc in Capitolia magnum
cretatumque bovem! Seianus ducitur unco
spectandus, gaudent omnes: "quae labra, quis illi
vultus erat! numquam, si quid mihi credis, amavi
hunc hominem. sed quo cecidit sub crimine? quisnam

[1] *quae* is a conj. by Büch. (1893), the space being blank in the MSS. *aut ne perniciosa petantur* Lach. Housm. has a mark of interrogation after *petuntur*. As the text stands, *sunt* must be understood after *quae*. Owen conj. *prope*.
[2] *matellae* P: *patellae* ψ.

[1] In i. 95–6 foll. the *sportula* (properly a basket) is spoken of as a meal actually carried away by the clients. The

has been gained by the dinner-dole snugly buried in their purses,[1] marching at his bridle-rein. Even then the philosopher found food for laughter at every meeting with his kind : his wisdom shows us that men of high distinction and destined to set great examples may be born in a dullard air, and in the land of mutton-heads.[2] He laughed at the troubles, ay and at the pleasures, of the crowd, sometimes too at their tears, while for himself he would bid frowning fortune go hang, and point at her the finger of derision.

54 Thus it is that the things for which we pray, and for which it is right and proper to load the knees of the Gods with wax, are either profitless or pernicious ! Some men are hurled headlong by over-great power and the envy to which it exposes them ; they are wrecked by the long and illustrious roll of their honours : down come their statues, obedient to the rope ; the axe hews in pieces their chariot wheels and the legs of the unoffending nags. And now the flames are hissing, and amid the roar of furnace and of bellows the head of the mighty Sejanus,[3] the darling of the mob, is burning and crackling, and from that face, which was but lately second in the entire world, are being fashioned pipkins, basins, frying-pans and slop-pails ! Up with the laurel-wreaths over your doors ! Lead forth a grand chalked bull to the Capitol ! Sejanus is being dragged along by a hook, as a show and joy to all ! " What a lip the fellow had ! What a face ! "—" Believe me, I never liked the man ! "—" But on what charge was

present passage refers to the later practice which substituted a sum of 100 quadrantes (4 sesterces) for the meal in kind.

[2] Abdera, in Thrace, the birthplace of Democritus, had the reputation of being a breeder of thick-heads.

[3] The upstart favourite of Tiberius.

delator? quibus indicibus, quo teste probavit?" 70
"nil horum; verbosa et grandis epistula venit
a Capreis." "bene habet, nil plus interrogo."
Sed quid
turba Remi? sequitur fortunam ut semper et odit
damnatos. idem populus, si Nortia Tusco
favisset, si oppressa foret secura senectus 75
principis, hac ipsa Seianum diceret hora
Augustum. iam pridem, ex quo suffragia nulli
vendimus, effudit curas; nam qui dabat olim
imperium fasces legiones omnia, nunc se
continet atque duas tantum res anxius optat, 80
panem et circenses.
"Perituros audio multos."
"nil dubium, magna est fornacula." "pallidulus mi
Bruttidius meus ad Martis fuit obvius aram;
quam timeo, victus ne poenas exigat Aiax,
ut male defensus." "curramus praecipites et 85
dum iacet in ripa, calcemus Caesaris hostem."
"sed videant servi, ne quis neget et pavidum in ius
cervice obstricta dominum trahat."
Hi sermones
tunc de Seiano, secreta haec murmura vulgi.
visne salutari sicut Seianus, habere 90

---

[1] Tiberius was living in grim solitude in his rock fortress on the island of Capreae when he sent to the Senate the famous letter—the *verbosa et grandis epistola*—which hurried Sejanus to his doom on the 18th of October, A.D. 31. (The passage in Tacitus which described the whole event is unfortunately lost; but the fine account of Dion Cassius is given in my *Annals of Tacitus*, vol. i. pp. 344–353.—G. G. R.).

he condemned? Who informed against him? What was the evidence, who the witnesses, who made good the case?"—"Nothing of the sort; a great and wordy letter came from Capri." [1]—"Good; I ask no more."

72 And what does the mob of Remus say? It follows fortune, as it always does, and rails against the condemned. That same rabble, if Nortia had smiled upon the Etruscan,[2] if the aged Emperor had been struck down unawares, would in that very hour have conferred upon Sejanus the title of Augustus. Now that no one buys our votes, the public has long since cast off its cares; the people that once bestowed commands, consulships, legions and all else, now meddles no more and longs eagerly for just two things—Bread and Games!

81 "I hear that many are to perish."—"No doubt of it; there is a big furnace ready."—"My friend Brutidius [3] looked a trifle pale when I met him at the Altar of Mars. I tremble lest the defeated Ajax should take vengeance for having been so ill-defended." [4]—"Let us rush headlong and trample on Caesar's enemy, while he lies upon the bank!"—"Ay, and let our slaves see that none bear witness against us, and drag their trembling master into court with a halter round his neck."

88 Such was the talk at the moment about Sejanus; such were the mutterings of the crowd. And would you like to be courted like Sejanus? To be as rich

[2] Sejanus was a native of Volsinii in Etruria; Nortia was the Etruscan Goddess of Fortune.

[3] A famous orator.

[4] Apparently Ajax here stands for Tiberius, who, it is thought, may revenge himself by punishing those who have not sufficiently guarded his person.

tantundem, atque illi summas donare curules,
illum exercitibus praeponere, tutor haberi
principis angusta [1] Caprearum in rupe sedentis
cum grege Chaldaeo? vis certe pila cohortes
egregios equites et castra domestica; quidni
haec cupias? et qui nolunt occidere quemquam,
posse volunt. sed quae praeclara et prospera tanti,
ut rebus laetis par sit mensura malorum?
huius qui trahitur praetextam sumere mavis,
an Fidenarum Gabiorumque esse potestas
et de mensura ius dicere, vasa minora
frangere pannosus vacuis aedilis Vlubris?
ergo quid optandum foret ignorasse fateris
Seianum; nam qui nimios optabat honores
et nimias poscebat opes, numerosa parabat
excelsae turris tabulata, unde altior esset
casus et inpulsae praeceps immane ruinae.
quid Crassos, quid Pompeios evertit et illum,
ad sua qui domitos deduxit flagra Quirites?
summus nempe locus nulla non arte petitus,
magnaque numinibus vota exaudita malignis.
ad generum Cereris sine caede ac vulnere pauci
descendunt reges et sicca morte tyranni.

Eloquium ac famam Demosthenis aut Ciceronis
incipit optare et totis quinquatribus optat
quisquis adhuc uno parcam [2] colit asse Minervam,

[1] *angusta* ψBüch. (1910) Housm.: *augusta* PABüch. (1893).
[2] *parcam* P: *partam* ψ.

---

[1] The highest and richest class of Equites were called *Equites Illustres* or *Splendidi*.

as he was? To bestow on one man the ivory chairs of office, appoint another to the command of armies, and be counted guardian of a Prince seated on the narrow ledge of Capri with his herd of Chaldaean astrologers? You would like, no doubt, to have the pikes, cohorts and illustrious [1] cavalry at your call, and to possess a camp of your own? Why should you not? Even those who don't want to kill anybody would like to have the power to do it. But what grandeur, what high fortune, are worth the having if the joy is overbalanced by the calamities they bring with them? Would you rather choose to wear the bordered robe of the man now being dragged along the streets, or to be a magnate at Fidenae or Gabii, adjudicating upon weights, or smashing vessels of short measure, as a thread-bare Aedile at deserted Ulubrae? [2] You admit, then, that Sejanus did not know what things were to be desired; for in coveting excessive honours, and seeking excessive wealth, he was but building up the many stories of a lofty tower whence the fall would be the greater, and the crash of headlong ruin more terrific. What was it that overthrew the Crassi, and the Pompeii, and him who brought the conquered Quirites under his lash? [3] What but lust for the highest place pursued by every kind of means? What but ambitious prayers granted by unkindly Gods? Few indeed are the kings who go down to Ceres' son-in-law [4] save by sword and slaughter—few the tyrants that perish by a bloodless death!

114 Every schoolboy who worships Minerva with a modest penny fee, attended by a slave to guard his little satchel, prays all through his holidays [5] for elo-

[2] Fidenae, Gabii, Ulubrae, small and deserted towns in Latium. [3] Caesar. [4] Pluto. [5] March 19th–23rd.

quem sequitur custos angustae vernula capsae.
eloquio sed uterque perit orator, utrumque
largus et exundans leto dedit ingenii fons.
ingenio manus est et cervix caesa, nec umquam
sanguine causidici maduerunt rostra pusilli.
"o fortunatam natam me consule Romam":[1]
Antoni gladios potuit contemnere, si sic
omnia dixisset. ridenda poemata malo
quam te, conspicuae divina Philippica famae,
volveris a prima quae proxima. saevus et illum
exitus eripuit, quem mirabantur Athenae
torrentem et pleni moderantem frena theatri.
dis ille adversis genitus fatoque sinistro,
quem pater ardentis massae fuligine lippus
a carbone et forcipibus gladiosque paranti
incude et luteo Vulcano ad rhetora misit.

Bellorum exuviae, truncis adfixa tropaeis
lorica et fracta de cassidē buccula pendens
et curtum temone iugum victaeque triremis
aplustre et summo tristis captivus in arcu
humanis maiora bonis creduntur. ad hoc se
Romanus Graiusque et barbarus induperator
erexit, causas discriminis atque laboris
inde habuit; tanto maior famae sitis est quam
virtutis. quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam,

[1] This line is taken from the poem (*De suo Consulatu*) which Cicero wrote to glorify the events of his Consulship. To the many who are not gifted with the divine faculty of poesy it may be a consolation to know that a writer of the most splendid prose could be guilty of such a rubbishy line as that here quoted.

quence, for the fame of a Cicero or a Demosthenes. Yet it was eloquence that brought both orators to their death; each perished by the copious and overflowing torrent of his own genius. It was his genius that cut off the hand, and severed the neck, of Cicero; never yet did petty pleader stain the rostra with his blood!

> *"O happy Fate for the Roman State*
> *Was the date of my great Consulate!"*

Had Cicero always spoken thus, he might have laughed at the swords of Antony. I prefer verses meet only for contempt to thee, O famous and divine Philippic, that comest out second on the roll! Terrible, too, was the death of him whom Athens loved to hear sweeping along and holding in check the crowded theatre. Unfriendly were the Gods, and evil the star, under whom was born the man whom his father, blear-eyed with the soot of glowing ore, sent away from the coal, the pincers and the sword-fashioning anvil of grimy Vulcan,[1] to study the art of the rhetorician!

133 The spoils of war and trophies fastened upon stumps—a breast-plate, a cheek-strap hanging from a broken helmet, a yoke shorn of its pole, the flagstaff of a captured galley, or a captive sorrowing on a triumphal arch—such things are deemed glories too great for man; these are the prizes for which every General strives, be he Greek, Roman, or barbarian; it is for these that he endures toil and peril: so much greater is the thirst for glory than for virtue! For who would embrace virtue herself if you stripped

[1] Demosthenes' father, of the same name, was a blacksmith —or at least a manufacturer of swords.

praemia si tollas? patriam tamen obruit olim
gloria paucorum et laudis titulique cupido
haesuri saxis cinerum custodibus, ad quae
discutienda valent sterilis mala robora fici,
quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoque fata sepulcris.
Expende Hannibalem; quot libras in duce summo
invenies? hic est, quem non capit Africa Mauro
percussa oceano Niloque admota tepenti,
rursus ad Aethiopum populos aliosque[1] elephantos!
additur imperiis Hispania, Pyrenaeum
transilit; opposuit natura Alpemque nivemque:
diducit scopulos et montem rumpit aceto.
iam tenet Italiam, tamen ultra pergere tendit:
"acti,"[2] inquit, "nihil est, nisi Poeno milite portas
frangimus et media vexillum pono Subura."
o qualis facies et quali digna tabella,
cum Gaetula ducem portaret belua luscum!
exitus ergo quis est? o gloria, vincitur idem
nempe et in exilium praeceps fugit atque ibi magnus
mirandusque cliens sedet ad praetoria regis,
donec Bithyno libeat vigilare tyranno.
finem animae, quae res humanas miscuit olim,
non gladii, non saxa dabunt nec tela, sed ille
Cannarum vindex et tanti sanguinis ultor
anulus. i demens et saevas curre per Alpes,
ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias!

[1] *aliosque* ψ: *altosque* PA.
[2] *acti* ψ Housm. Büch. (1910): *actum* PT Büch. (1893).

her of her rewards? Yet full oft has a land been destroyed by the vainglory of a few, by the lust for honour and for a title that shall cling to the stones that guard their ashes—stones which may be rent asunder by the rude strength of the barren fig-tree, seeing that even sepulchres have their doom assigned to them!

147 Put Hannibal into the scales; how many pounds' weight will you find in that greatest of commanders? This is the man for whom Africa was all too small—a land beaten by the Moorish sea and stretching to the steaming Nile, and then, again, to the tribes of Aethiopia and a new race of elephants! Spain is added to his dominions: he overleaps the Pyrenees; Nature throws in his way Alps and snow: he splits the rocks asunder, and breaks up the mountain-side with vinegar! And now Italy is in his grasp, but still on he presses: "Nought is accomplished," he cries, "until my Punic host breaks down the city gates, and I plant my standard in the midst of the Subura!" O what a sight was that! What a picture it would make, the one-eyed General riding on a Gaetulian beast! What then was his end? Alas for glory! A conquered man, he flees headlong into exile, and there he sits, a mighty and marvellous suppliant, in the King's antechamber, until it please his Bithynian Majesty [1] to awake! No sword, no stone, no javelin shall end the life which once wrought havoc throughout the world: no, but that which shall avenge Cannae and all those seas of blood—a ring [2]. On! on! thou madman, and race over the wintry Alps, that thou mayest be the delight of schoolboys and supply declaimers with a theme!

[1] Prusias I., king of Bithynia. [2] Containing poison.

Unus Pellaeo iuveni non sufficit orbis;
aestuat infelix angusto limite mundi
ut Gyarae clausus scopulis parvaque Seripho;
cum tamen a figulis munitam intraverit urbem,
sarcophago contentus erit. mors sola fatetur
quantula sint hominum corpuscula. creditur olim
velificatus Athos et quidquid Graecia mendax
audet in historia, constratum classibus isdem
supposituмque rotis solidum mare, credimus altos
defecisse amnes epotaque flumina Medo
prandente et madidis cantat quae Sostratus alis;
ille tamen qualis rediit Salamine relicta,
in Corum atque Eurum solitus saevire flagellis
barbarus Aeolio numquam hoc in carcere passos,
ipsum conpedibus qui vinxerat Ennosigaeum:
mitius id sane, quod non et stigmate dignum
credidit; huic quisquam vellet servire deorum?
sed qualis rediit? nempe una nave, cruentis
fluctibus ac tarda per densa cadavera prora.
has totiens optata exegit gloria poenas.
"Da spatium vitae, multos da, Iuppiter, annos":
hoc recto vultu, solum hoc, et pallidus optas.
sed quam continuis et quantis longa senectus
plena malis! deformem et taetrum ante omnia vultum
dissimilemque sui, deformem pro cute pellem

[1] Alexander the Great, b. at Pella B.C. 356, d. at Babylon B.C. 323.

168 One globe is all too little for the youth of Pella;[1] he chafes uneasily within the narrow limits of the world, as though he were cooped up within the rocks of Gyara or the diminutive Seriphos; but yet when once he shall have entered the city fortified by the potter's art,[2] a sarcophagus will suffice him! Death alone proclaims how small are our poor human bodies! We have heard[3] how ships once sailed through Mount Athos, and all the lying tales of Grecian history; how the sea was paved by those self-same ships, and gave solid support to chariot-wheels; how deep rivers failed, and whole streams were drunk dry when the Persian breakfasted, with all the fables of which Sostratus[4] sings with reeking pinions. But in what plight did that king[5] return when he left Salamis? he that had been wont to inflict barbaric stripes upon the winds Corus and Eurus—never treated thus in their Aeolian prison-house—he who had bound the Earth-shaker himself with chains, deeming it clemency, forsooth, not to think him worthy of a branding also: what god, indeed, would be willing to serve such a master?—in what plight did he return? Why, in a single ship; on blood-stained waves, the prow slowly forcing her way through waters thick with corpses! Such was the penalty exacted for that long-desired glory!

188 "Give me length of days, give me many years, O Jupiter!" Such is your one and only prayer, in days of strength or of sickness; yet how great, how unceasing, are the miseries of long old age! Look first at the misshapen and ungainly face, so unlike its former self; see the unsightly hide that serves for

[2] The famous walls of Babylon were built of brick.
[3] in Herodotus. [4] An unknown poet. [5] Xerxes.

pendentisque genas et talis aspice rugas
quales, umbriferos ubi pandit Thabraca saltus,
in vetula scalpit iam mater simia bucca.
plurima sunt iuvenum discrimina ; pulchrior ille
hoc atque ille[1] alio, multum hic robustior illo :
una senum facies. cum voce trementia membra
et iam leve caput madidique infantia nasi,
frangendus misero gingiva panis inermi ;
usque adeo gravis uxori natisque sibique,
ut captatori moveat fastidia Cosso.
non eadem vini atque cibi torpente palato
gaudia. nam coitus iam longa oblivio, vel si
coneris, iacet exiguus cum ramice nervus
et quamvis tota palpetur nocte, iacebit.
anne aliquid sperare potest haec inguinis aegri
canities ? quid quod merito suspecta libido est
quae venerem adfectat sine viribus ?
Aspice partis
nunc damnum alterius. nam quae cantante voluptas,
sit licet eximius, citharoedo sive Seleuco
et quibus aurata mos est fulgere lacerna ?
quid refert, magni sedeat qua parte theatri
qui vix cornicines exaudiet atque tubarum
concentus ? clamore opus est, ut sentiat auris
quem dicat venisse puer, quot nuntiet horas.
Praeterea minimus gelido iam in corpore sanguis
febre calet sola, circumsilit agmine facto
morborum omne genus, quorum si nomina quaeras,
promptius expediam quot amaverit Oppia moechos,
quot Themison aegros autumno occiderit uno,
quot Basilus socios, quot circumscripserit Hirrus

[1] *ille* ψ, om. by PO. Housm. conj. *ore*.

skin; see the pendulous cheeks and the wrinkles like those which a matron baboon carves upon her aged jaws where Thabraca[1] spreads her shaded glades. The young men differ in various ways: this man is handsomer than that, and he than another; one is far stronger than another: but old men all look alike. Their voices are as shaky as their limbs, their heads without hair, their noses drivelling as in childhood. Their bread, poor wretches, has to be munched by toothless gums; so offensive do they become to their wives, their children and themselves, that even the legacy-hunter, Cossus, turns from them in disgust. Their sluggish palate takes joy in wine or food no longer, and all pleasures of the flesh have been long ago forgotten. . . .

209 And now consider the loss of another sense: what joy has the old man in song, however famous be the singer? what joy in the harping of Seleucus himself, or of those who shine resplendent in gold-embroidered overcoats? What matters it in what part of the great theatre he sits when he can scarce hear the horns and trumpets when they all blow together? The slave who announces a visitor, or tells the time of day, must needs shout in his ear if he is to be heard.

217 Besides all this, the little blood in his now chilly frame is never warm except with fever; diseases of every kind dance around him in a troop; if you ask of me their names, I could more readily tell you the number of Oppia's paramours, how many patients Themison killed in one autumn, how many partners

[1] A town in Numidia.

pupillos; quot longa viros exorbeat uno
Maura die, quot discipulos inclinet Hamillus;
percurram citius quot villas possideat nunc
quo tondente gravis iuveni mihi barba sonabat.
ille umero, hic lumbis, hic coxa debilis; ambos
perdidit ille oculos et luscis invidet; huius
pallida labra cibum accipiunt digitis alienis,
ipse ad conspectum cenae diducere rictum
suetus hiat tantum ceu pullus hirundinis, ad quem
ore volat pleno mater ieiuna. sed omni
membrorum damno maior dementia, quae nec
nomina servorum nec vultum agnoscit amici
cum quo praeterita cenavit nocte, nec illos
quos genuit, quos eduxit. nam codice saevo
heredes vetat esse suos, bona tota feruntur
ad Phialen; tantum artificis valet halitus oris
quod steterat multis in carcere fornicis annis.
Ut vigeant sensus animi, ducenda tamen sunt
funera natorum, rogus aspiciendus amatae
coniugis et fratris plenaeque sororibus urnae.
haec data poena diu viventibus, ut renovata
semper clade domus multis in luctibus inque
perpetuo maerore et nigra veste senescant.
rex Pylius, magno si quicquam credis Homero,
exemplum vitae fuit a cornice secundae.
felix nimirum, qui tot per saecula mortem
distulit atque suos iam dextra conputat annos,

[1] Referring to some barber who had made money, and was obnoxious to Juvenal as a rich parvenu.
[2] Nestor.

were defrauded by Basilus, or wards by Hirrus, or pupils are corrupted by Hamillus, how many lovers tall Maura wears out in one day; I could sooner run over the number of villas now belonging to the barber under whose razor my stiff youthful beard used to grate.[1] One suffers in the shoulder, another in the loins, a third in the hip; another has lost both eyes, and envies those who have one; another takes food into his pallid lips from someone else's fingers, while he whose jaws used to fly open at the sight of his dinner, now only gapes like the young of a swallow whose fasting mother flies to him with well-laden beak. But worse than any loss in body is the failing mind which forgets the names of slaves, and cannot recognise the face of the old friend who dined with him last night, nor those of the children whom he has begotten and brought up. Yes, by a cruel will he cuts off his own flesh and blood and leaves all his estate to Phiale—so potent was the breath of that alluring mouth which had plied its trade for so many years in her narrow archway.

240 And though the powers of his mind be strong as ever, yet must he carry forth his sons to burial; he must behold the funeral pyres of his beloved wife and his brothers, and urns filled with the ashes of his sisters. Such are the penalties of the long liver: he sees calamity after calamity befall his house, he lives in a world of sorrow, he grows old amid continual lamentation and in the garb of woe. If we have any belief in mighty Homer, the King of Pylos[2] was an example of long life second only to the crow; happy forsooth in this that he had put off death for so many generations, and had so often quaffed the new-made wine, counting now his years upon his

quique novum totiens mustum bibit. oro, parumper
attendas quantum de legibus ipse queratur
fatorum et nimio de stamine, cum videt acris
Antilochi barbam ardentem, cum quaerit ab omni
quisquis adest socius,[1] cur haec in tempora duret,
quod facinus dignum tam longo admiserit aevo.
haec eadem Peleus, raptum cum luget Achillem,
atque alius cui fas Ithacum lugere natantem.
incolumi Troia Priamus venisset ad umbras
Assaraci magnis sollemnibus Hectore funus
portante ac reliquis fratrum cervicibus inter
Iliadum lacrimas, ut primos edere planctus
Cassandra inciperet scissaque Polyxena palla,
si foret extinctus diverso tempore, quo non
coeperat audaces Paris aedificare carinas.
longa dies igitur quid contulit? omnia vidit
eversa et flammis Asiam ferroque cadentem.
tunc miles tremulus posita tulit arma tiara
et ruit ante aram summi Iovis ut vetulus bos,
qui domini cultris tenue et miserabile collum
praebet ab ingrato iam fastiditus aratro.
exitus ille utcumque hominis, sed torva canino
latravit rictu quae post hunc vixerat uxor.
Festino ad nostros et regem transeo Ponti
et Croesum, quem vox iusti facunda Solonis
respicere ad longae iussit spatia ultima vitae.
exilium et carcer Minturnarumque paludes
et mendicatus victa Carthagine panis

[1] *socius* P : *socio* ψ and Housm.

---

[1] *i.e.* had begun to count by hundreds.
[2] Nestor's son. [3] *ardentem*, *i.e.* on the pyre.
[4] Laertes, father of Ulysses.

right hand.[1] But mark for a moment, I beg, how he bewails the decrees of fate and his too-long thread of life, when he beholds the beard of his brave Antilochus[2] in the flames,[3] and asks of every friend around him why he has lived so long, what crime he has committed to deserve such length of days. Thus did Peleus also mourn when he lost Achilles; and so that other father[4] who had to bewail the sea-roving Ithacan. Had Priam perished at some other time, before Paris began to build his audacious ships, he would have gone down to the shade of Assaracus[5] when Troy was still standing, and with regal pomp; his body would have been borne on the shoulders of Hector and his brother too amid the tears of Ilion's daughters, and the rending of Polyxena's[6] garments: Cassandra[6] would have led the cries of woe. What boon did length of days bring to him? He saw everything in ruins, and Asia perishing by fire and the sword. Laying aside his tiara, and arming himself, he fell, a trembling soldier, before the altar of Almighty Jupiter, like an aged ox discarded by the thankless plough who offers his poor lean neck to his master's knife. Priam's death was at least that of a human being; but his wife[7] lived on to open her mouth with the savage barking of a dog.

273 I hasten to our own countrymen, passing by the king of Pontus[8] and Croesus,[9] who was bidden by the wise and eloquent Solon to look to the last lap of a long life. It was this that brought Marius to exile and to prison, it took him to the swamps of Minturnae and made him beg his bread in the

[5] Son of Tros, from whom the Trojans took their name.
[6] Daughters of Priam. [7] Hecuba.
[8] Mithridates. [9] The wealthy king of Lydia.

hinc causas habuere ; quid illo cive tulisset
natura in terris, quid Roma beatius umquam,
si circumducto captivorum agmine et omni
bellorum pompa animam exhalasset opimam,
cum de Teutonico vellet descendere curru ?
provida Pompeio dederat Campania febres
optandas, sed multae urbes et publica vota
vicerunt : igitur Fortuna ipsius et urbis
servatum victo caput abstulit. hoc cruciatu
Lentulus, hac poena caruit ceciditque Cethegus
integer, et iacuit Catilina cadavere toto.

Formam optat modico pueris, maiore puellis
murmure, cum Veneris fanum videt, anxia mater
usque ad delicias votorum. " cur tamen," inquit,
" corripias ? pulchra gaudet Latona Diana."
sed vetat optari faciem Lucretia qualem
ipsa habuit, cuperet Rutilae Verginia gibbum
accipere atque suum Rutilae dare. filius autem
corporis egregii miseros trepidosque parentes
semper habet ; rara est adeo concordia formae
atque pudicitiae. sanctos licet horrida mores
tradiderit domus ac veteres imitata Sabinos,
praeterea castum ingenium vultumque modesto
sanguine ferventem tribuat natura benigna
larga manu (quid enim puero conferre potest plus
custode et cura natura potentior omni ?),
non licet esse viro ; nam prodiga corruptoris
improbitas ipsos audet temptare parentes :

---

[1] *i.e.* after the battle of Campi Raudii, near Vercellae, in B.C. 101.

[2] When Pompey lay dangerously ill of a fever in B.C. 50 many of the towns of Italy offered vows and sacrifices for his recovery.

Carthage that was a conquered city. What could Nature, what could Rome ever in all the world have produced more glorious than him, if after parading his troops of captives with all the pomp of war he had breathed forth his soul in glory as he was about to step down from his Teutonic car? [1] Kindly Campania gave to Pompey a fever, which he might have prayed for as a boon [2]; but the public prayers of all those cities gained the day; so his own fortune and that of Rome preserved him to be vanquished and to lose his head. No such cruel thing befell Lentulus [3]; Cethegus [3] escaped such punishment and fell whole; and Catiline's corpse lay unviolated.

289 When the loving mother passes the temple of Venus, she prays in whispered breath for her boys—more loudly, and entering into the most trifling particulars, for her daughters—that they may have beauty. "And why should I not?" she asks; "did not Latona rejoice in Diana's beauty?" Yes: but Lucretia forbids us to pray for a face like her own; and Verginia would gladly take Rutila's hump and give her own to Rutila. A handsome son keeps his parents in constant fear and misery; so rarely do modesty and good looks go together. For though his home be rough and simple, and have taught him ways as pure as those of the ancient Sabines, and though Nature besides with kindly hand have lavishly gifted him with a pure mind and a cheek mantling with modest blood—and what better thing can Nature, more careful, more potent than any guardian, bestow upon a youth?—he will not be allowed to become a man. The lavish wickedness of some seducer will tempt the boy's own parents: such

[3] Accomplices in Catiline's conspiracy.

tanta in muneribus fiducia. nullus ephebum
deformem saeva castravit in arce tyrannus,
nec praetextatum rapuit Nero loripedem nec
strumosum atque utero pariter gibboque tumentem.
I nunc et iuvenis specie laetare tui, quem
maiora expectant discrimina. fiet adulter
publicus et poenas metuet quascumque maritis
iratis [1] debet, nec erit felicior astro
Martis, ut in laqueos numquam incidat. exigit autem
interdum ille dolor plus quam lex ulla dolori
concessit: necat hic ferro, secat ille cruentis
verberibus, quosdam moechos et mugilis intrat.
sed tuus Endymion dilectae fiet adulter
matronae. mox cum dederit Servilia nummos,
fiet et illius quam non amat, exuet omnem
corporis ornatum: quid enim ulla negaverit udis
inguinibus, sive est haec Oppia sive Catulla?
deterior totos habet illic femina mores.
"sed casto quid forma nocet?" quid profuit immo
Hippolyto grave propositum, quid Bellorophonti?
erubuit nempe haec ceu fastidita, repulsa,
nec Stheneboea minus quam Cressa, excanduit, et se
concussere ambae. mulier saevissima tunc est,
cum stimulos odio pudor admovet.
Elige quidnam
suadendum esse putes cui nubere Caesaris uxor
destinat? optimus hic et formosissimus idem

[1] *irati* PT: *exire irati* A: *exigere irati* ψ: *mariti irati* Büch. Owen: *lex irae* conj. Housm.: *maritis iratis* Rigalt Büch. (1910).

[1] *i.e.* however noble the lady may be.

trust can be placed in money! No misshapen youth was ever unsexed by cruel tyrant in his castle; never did Nero have a bandy-legged or scrofulous favourite, or one that was hump-backed or pot-bellied!

310 Go to now, you that revel in your son's beauty; think of the deadly perils that lie before him. He will become a promiscuous gallant, and have to fear all the vengeance due to outraged husbands; no luckier than Mars, he will not fail to fall into the net. And sometimes the husband's wrath exacts greater penalties than any law allows; one lover is slain by the sword, another bleeds under the cutting lash; some adulterers undergo the punishment of the mullet. Your dear Endymion will become the gallant of some matron whom he loves; but before long, when Servilia has taken him into her pay, he will serve one also whom he loves not, and will strip her of all her ornaments; for what can any woman, be she an Oppia or a Catulla,[1] deny to the man who serves her passion? It is on her passion that a bad woman's whole nature centres. "But how does beauty hurt the chaste?" you ask. Well, what availed Hippolytus or Bellerophon[2] their firm resolve? The Cretan lady flared up as though repelled with scorn; no less furious was Stheneboea. Both dames lashed themselves into fury; for never is woman so savage as when her hatred is goaded on by shame.

329 And now tell me what counsel you think should be given to him[3] whom Caesar's wife is minded to wed. Best and fairest of a patrician house, the un-

[2] As Duff puts it, "Hippolytus and Bellerophon are the Josephs of the pagan mythology."

[3] C. Silius, brought to ruin by the passion entertained for him by Messalina, wife of Claudius (Tac. *Ann.* xi. 12 and 26 foll.).

gentis patriciae rapitur miser extinguendus
Messalinae oculis ; dudum sedet illa parato
flammeolo Tyriusque palam genialis in hortis
sternitur et ritu decies centena dabuntur
antiquo, veniet cum signatoribus auspex.
haec tu secreta et paucis commissa putabas ?
non nisi legitime vult nubere. quid placeat dic :
ni parere velis, pereundum erit ante lucernas ;
si scelus admittas, dabitur mora parvula, dum res
nota urbi et populo contingat principis aurem.
dedecus ille domus sciet ultimus ; interea tu
obsequere imperio, si tanti vita dierum
paucorum. quidquid levius meliusve putaris,
praebenda est gladio pulchra haec et candida
cervix.

Nil ergo optabunt homines ? si consilium vis,
permittes ipsis expendere numinibus quid
conveniat nobis rebusque sit utile nostris.
nam pro iucundis aptissima quaeque dabunt di :
carior est illis homo quam sibi. nos animorum
inpulsu et caeca magnaque cupidine ducti
coniugium petimus partumque uxoris ; at illis
notum qui pueri qualisque futura sit uxor.
ut tamen et poscas aliquid voveasque sacellis
exta et candiduli divina tomacula porci,
orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano ;
fortem posce animum mortis terrore carentem,
qui spatium vitae extremum inter munera ponat
naturae, qui ferre queat quoscumque labores,

happy youth is dragged to destruction by Messalina's eyes. She has long been seated; her bridal veil is ready; the Tyrian nuptial couch is being spread openly in the gardens; a dowry of one million sesterces will be given after the ancient fashion, the soothsayer and the witnesses will be there. And you thought these things were secret, did you, known only to a few? But the lady will not wed save with all the due forms. Say what is your resolve: if you say nay to her, you will have to perish before the lighting of the lamps; if you perpetrate the crime, you will have a brief respite until the affair, known already to the city and the people, shall come to the Prince's ears; he will be the last to know of the dishonour of his house. Meanwhile, if you value a few days of life so highly, obey your orders: whatever you may deem the easier and the better way, that fair white neck of yours will have to be offered to the sword.

346 Is there nothing then for which men shall pray? If you ask my counsel, you will leave it to the gods themselves to provide what is good for us, and what will be serviceable for our state; for, in place of what is pleasing, they will give us what is best. Man is dearer to them than he is to himself. Impelled by strong and blind desire in our hearts, we ask for wife and offspring; but the gods know of what sort the sons, of what sort the wife, will be. Still, that you may have something to pray for, and be able to offer to the shrines entrails and presaging sausages from a white porker, you should pray for a sound mind in a sound body; ask for a stout heart that has no fear of death, and deems length of days the least of Nature's gifts; that can endure

nesciat irasci, cupiat nihil et potiores
Herculis aerumnas credat saevosque labores
et venere et cenis et pluma Sardanapalli.
monstro quod ipse tibi possis dare ; semita certe
tranquillae per virtutem patet unica vitae.
nullum numen habes, si sit prudentia : nos te,
nos facimus, Fortuna, deam caeloque locamus.

SATVRA XI

Atticus eximie si cenat, lautus habetur,
si Rutilus, demens. quid enim maiore cachinno
excipitur vulgi quam pauper Apicius ? omnis
convictus, thermae, stationes, omne theatrum
de Rutilo ; nam dum valida ac iuvenalia membra
sufficiunt galeae dumque ardent[1] sanguine, fertur
non cogente quidem sed nec prohibente tribuno,
scripturus leges et regia verba lanistae.
multos porro vides, quos saepe elusus ad ipsum
creditor introitum solet expectare macelli,
et quibus in solo vivendi causa palato est.
egregius cenat meliusque miserrimus horum
et cito casurus iam perlucente ruina.
interea gustus elementa per omnia quaerunt

[1] *ardenti* Pψ : *ardens* U : *ardent* conj. Rigalt.

[1] The last king of the Assyrian empire of Nineveh. A proverb for luxury.

any kind of toil; that knows neither wrath nor desire, and thinks that the woes and hard labours of Hercules are better than the loves and the banquets and the downy cushions of Sardanapalus.[1] What I commend to you, you can give to yourself; for it is assuredly through virtue that lies the one and only path to a life of peace. Thou wouldst have no divinity, O Fortune, if we had but wisdom; it is we that make a goddess of thee, and place thee in the skies.

SATIRE XI

Extravagance and Simplicity of Living

If Atticus dines sumptuously, he is thought a fine gentleman; if Rutilus does the same, people say he has lost his senses: for at what does the public laugh so loudly as at an Apicius[2] reduced to poverty? Every dinner table, all the baths, lounging-places and theatres have their fling at Rutilus; for while still young, active, and warm-blooded, and fit to wear a helmet, he plunges on till he will have to enrol himself—not compelled indeed, but not forbidden by the Tribune[3]—under the rules and royal mandates of a trainer of gladiators. You may see many of these gentry being waited for by an oft-eluded creditor at the entrance to the meat-market—men whose sole reason for living lies in their palate. The greater their straits—though the house is ready to fall, and the daylight begins to show between the cracks—the more luxuriously and daintily do they dine. Meanwhile they ransack all the elements for new relishes;

[2] A notorious and wealthy glutton; see iv. 23.

[3] *i.e.* a *tribunus plebis*, whose permission would be necessary.

numquam animo pretiis opstantibus; interius si
adtendas, magis illa iuvant quae pluris emuntur.
ergo haut difficile est perituram arcessere summam
lancibus oppositis vel matris imagine fracta,
et quadringentis nummis condire gulosum
fictile; sic veniunt ad miscellanea ludi.
refert ergo quis haec eadem paret; in Rutilo nam
luxuria est, in Ventidio laudabile nomen
sumit,[1] et a censu famam trahit.
Illum ego iure
despiciam, qui scit quanto sublimior Atlans
omnibus in Libya sit montibus, hic tamen idem
ignoret quantum ferrata distet ab arca
sacculus. e caelo descendit γνῶθι σεαυτόν
figendum et memori tractandum pectore, sive
coniugium quaeras vel sacri in parte senatus
esse velis; neque enim loricam poscit Achillis
Thersites, in qua se traducebat Vlixes;
ancipitem seu tu magno discrimine causam
protegere adfectas, te consule, dic tibi qui sis,
orator vehemens an Curtius et Matho buccae.
noscenda est mensura sui spectandaque rebus
in summis minimisque, etiam cum piscis emetur,
ne mullum cupias, cum sit tibi gobio tantum
in loculis. quis enim te deficiente crumina
et crescente gula manet exitus, aere paterno
ac rebus mersis in ventrem faenoris atque
argenti gravis et pecorum agrorumque capacem?
talibus a dominis post cuncta novissimus exit

[1] *sumit* PSψ : *sumptus* Heinrich and Housm.

---

[1] Referring to his contest with Ajax for the arms of Achilles.

no cost ever stands in the way of their desires; if you look closely into it, the greater the price, the greater the pleasure. So when they want to raise money to go after the rest, they think nothing of pawning their plate, or breaking up the image of their mother; and having thus seasoned their gluttonous delf at a cost of four hundred sesterces, they come down at last to the hotch-potch of the gladiatorial school. It matters much therefore who provides the feast; what is extravagant in Rutilus, gets a fine name in Ventidius, and takes its character from his means.

[23] Rightly do I despise a man who knows how much higher Atlas is than all the other mountains of Africa, and yet knows not the difference between a purse and an iron-bound money-box. The maxim "Know thyself" comes down to us from the skies; it should be imprinted in the heart, and stored in the memory, whether you are looking for a wife, or wishing for a seat in the sacred Senate: even Thersites never asked for that breastplate of Achilles in which Ulysses cut such a sorry figure.[1] If you are preparing to defend a great and difficult cause, take counsel of yourself and tell yourself what you are—are you a great orator, or just a spouter like Curtius and Matho? Let a man take his own measure and have regard to it in things great or small, even in the buying of a fish, that he set not his heart upon a mullet, when he has only a gudgeon in his purse. For if your money-bag is getting empty while your maw is expanding, what will be your end when you have sunk your paternal fortune and all your belongings in a belly which can hold capital and solid silver as well as flocks and lands? With such owners the last thing to go is the ring;

anulus, et digito mendicat Pollio nudo.
non praematuri cineres nec funus acerbum
luxuriae, sed morte magis metuenda senectus.
Hi plerumque gradus: conducta pecunia Romae
et coram dominis consumitur; inde ubi paulum
nescio quid superest et pallet faenoris auctor,
qui vertere solum, Baias et ad ostrea currunt.
cedere namque foro iam non est deterius quam
Esquilias a ferventi migrare Subura;
ille dolor solus patriam fugientibus, illa
maestitia est, caruisse anno circensibus uno:
sanguinis in facie non haeret gutta, morantur
pauci ridiculum et fugientem ex urbe pudorem.
Experiere hodie numquid pulcherrima dictu,
Persice, non praestem vitae tibi[1] moribus et re,
si laudem siliquas occultus ganeo, pultes
coram aliis dictem puero, sed in aure placentas.
nam cum sis conviva mihi promissus, habebis
Euandrum, venies Tirynthius aut minor illo
hospes, et ipse tamen contingens sanguine caelum,
alter aquis, alter flammis ad sidera missus.
fercula nunc audi nullis ornata macellis.
de Tiburtino veniet pinguissimus agro
haedulus et toto grege mollior, inscius herbae
necdum ausus virgas humilis mordere salicti,
qui plus lactis habet quam sanguinis; et montani

[1] *tibi* is added by Büch.: P has a blank.

[1] Alluding to the entertainment of Hercules by Evander (Virg. *Aen.* viii. 359–365). [2] Aeneas.

poor Pollio, his finger stripped, has to go a-begging! It is not an early death or an untimely grave that extravagance has to dread: old age is more terrible to it than death.

46 The regular stages are these: money is borrowed in Rome and squandered before the owner's eyes; when some little of it is still left, and the lender's face grows pale, these gentlemen give leg bail, and make off for Baiae and its oyster-beds—for in these days people think no more of absconding from the Forum than of flitting from the stuffy Subura to the Esquiline. One pang, one sorrow only, afflicts these exiles, that they must, for one season, miss the Circensian games! No drop of blood lingers in their cheek: Shame is ridiculed as she flees from the city, and few would bid her stay.

56 To-day, friend Persicus, you will discover whether I make good, in deed and in my ways of life, the fair maxims which I preach, or whether, while commending beans, I am at heart a glutton: openly bidding my slave to bring me porridge, but whispering "cheese-cakes" in his ear. For now that you have promised to be my guest, you will find in me an Evander[1]; you yourself will be the Tirynthian, or the guest less great than he,[2] though he too came of blood divine—the one by water, the other borne by fire,[3] to the stars. And now hear my feast, which no meat-market shall supply. From my Tiburtine farm there will come a plump kid, tenderest of the flock, innocent of grass, that has never yet dared to nibble the twigs of the dwarf willow-bed, and has more of milk in him than blood; some wild asparagus,

[3] Both heroes were deified; Hercules met his death by burning, Aeneas by drowning.

asparagi, posito quos legit vilica fuso ;
grandia praeterea tortoque calentia faeno
ova adsunt ipsis cum matribus, et servatae
parte anni quales fuerant in vitibus uvae,
Signinum Syriumque pirum, de corbibus isdem
aemula Picenis et odoris mala recentis
nec metuenda tibi, siccatum frigore postquam
autumnum et crudi posuere pericula suci.
Haec olim nostri iam luxuriosa senatus
cena fuit ; Curius parvo quae legerat horto
ipse focis brevibus ponebat holuscula, quae nunc
squalidus in magna fastidit compede fossor,
qui meminit calidae sapiat quid vulva popinae.
sicci terga suis rara pendentia crate
moris erat quondam festis servare diebus
et natalicium cognatis ponere lardum
accedente nova, si quam dabat hostia, carne.
cognatorum aliquis titulo ter consulis atque
castrorum imperiis et dictatoris honore
functus ad has epulas solito maturius ibat,
erectum domito referens a monte ligonem.
cum tremerent autem Fabios durumque Catonem
et Scauros et Fabricium, rigidique [1] severos
censoris mores etiam collega timeret,
nemo inter curas et seria duxit habendum,
qualis in Oceani fluctu testudo nataret,
clarum Troiugenis factura et nobile fulcrum ;
sed nudo latere et parvis frons aerea lectis

[1] *rigidique* ψ, Housm. : *postremo* P Büch.

[1] Manius Curius Dentatus, the conqueror of Pyrrhus, type of the simple noble Roman of early times.

gathered by the bailiff's wife when done with her spindle, and some lordly eggs, warm in their wisps of hay, together with the hens that laid them. There will be grapes too, kept half the year, as fresh as when they hung upon the tree; pears from Signia and Syria, and in the same baskets fresh-smelling apples that rival those of Picenum, and of which you need not be afraid, seeing that winter's cold has dried up their autumnal juice, and removed the perils of unripeness.

77 Such were the banquets of our Senate in days of old, when already grown luxurious; when Curius,[1] with his own hands, would lay upon his modest hearth the simple herbs he had gathered in his little garden —herbs scoffed at nowadays by the dirty ditcher who works in chains, and remembers the savour of tripe in the reeking cookshop. For feast days, in olden times, they would keep a side of dried pork, hanging from an open rack, or put before the relations a flitch of birthday bacon, with the addition of some fresh meat, if there happened to be a sacrifice to supply it. A kinsman who had thrice been hailed as Consul, who had commanded armies, and filled the office of Dictator, would come home earlier than was his wont for such a feast, shouldering the spade with which he had been subduing the hillside. For when men quailed before a Fabius or a stern Cato, before a Scaurus or a Fabricius—when even a Censor might dread the severe verdict of his colleague[2]—no one deemed it a matter of grave and serious concern what kind of tortoise-shell was swimming in the waves of Ocean to form a fine and noble head-rest for our Troy-born grandees. Couches

[2] For the quarrel between the censors, see Livy, xxix. 37.

vile coronati caput ostendebat aselli,
ad quod lascivi ludebant ruris alumni :
tales ergo cibi, qualis domus atque supellex.
Tunc rudis et Graias mirari nescius artes
urbibus eversis praedarum in parte reperta
magnorum artificum frangebat pocula miles,
ut phaleris gauderet equus caelataque cassis
Romuleae simulacra ferae mansuescere iussae
imperii fato, geminos sub rupe Quirinos,
ac nudam effigiem [1] clipeo venientis et hasta
pendentisque dei perituro ostenderet hosti.
ponebant igitur Tusco farrata catino :
argenti quod erat, solis fulgebat in armis.
omnia tunc, quibus invideas si lividulus sis.
templorum quoque maiestas praesentior, et vox
nocte fere media mediamque audita per urbem
litore ab Oceani Gallis venientibus et dis
officium vatis peragentibus. his monuit nos,
hanc rebus Latiis curam praestare solebat
fictilis et nullo violatus Iuppiter auro.
Illa domi natas nostraque ex arbore mensas
tempora viderunt ; hos lignum stabat ad usus,
annosam si forte nucem deiecerat Eurus.
at nunc divitibus cenandi nulla voluptas,
nil rhombus, nil damma sapit, putere videntur
unguenta atque rosae, latos nisi sustinet orbes
grande ebur et magno sublimis pardus hiatu

[1] Housm. inserts *in* before *clipeo*.

[1] *i.e.* the god Mars.

in those days were small, their sides unadorned: a simple headpiece of bronze would display the head of a be-garlanded ass, beside which would romp in play the children of the countryside. Thus house and furniture and fare were all in keeping.

100 The rude soldier of those days had no taste for, or knowledge of, Greek art; if allotted cups made by great artists as his share in the booty of a captured city, he would break them up to provide gay trappings for his horse, or to chase a helmet that should display to the dying foe an image of the Romulean beast bidden by Rome's destiny to grow tame, with the twin Quirini beneath a rock, and the nude effigy of the God [1] coming down in a swoop with spear and shield. Their messes of spelt were then served on platters of earthenware; such silver as there was glittered only on their arms—all which things you may envy if you are at all inclined that way. The majesty of the temples also was more near to help us; it was then that was heard through the entire city that voice, about midnight, telling how the Gauls were advancing from the shores of Ocean, the Gods taking on them the part of prophecy. Such were the warnings of Jupiter, such the care which he bestowed on the concerns of Latium when he was made of clay, and undefiled by gold.

117 In those days our tables were home-grown, made of our own trees; for such use was kept some aged chestnut blown down perchance by the South-eastern blast. But nowadays a rich man takes no pleasure in his dinner—his turbot and his venison have no taste, his unguents and his roses seem to smell rotten—unless the broad slabs of his dinner-table rest upon a ramping, gaping leopard of solid

dentibus ex illis quos mittit porta Syenes
et Mauri celeres et Mauro obscurior Indus,
et quos deposuit Nabataeo belua saltu
iam nimios capitique graves. hinc surgit orexis,
hinc stomacho vires; nam pes argenteus illis,
anulus in digito quod ferreus. ergo superbum
convivam caveo, qui me sibi comparat et res
despicit exiguas. adeo nulla uncia nobis
est eboris, nec tessellae nec calculus ex hac
materia, quin ipsa manubria cultellorum
ossea. non tamen his ulla umquam obsonia fiunt
rancidula aut ideo peior gallina secatur.
sed nec structor erit cui cedere debeat omnis
pergula, discipulus Trypheri doctoris, aput quem
sumine cum magno lepus atque aper et pygargus
et Scythicae volucres et phoenicopterus ingens
et Gaetulus oryx hebeti lautissima ferro
caeditur et tota sonat ulmea cena Subura.
nec frustum capreae subducere nec latus Afrae
novit avis noster, tirunculus ac rudis omni
tempore et exiguae furtis inbutus ofellae.
plebeios calices et paucis assibus emptos
porriget incultus puer atque a frigore tutus.
non Phryx aut Lycius, non a mangone petitus
quisquam erit et magno [1]: cum posces, posce latine.
idem habitus cunctis, tonsi rectique capilli
atque hodie tantum propter convivia pexi.
pastoris duri hic est filius, ille bubulci;

[1] *quisquam erit et magno* ALOT: *quisquam erit in magno* PSFGU: *qui steterit magno* conj. Housm.: *in magno si posces* Büch. (1893) Owen; *id magnum* Büch. (1910).

[1] Now Assouan, on the Roman frontier. The phrase "portal of Syene" means "the portal consisting of Syene," Syene itself constituting the portal.

ivory, made of the tusks sent to us by the swift-footed Moor or from the portal of Syene,[1] or by the still duskier Indian—or perhaps shed by the monstrous beast in the Nabataean [2] forest when too big and too heavy for his head. These are the things that give good appetite and good digestion; for to these gentlemen a table with a leg of silver is like a finger with an iron ring. For this reason I will have none of your haughty guests to make comparisons between himself and me, and look down upon my humble state. So destitute am I of ivory that neither my dice nor counters are made of it; even my knife-handles are of bone. Yet are not the viands tainted thereby, nor does the pullet cut up any the worse on that account. Nor shall I have a server to whom the whole carving-school must bow, a pupil of the teacher Trypherus, in whose school is cut up, with blunt knives, a magnificent feast of hares and sows' paunches, of boars and antelopes, of pheasants and tall flamingoes and Gaetulian gazelles, until the whole Subura rings with the clatter of the elm-wood banquet. My raw youngster, untutored all his days, has never learnt how to filch a slice of roebuck or the wing of a guinea-fowl, unpractised save in the theft of tiny scraps. Cups of common ware, bought for a few pence, will be handed round by an unpolished lad, clad so as to keep out the cold. No Phrygian or Lycian youth, none bought from a dealer at a huge price, will you find; when you want anything, ask for it in Latin. They are all dressed alike; their hair cut close and uncurled, and only combed to-day because of the company. One is the son of a hardy shepherd;

[2] The Nabataei were an Arabian tribe. But there are no elephants in Arabia.

suspirat longo non visam tempore matrem,
et casulam et notos tristis desiderat haedos,
ingenui vultus puer ingenuique pudoris,
quales esse decet quos ardens purpura vestit,
nec pupillares defert in balnea raucus
testiculos, nec vellendas iam praebuit alas,
crassa nec opposito pavidus tegit inguina guto.
hic tibi vina dabit diffusa in montibus illis
a quibus ipse venit, quorum sub vertice lusit;
[namque una atque eadem est vini patria atque
ministri.]
Forsitan expectes ut Gaditana canoro
incipiant prurire choro plausuque probatae
ad terram tremulo descendant clune puellae;
spectant hoc nuptae iuxta recubante marito,
quod pudeat narrare aliquem praesentibus ipsis,
inritamentum veneris languentis et acres
divitis urticae; maior tamen ista voluptas
alterius sexus: magis ille extenditur, et mox
auribus atque oculis concepta urina movetur.
non capit has nugas humilis domus. audiat ille
testarum crepitus cum verbis, nudum olido stans
fornice mancipium quibus abstinet, ille fruatur
vocibus obscaenis omnique libidinis arte,
qui Lacedaemonium pytismate lubricat orbem;
namque ibi fortunae veniam damus. alea turpis,
turpe et adulterium mediocribus: haec eadem illi
omnia cum faciunt, hilares nitidique vocantur.
nostra dabunt alios hodie convivia ludos,
conditor Iliados cantabitur atque Maronis
altisoni dubiam facientia carmina palmam.
quid refert, tales versus qua voce legantur?

another of the cattle-man: he sighs for the mother whom he has not seen for so long, and thinks wistfully of the little cottage and the kids he knew so well; a lad of open countenance and frank modesty, such as those ought to be who are clothed in glowing purple.[1] No noisy frequenter he of baths, presenting his armpits to be cleared of hair, and with only an oil-flask to conceal his timid nudity. He will hand you a wine that was bottled on the hills among which he was born, and beneath whose tops he played—for wine and servant alike have one and the same fatherland.

162 You may look perhaps for a troop of Spanish maidens to win applause by immodest dance and song, sinking down with quivering buttocks to the floor—such sights as brides behold seated beside their husbands, though it were a shame to speak of such things in their presence. . . . My humble home has no place for follies such as these. The clatter of castanets, words too foul for the strumpet that stands naked in a reeking archway, with all the arts and language of lust, may be left to him who spits wine upon floors of Lacedaemonian marble; such men we pardon because of their high station. In men of moderate position gaming and adultery are shameful; but when those others do these same things, they are called gay fellows and fine gentlemen. My feast to-day will provide other performances than these. The bard of the *Iliad* will be sung, and the lays of the lofty-toned Maro that contest the palm with his. What matters it with what voice strains like these are read?

[1] Referring to the purple stripe on the *toga praetexta* worn by all free-born boys.

Sed nunc dilatis averte negotia curis
et gratam requiem dona tibi, quando licebit
per totum cessare diem. non faenoris ulla
mentio nec, prima si luce egressa rêverti
nocte solet, tacito bilem tibi contrahat uxor
umida suspectis referens multicia rugis
vexatasque comas et vultum auremque calentem.
protinus ante meum quidquid dolet exue limen,
pone domum et servos et quidquid frangitur illis
aut perit, ingratos ante omnia pone sodales.
Interea Megalesiacae spectacula mappae
Idaeum sollemne colunt, similisque triumpho
praeda caballorum praetor sedet, ac mihi pace
inmensae nimiaeque licet si dicere plebis,
totam hodie Romam circus capit, et fragor aurem
percutit, eventum viridis quo colligo panni.
nam si deficeret, maestam attonitamque videres
hanc urbem veluti Cannarum in pulvere victis
consulibus. spectent iuvenes, quos clamor et audax
sponsio, quos cultae decet assedisse puellae:
nostra bibat vernum contracta cuticula solem
effugiatque togam. iam nunc in balnea salva
fronte licet vadas, quamquam solida hora super-
sit
ad sextam. facere hoc non possis quinque diebus
continuis, quia sunt talis quoque taedia vitae
magna: voluptates commendat rarior usus.

[1] The Megalesian games (April 4-10) were held in honour of Cybele (μεγάλη μήτηρ); the praetor gave the signal for starting the chariot-race by dropping a napkin.

[2] There were four factions in the Circus, consisting of the supporters of the four charioteering colours, White, Red,

188 And now put away cares and cast business to the winds! Present yourself with a welcome holiday, now that you may be idle for the entire day. Let there be no talk of money, and let there be no secret wrath or suspicion in your heart because your wife is wont to go forth at dawn and to come home at night with . . . crumpled hair and flushed face and ears. Cast off straightway before my threshold all that troubles you, all thought of house and slaves, with all that slaves break or lose, and above all put away all thought of thankless friends.

193 Meantime the solemn Idaean rite of the Megalesian napkin[1] is being held; there sits the Praetor in his triumphal state, the prey of horse-flesh; and (if I may say so without offence to the vast unnumbered mob) all Rome to-day is in the Circus. A roar strikes upon my ear which tells me that the Green[2] has won; for had it lost, Rome would be as sad and dismayed as when the Consuls were vanquished in the dust of Cannae. Such sights are for the young, whom it befits to shout and make bold wagers with a smart damsel by their side: but let my shrivelled skin drink in the vernal sun, and escape the toga. You may go at once to your bath with no shame on your brow, though it wants a whole hour of mid-day.[3] That you could not do for five days continuously, since even such a life has weariness. It is rarity that gives zest to pleasure.[4]

Green, and Blue. The Green it seems was the popular colour, being usually favoured by the emperor.

[3] The bath was usually not taken till the eighth hour.

[4] This would seem to be almost a translation from Epictetus (*Flor.* 6. 59). "The rarest pleasures give most delight."

SATVRA XII

Natali, Corvine, die mihi dulcior haec lux,
qua festus promissa deis animalia caespes
expectat. niveam reginae ducimus agnam,
par vellus dabitur pugnanti Gorgone Maura;
sed procul extensum petulans quatit hostia funem
Tarpeio servata Iovi frontemque coruscat,
quippe ferox vitulus templis maturus et arae
spargendusque mero, quem iam pudet ubera matris
ducere, qui vexat nascenti robora cornu.
si res ampla domi similisque adfectibus esset,
pinguior Hispulla traheretur taurus et ipsa
mole piger nec finitima nutritus in herba,
laeta sed ostendens Clitumni pascua sanguis
iret et a grandi cervix ferienda ministro
ob reditum trepidantis adhuc horrendaque passi
nuper et incolumem sese mirantis amici.
Nam praeter pelagi casus et fulminis ictus
evasit: densae caelum abscondere tenebrae
nube una subitusque antemnas inpulit ignis,
cum se quisque illo percussum crederet et mox
attonitus nullum conferri posse putaret
naufragium velis ardentibus. omnia fiunt
talia, tam graviter, si quando poetica surgit
tempestas. genus ecce aliud discriminis audi

---

[1] Pallas.

[2] The Gorgon (or Gorgons) were supposed to belong to Libya.

SATIRE XII

How Catullus escaped Shipwreck

Dearer to me, Corvinus, is this day, when my festal turf is awaiting the victims vowed to the Gods, than my own birthday. To the Queen of Heaven I offer a snow-white lamb; a fleece as white to the Goddess [1] armed with the Moorish [2] Gorgon; yes, and here is the frolicsome victim destined for Tarpeian Jupiter, shaking the far-stretched rope and brandishing his brow; for he is a bold young steer, ripe for temple and for altar, and fit to be sprinkled with wine; it already shames him to suck his mother's milk, and with his budding horn he assails the oaks. Were my fortune large, and as ample as my desires, I should have been hauling along a bull fatter than Hispulla, slow-footed from his very bulk; reared on no neighbouring herbage he, but showing in his blood the rich pastures of the Clitumnus,[3] and marching along to offer his neck to the stroke of the stalwart priest, to celebrate the return of my still trembling friend who has lately gone through such terrors, and now marvels to find himself safe and sound.

17 For besides the perils of the deep he escaped a lightning stroke. A mass of dense black cloud shut out all the heavens, and down came a flash of fire upon the yards. Every man believed himself smitten by the bolt, and soon in his terror bethought him that no shipwreck could be so terrible as a ship on fire. All happened in the same way and as frightfully as when a storm arises in a poem, when lo! a new kind of peril came: hear it and give

[3] Famed for their breed of white cattle.

et miserere iterum, quamquam sint cetera sortis
eiusdem pars dira quidem, sed cognita multis
et quam votiva testantur fana tabella
plurima ; pictores quis nescit ab Iside pasci ?
Accidit et nostro similis fortuna Catullo.
cum plenus fluctu medius foret alveus et iam,
alternum puppis latus evertentibus undis,
arbori[1] incertae, nullam prudentia cani
rectoris cum ferret opem, decidere iactu
coepit cum ventis, imitatus castora, qui se
eunuchum ipse facit cupiens evadere damno
testiculi ; adeo medicatum intellegit inguen.
" fundite quae mea sunt," dicebat " cuncta " Catullus,
praecipitare volens etiam pulcherrima, vestem
purpuream teneris quoque Maecenatibus aptam,
atque alias quarum generosi graminis ipsum
infecit natura pecus, sed et egregius fons
viribus occultis et Baeticus adiuvat aer.
ille nec argentum dubitabat mittere, lances
Parthenio factas, urnae cratera capacem
et dignum sitiente Pholo vel coniuge Fusci ;
adde et bascaudas et mille escaria, multum
caelati, biberat quo callidus[2] emptor Olynthi.
sed quis nunc alius qua mundi parte, quis audet
argento praeferre caput rebusque salutem ?
[non propter vitam faciunt patrimonia quidam,
sed vitio caeci propter patrimonia vivunt.]

[1] *arbori* is Lachmann's conj. for the *arboris* of the MSS.
[2] *callidus* ψ : *pallidus* PA.

---

[1] *i.e.* by employing them to paint votive tablets for her temples.

[2] Baetica was one of the provinces of Spain, called after the Baetis (*Guadalquivir*). The wool was famed for its golden colour.

your pity once again, though the rest of the tale is all of one piece: a fearful lot, well known to many, and testified by a votive tablet in many of our temples. Who knows not that it is Isis who feeds our painters? [1]

[29] A fate like to these befell our friend Catullus also. For when the hold was half full of water, and the waves rocked the hull from side to side, so that the white-haired skipper, with all his skill, could bring no succour to the labouring mast, he resolved to compound by jettison with the winds like the beaver, who makes himself a eunuch, that he may escape—with loss of a testicle; so conscious is he of the drug which he carries in his groin. "Overboard with all that's mine!" shouted Catullus, ready to cast headlong his finest wares: purple garments, such as would have befitted a soft Maecenas, with other fabrics dyed even on the sheep's back by the noble nature of the herbage—though doubtless the hidden virtues of the water and air of Baetica [2] also lend their aid. Nor did he hesitate to throw over pieces of silver plate—chargers wrought by Parthenius,[3] and bowls holding three gallons, fit to slake the thirst of the Centaur Pholus [4] or the wife of Fuscus. Besides these were baskets and dishes without number, and much chased work out of which the crafty purchaser of Olynthus [5] had slaked his thirst. What other man is there, in what part of the world, who would dare to value his life above his plate, or his safety above his property? Some men are so blinded and depraved that, instead of making fortunes for the sake of living, they live for their fortunes' sake.

[3] An engraver, otherwise unknown.
[4] The Centaurs were famed for their drinking capacity.
[5] Philip of Macedon.

lactatur rerum utilium pars maxima, sed nec damna levant. tunc adversis urguentibus illuc recidit ut malum ferro summitteret; ac se explicat angustum: discriminis ultima, quando praesidia adferimus navem factura minorem. nunc et ventis animam committe dolato confisus ligno, digitis a morte remotus quattuor aut septem, si sit latissima, taedae; mox cum reticulis et pane et ventre lagonae, aspice[1] sumendas in tempestate secures.

Sed postquam iacuit planum mare, tempora postquam prospera vectoris fatumque valentius Euro et pelago, postquam Parcae meliora benigna pensa manu ducunt hilares et staminis albi lanificae, modica nec multum fortior aura ventus adest, mopi miserabilis arte cucurrit vestibus extentis et quod superaverat unum velo prora suo. iam deficientibus Austris spes vitae cum sole redit. tunc gratus Iulo atque novercali sedes praelata Lavino conspicitur sublimis apex, cui candida nomen scrofa dedit, laetis Phrygibus mirabile sumen, et numquam visis triginta clara mamillis.

Tandem mittat positas inclusa per aequora moles Tyrrhenamque pharon porrectaque brachia rursum cum pelago occurrunt medio longeque relinquunt Italiam. non sic igitur mirabere portus

[1] *aspice* Pu: *accipe* Housm.: *respice* Iahn.

[1] The Alban Mount.

52 And now most of the cargo has gone overboard, but even these losses do not ease the vessel; so in his extremity the skipper had to fall back upon cutting away the mast, and so find a way out of his straits—a dire pass indeed when no remedy can be found but one that diminishes the ship! Go now, and commit your life to the winds! Go trust yourself to a hewn plank which parts you from death by four finger-breadths of pitch-pine, or seven if it be extra thick! Only remember in future, besides your net and bread and your bread-basket and your pot-bellied flagon, to take with you axes also for use in a storm.

62 But soon the sea fell flat, and our mariners came on better times. Destiny proved stronger than wind and wave; the glad Fates, with kindly hand, spun a gentler yarn of white wool, there sprang up what was no stronger than a gentle breeze, under which the poor ship sped on by the sorry help of outstretched garments, and the single sail now left to her on her prow. Soon the winds abated, and out came the sun, bringing hope of life; and then there came into view the beetling height[1] so dear to Iulus, and preferred by him for his abode to his stepmother's Lavinum, a height that took its name from the white sow whose wondrous womb made glad the Phrygians' hearts, and gained fame for her thirty teats—a sight never seen before!

75 And now at length the ship comes within the moles built out to enclose the sea.[2] She passes the Tyrrhenian lighthouse, and those arms which stretch out and meet again in mid-ocean, leaving Italy far behind—a port more wondrous far than those of

[2] The port of Ostia, built by Claudius and called *Portus Augusti*.

quos natura dedit. sed trunca puppe magister
interiora petit, Baianae pervia cumbae,
tuti stagna sinus. gaudent ibi vertice raso
garrula securi narrare pericula nautae.
Ite igitur, pueri, linguis animisque faventes
sertaque delubris et farra inponite cultris
ac mollis ornate focos glaebamque virentem.
iam sequar et sacro, quod praestat, rite peracto
inde domum repetam, graciles ubi parva coronas
accipiunt fragili simulacra nitentia cera.
hic nostrum placabo Iovem Laribusque paternis
tura dabo atque omnis violae iactabo colores.
cuncta nitent, longos erexit ianua ramos
et matutinis operatur festa lucernis.
Nec suspecta tibi sint haec, Corvine: Catullus,
pro cuius reditu tot pono altaria, parvos
tres habet heredes. libet expectare quis aegram
et claudentem oculos gallinam inpendat amico
tam sterili; verum haec nimia est inpensa: coturnix
nulla umquam pro patre cadet. sentire calorem
si coepit locuples Gallitta et Pacius orbi,
legitime fixis vestitur tota libellis
porticus, existunt qui promittant hecatomben,
quatenus hic non sunt nec venales elephanti,
nec Latio aut usquam sub nostro sidere talis
belua concipitur, sed furva gente petita
arboribus Rutulis et Turni pascitur agro,
Caesaris armentum nulli servire paratum
privato, siquidem Tyrio parere solebant

---

[1] In fulfilment, no doubt, of a vow made in the moment of danger.

[2] The emperors kept a herd of elephants for games, etc., at Laurentum, near the kingdom of the Rutulian Turnus.

Nature's making. Then the skipper, with his crippled ship, makes for the still waters of the inner basin in which any Baian shallop may ride in safety. There the sailors shave their heads[1] and delight, in garrulous ease, to tell the story of their perils.

83 Away then, ye boys, and with reverent tongues and souls hang up garlands upon the shrines, sprinkle spelt upon the knives, and deck the soft altars of verdant turf. I will quickly follow, and having duly performed the greater rite, will return thence home, where my little images of shining crumbling wax are being decked with slender wreaths. Here will I appease my own Jupiter; here will I offer incense to my paternal Lares, and scatter pansies of every hue. Here all is bright; the gateway, in token of feast, has put up trailing branches, and is worshipping with early-lighted lamps.

93 Look not askance, Corvinus, upon these rejoicings. The Catullus for whose return I set up all these altars has three little heirs of his own. You may wait long enough before you find anyone to bestow a sickly hen, just closing her eyes, upon so unprofitable a friend; nay, a hen would be all too costly: no quail will ever fall for a man who is a father! But if the rich and childless Gallitta or Pacius have a touch of fever, their entire porticoes will be dressed out with tablets fastened in due form; there will be some to vow hecatombs, not elephants, indeed, seeing that elephants are not for sale, nor does that beast breed in Latium, or anywhere beneath our skies, but is fetched from the dark man's land to be fed in the Rutulian forest and the domains of Turnus.[2] The herd is Caesar's,[2] and will serve no private master, since their forefathers were wont to obey the

Hannibali et nostris ducibus regique Molosso
horum maiores ac dorso ferre cohortis,
partem aliquam belli, et euntem in proelia turrem.
nulla igitur mora per Novium, mora nulla per Histrum
Pacuvium, quin illud ebur ducatur ad aras
et cadat ante Lares Gallittae victima sola
tantis digna deis et captatoribus horum.
alter enim, si concedas, mactare vovebit
de grege servorum magna et pulcherrima quaeque
corpora, vel pueris et frontibus ancillarum
inponet vittas, et siqua est nubilis illi
Iphigenia domi, dabit hanc altaribus, etsi
non sperat tragicae furtiva piacula cervae.

Laudo meum civem, nec comparo testamento
mille rates ; nam si Libitinam evaserit aeger,
delebit tabulas inclusus carcere nassae
post meritum sane mirandum atque omnia soli
forsan Pacuvio breviter dabit, ille superbus
incedet victis rivalibus. ergo vides quam
grande operae pretium faciat iugulata Mycenis.
vivat Pacuvius quaeso vel Nestora totum,
possideat quantum rapuit Nero, montibus aurum
exaequet, nec amet quemquam nec ametur ab ullo.

[1] Pyrrhus. [2] Legacy-hunters.
[3] Sacrificed by her father Agamemnon to procure a fair wind for the Greek fleet.

Tyrian Hannibal and our generals and the Molossian king,[1] and to carry cohorts on their backs—no small fraction of a war—whole towers going forth to battle! Therefore Novius[2] would not hesitate, Pacuvius Hister[2] would not hesitate, to lead that ivoried monster to the altar, and offer it to Gallitta's Lares, the only victim worthy of such august divinities, and of those who hunt their gold. For the latter worthy, if permitted, will vow to sacrifice the tallest and comeliest of his slaves; he will place fillets on the brows of his slave-boys and maidservants; if he has a marriageable Iphigenia[3] at home, he will place her upon the altar, though he could never hope for the hind of tragic story to provide a secret substitute.[4]

121 I commend the wisdom of my fellow townsman, nor can I compare a thousand ships to an inheritance; for if the sick man escape the Goddess of Death, he will be caught within the net, he will destroy his will, and after the prodigious services of Pacuvius will, maybe by a single word, make him heir to all his possessions, and Pacuvius will strut proudly over his vanquished rivals. You see therefore how well worth while it was to slaughter that maiden at Mycenae! Long live Pacuvius! may he live, I pray, as many years as Nestor; may he possess as much as Nero plundered; may he pile up gold mountain-high; may he love no one, and be by none beloved!

[4] Later tradition pretended that a hind had been substituted for Iphigenia.

SATVRA XIII

Exemplo quodcumque malo committitur, ipsi
displicet auctori: prima est haec ultio, quod se
iudice nemo nocens absolvitur, improba quamvis
gratia fallaci praetoris vicerit urna.
quid sentire putas omnes, Calvine, recenti
de scelere et fidei violatae crimine? sed nec
tam tenuis census tibi contigit, ut mediocris
iacturae te mergat onus, nec rara videmus
quae pateris; casus multis hic cognitus ac iam
tritus et e medio fortunae ductus acervo.
ponamus nimios gemitus. flagrantior aequo
non debet dolor esse viri nec vulnere maior.
tu quamvis levium minimam exiguamque malorum
particulam vix ferre potes spumantibus ardens
visceribus, sacrum tibi quod non reddat amicus
depositum; stupet haec qui iam post terga reliquit
sexaginta annos Fonteio consule natus?
an nihil in melius tot rerum proficis[1] usu?
Magna quidem, sacris quae dat praecepta libellis,
victrix fortunae sapientia; ducimus autem
hos quoque felices, qui ferre incommoda vitae
nec iactare iugum vita didicere magistra.
quae tam festa dies, ut cesset prodere furem,
perfidiam, fraudes atque omni ex crimine lucrum
quaesitum et partos gladio vel pyxide nummos?

[1] *proficit* P: *proficis* ψ and Housm.

---

[1] C. Fonteius Capito, consul A.D. 67. That fixes the date of this Satire to the year A.D. 127.

SATIRE XIII

The Terrors of a Guilty Conscience

No deed that sets an example of evil brings joy to the doer of it. The first punishment is this: that no guilty man is acquitted at the bar of his own conscience, though he have won his cause by a juggling urn, and the corrupt favour of the judge. What do you suppose, Calvinus, that people are now thinking about the recent villainy and the charge of trust betrayed? Your means are not so small that the weight of a slight loss will weigh you down; nor is your misfortune rare. Such a mishap has been known to many; it is one of the common kind, plucked at random out of Fortune's heap. Away with undue lamentations! a man's wrath should not be hotter than is fit, nor greater than the loss sustained. You are scarce able to bear the very smallest particle of trivial misfortune; your bowels foam hot within you because your friend will not give up to you the sacred trust committed to him; does this amaze one who was born in the Consulship of Fonteius,[1] and has left sixty years behind him? Have you gained nothing from all your experience?

[19] Great indeed is Philosophy, conqueror of Fortune, and sacred are the precepts of her book; but they too are deemed happy who have learnt under the schooling of life to endure its ills without fretting against the yoke. What day is there, however festal, which fails to disclose theft, treachery and fraud: gain made out of every kind of crime, and money won by the dagger or the bowl?[2] For honest men

[2] *Pyxis* is any bowl made of boxwood.

rari quippe boni : numera, vix sunt totidem quot
Thebarum portae vel divitis ostia Nili.
nona [1] aetas agitur peioraque saecula ferri
temporibus, quorum sceleri non invenit ipsa
nomen et a nullo posuit natura metallo.
nos hominum divumque fidem clamore ciemus
quanto Faesidium laudat vocalis agentem
sportula. dic, senior bulla dignissime, nescis
quas habeat veneres aliena pecunia? nescis
quem tua simplicitas risum vulgo moveat, cum
exigis a quoquam ne peieret et putet ullis
esse aliquod numen templis araeque rubenti?
quondam hoc indigenae vivebant more, priusquam
sumeret agrestem posito diademate falcem
Saturnus fugiens, tunc cum virguncula Iuno
et privatus adhuc Idaeis Iuppiter antris;
nulla super nubes convivia caelicolarum,
nec puer Iliacus formosa nec Herculis uxor
ad cyathos, et iam siccato nectare tergens
bracchia Vulcanus Liparaea nigra taberna.
prandebat sibi quisque deus, nec turba deorum
talis ut est hodie, contentaque sidera paucis
numinibus miserum urguebant Atlanta minori
pondere, nondum aliquis [2] sortitus triste profundi

[1] *nona.* So ψ and Housm.: *non* FG: P Büch. and Owen have the unmeaning *nunc.*

[2] *aliquis* is read by ψ, but omitted by P. Housm. conj. *imi.* See *Journal of Phil.* No. 67, p. 42.

[1] Thebes had seven gates, the Nile seven mouths.

[2] The dole (*sportula*) is called "vocal" because it secures to the patron the applause of his client when he pleads in court.

are scarce; hardly so numerous as the gates of Thebes, or the mouths of the enriching Nile.[1] We are living in a ninth age; an age more evil than that of iron—one for whose wickedness Nature herself can find no name, no metal from which to call it. We summon Gods and men to our aid with cries as loud as that with which the vocal dole[2] applauds Faesidius when he pleads. Tell me, you old gentleman, who should surely be wearing the *bulla*[3] of childhood, do you know nothing of the charm of other people's money? Are you ignorant of how the world laughs at your simplicity when you demand of any man that he shall not perjure himself, and believe that some divinity is to be found in temples or in altars red with blood? Primitive men lived thus in the olden days, before Saturn laid down his diadem and fled, betaking himself to the rustic sickle; in the days when Juno was a little maid, and Jupiter still a private gentleman in the caves of Ida.[4] In those days there were no banquets of the heavenly host above the clouds, there was no Trojan youth, no fair wife of Hercules[5] for cup-bearer, no Vulcan wiping arms begrimed by the Liparaean[6] forge after tossing off his nectar. Each God then dined by himself; there was no such mob of deities as there is to-day; the stars were satisfied with a few divinities, and pressed with a lighter load upon the hapless Atlas. No monarch had as yet had the gloomy realms below allotted to him; there was no grim Pluto with a

[3] The *bulla* was a case of gold containing an amulet against the evil eye, worn by all free-born boys until they put on the *toga virilis*.

[4] Mount Ida in Crete where Zeus was born. [5] Hebe.

[6] Lipari, the group of islands elsewhere called Aeolian (i. 7), where Vulcan's forge was placed.

imperium, aut Sicula torvos cum coniuge Pluton,
nec rota nec Furiae nec saxum aut vulturis atri
poena, sed infernis hilares sine regibus umbrae.
inprobitas illo fuit admirabilis aevo,
credebant quo grande nefas et morte piandum,
si iuvenis vetulo non adsurrexerat et si
barbato cuicumque puer, licet ipse videret
plura domi fraga et maiores glandis acervos;
tam venerabile erat praecedere quattuor annis,
primaque par adeo sacrae lanugo senectae.
Nunc si depositum non infitietur amicus,
si reddat veterem cum tota aerugine follem,
prodigiosa fides et Tuscis digna libellis,
quaeque coronata lustrari debeat agna.
egregium sanctumque virum si cerno, bimembri
hoc monstrum puero et miranti [1] sub aratro
piscibus inventis et fetae comparo mulae,
sollicitus, tamquam lapides effuderit imber
examenque apium longa consederit uva
culmine delubri, tamquam in mare fluxerit amnis
gurgitibus miris et lactis vertice torrens.
Intercepta decem quereris sestertia fraude
sacrilega. quid si bis centum perdidit alter
hoc arcana modo? maiorem tertius illa
summam, quam patulae vix ceperat angulus arcae?
tam facile et pronum est superos contemnere testes,
si mortalis idem nemo sciat! aspice quanta
voce neget, quae sit ficti constantia vultus:
per Solis radios Tarpeiaque fulmina iurat

[1] So ψ and Housm.: Büch. follows the *mirandis* of P.

[1] The wheel of Ixion. [2] The stone of Sisyphus.
[3] Tityus was preyed upon by a vulture.

Sicilian spouse; there was no wheel,[1] no rock,[2] no Furies, no black torturing vulture;[3] the shades led a merry life, with no kings over their nether world. Dishonesty was a prodigy in those days; when men deemed it a heinous sin, worthy of death, if a youth did not rise before his elders, or a boy before any bearded man, though he himself might see more strawberries, and bigger heaps of acorns, in his own home. So worshipful was it to be older by four years, so equal to reverend age was the first down of manhood!

[60] But nowadays, if a friend does not disavow a sum entrusted to him, if he restore the old purse with all its rust, his good faith is deemed a portent calling for the sacred books of Etruria, and to be expiated by a lamb decked with garlands. If I discover an upright and blameless man, I liken him to a boy born half beast, or to fishes found by a marvelling rustic under the plough, or to a pregnant mule: I am as concerned as though it had rained stones, or a swarm of bees had settled in a long cluster on a temple-roof, or as though some river had poured down wondrous floods of milk into the sea.

[71] You complain, do you, that by an impious fraud you have been robbed of ten thousand sesterces? What if someone else has by a like fraud lost a secret deposit of two hundred thousand sesterces? A third a still greater sum, which could scarce find room in the corners of his ample treasure-chest? So simple and easy a thing is it to disregard heavenly witnesses, if no mortal man is privy to the secret! Hear how loudly the fellow denies the charge! See the assurance of his perfidious face! He swears by the rays of the sun and the Tarpeian thunder-

et Martis frameam et Cirrhaei spicula vatis,
per calamos venatricis pharetramque puellae
perque tuum, pater Aegaei Neptune, tridentem ;
addit et Herculeos arcus hastamque Minervae,
quidquid habent telorum armamentaria caeli.
si vero et pater est, " comedam," inquit flebile, " nati
sinciput elixi Pharioque madentis aceto."

Sunt in fortunae qui casibus omnia ponant
et nullo credant mundum rectore moveri
natura volvente vices et lucis et anni,
atque ideo intrepidi quaecumque altaria tangunt.
est alius metuens ne crimen poena sequatur ;
hic putat esse deos et peierat, atque ita secum :
" decernat quodcumque volet de corpore nostro
Isis et irato feriat mea lumina sistro,
dummodo vel caecus teneam quos abnego nummos.
et phthisis et vomicae putres et dimidium crus
sunt tanti. pauper locupletem optare podagram
nec dubitet Ladas, si non eget Anticyra nec
Archigene ; quid enim velocis gloria plantae
praestat et esuriens Pisaeae ramus olivae ?
ut sit magna, tamen certe lenta ira deorum est ;
si curant igitur cunctos punire nocentes,
quando ad me venient ? sed et exorabile numen
fortasse experiar, solet his ignoscere. multi
committunt eadem diverso crimina fato :
ille crucem sceleris pretium tulit, hic diadema."

---

[1] A famous Greek runner.

[2] An island on which hellebore, the remedy for madness, was grown. See p. 359, n. 5.

[3] An olive-wreath was the prize at the Olympian games.

bolts; by the lance of Mars and the arrows of the Cirrhaean Seer; by the shafts and quiver of the maiden huntress, and by thine own trident, O Neptune, thou lord of the Aegaean sea. He throws in besides the bow of Hercules, and Minerva's spear, and all the weapons contained in all the armouries of Heaven; if he be a father, "May I eat," he tearfully declares, "my own son's head boiled, and dripping with Egyptian vinegar!"

[86] Some think that all things are subject to the chances of Fortune; these believe that the world has no governor to move it, but that Nature rolls along the changes of day and year; they will therefore lay their hands on any altar you please without a tremor. Another fears that punishment will follow crime; he believes that there are Gods, but perjures himself all the same, reasoning thus within himself: "Let Isis deal with my body as she wills, and blast my sight with her avenging rattle, provided only that even when blind I may keep the money which I disavow; it is worth having phthisis or running ulcers or losing half one's leg at the price! Ladas[1] himself, if not needing treatment at Anticyra[2] or by Archigenes, would not hesitate to accept the rich man's gout; for what is to be got out of fame for swiftness of foot, or from a hungry branch of the Pisaean olive[3]? The wrath of the Gods may be great, but it assuredly is slow; if then they charge themselves with punishing all the guilty, when will they get my length? And besides I may perchance find the God placable; he is wont to forgive things like this. Many commit the same crime and fare differently: one man gets a gibbet, another a crown, as the reward of crime."

Sic animum dirae trepidum formidine culpae
confirmat, tunc te sacra ad delubra vocantem
praecedit, trahere immo ultro ac vexare paratus.
nam cum magna malae superest audacia causae,
creditur a multis fiducia. mimum agit ille,
urbani qualem fugitivus scurra Catulli:
tu miser exclamas, ut Stentora vincere possis,
vel potius quantum Gradivus Homericus: "audis,
Iuppiter, haec, nec labra moves, cum mittere vocem
debueris vel marmoreus vel aeneus? aut cur
in carbone tuo charta pia tura soluta
ponimus et sectum vituli iecur albaque porci
omenta? ut video, nullum discrimen habendum est
effigies inter vestras statuamque Vagelli."
Accipe quae contra valeat solacia ferre
et qui nec cynicos nec stoica dogmata legit
a cynicis tunica distantia, non Epicurum
suspicit exigui laetum plantaribus horti.
curentur dubii medicis maioribus aegri:
tu venam vel discipulo committe Philippi.
si nullum in terris tam detestabile factum
ostendis, taceo, nec pugnis caedere pectus
te veto nec plana faciem contundere palma,
quandoquidem accepto claudenda est ianua damno,
et maiore domus gemitu, maiore tumultu
planguntur nummi quam funera. nemo dolorem
fingit in hoc casu, vestem diducere summam

---

[1] See viii. 186. [2] See Hom. *Il.* v. 785.
[3] The Cynics discarded the tunic.
[4] Some inferior doctor; unknown.

106 That is how they reassure their minds when in terror for some deadly guilt. If you summon them then to the holy shrine, they will be there before you; nay, they will themselves drag you thither, and dare you to the proof; for when a bad cause is well backed by a bold face, the man gets credit for self-confidence. Such a one plays a part, like the runaway buffoon of the witty Catullus,[1] but you, poor wretch, may shout so as to out-do Stentor,[2] or rather as loudly as the Mars of Homer, "Do you hear all this, O Jupiter, with lip unmoved, when you ought to have been making yourself heard, whether you be made of marble or of bronze? Else why do I open my packet of holy incense, and place it on your blazing altar? Why offer slices of a calf's liver or the fat of a white pig? So far as I can see, there is nothing to choose between your images and the statue of Vagellius!"

120 And now hear what consolations can be offered on the other side by one who has not embraced the doctrines either of the Cynics, or of the Stoics—who only differ from the Cynics by a shirt[3]—nor yet reverenced Epicurus, so proud of the growing slips in his tiny garden. Let doubtful maladies be tended by doctors of repute; your pulse may be entrusted to a mere disciple of Philippus.[4] If in all the world you cannot show me so abominable a crime, I hold my peace; I will not forbid you to smite your breast with your fists, or to pummel your face with open palm, seeing that after so great a loss you must close your doors, and that a household bewails the loss of money with louder lamentations than a death. In such a misfortune no grief is simulated; no one is content to rend the top of his garment, or to squeeze forced

contentus, vexare oculos umore coacto :
ploratur lacrimis amissa pecunia veris.
Sed si cuncta vides simili fora plena querella,
si decies lectis diversa parte tabellis
vana supervacui dicunt chirographa ligni,
arguit ipsorum quos littera gemmaque princeps
sardonychum, loculis quae custoditur eburnis,
ten, o delicias! extra communia censes
ponendum, quia tu gallinae filius albae,
nos viles pulli, nati infelicibus ovis?
rem pateris modicam et mediocri bile ferendam,
si flectas oculos maiora ad crimina. confer
conductum latronem, incendia sulpure coepta
atque dolo, primos cum ianua colligit ignes;
confer et hos, veteris qui tollunt grandia templi
pocula adorandae robiginis et populorum
dona vel antiquo positas a rege coronas;
haec ibi si non sunt, minor exstat sacrilegus qui
radat inaurati femur Herculis et faciem ipsam
Neptuni, qui bratteolam de Castore ducat;
an dubitet solitus totum conflare Tonantem?
confer et artifices mercatoremque veneni,
et deducendum corio bovis in mare, cum quo
clauditur adversis innoxia simia fatis.
haec quota pars scelerum, quae custos Gallicus urbis
usque a lucifero donec lux occidat audit?
humani generis mores tibi nosse volenti
sufficit una domus : paucos consume dies et
dicere te miserum, postquam illinc veneris, aude.

[1] See note on viii. 214.

moisture from his eyes; unfeigned are the tears which lament the loss of wealth.

135 But if you see every court beset with complaints like to yours; if after a bond has been read over ten times by the opposing party, they declare the document to be waste paper, though convicted by their own handwriting, and by the signet ring, most choice of sardonyx stones, kept in an ivory case—do you, my fine fellow, suppose that you are to be placed outside the common lot, because you were born of a white hen, while we are common chickens, hatched out of unlucky eggs? Your loss is a modest one, to be endured with a moderate amount of choler, if you cast an eye on grosser wrongs. Compare with your case the hired robber, or the fire purposely started by sulphur, the flame bursting out at your front door; think too of those who carry off from ancient temples splendid cups of venerable antiquity, that were the gift of nations, or crowns dedicated by some ancient monarch! If such things are not to be had, a petty desecrator will be found to scrape off the gilding from the thigh of Hercules, or from the very face of Neptune, or to strip Castor of his beaten gold. And why should he hesitate, when he has been used to melt down an entire Thunderer? Compare too the manufacturers and sellers of poison, and the man who should be cast into the sea inside an ox's hide, with whom a luckless destiny encloses a harmless ape.[1] What a mere fraction these of the crimes which Gallicus,[2] the guardian of our city, has to listen to from dawn to eve! If you would know what mankind is like, that one court-house will suffice; spend a few days in it, and when you come out, dare to call yourself

[2] Rutilius Gallicus, prefect of the city under Domitian.

quis tumidum guttur miratur in Alpibus, aut quis
in Meroe crasso maiorem infante mamillam ?
caerula quis stupuit Germani lumina, flavam
caesariem et madido torquentem cornua cirro ?
[nempe quod haec illis natura est omnibus una.]
ad subitas Thracum volucres nubemque sonoram
Pygmaeus parvis currit bellator in armis,
mox inpar hosti raptusque per aera curvis
unguibus a saeva fertur grue. si videas hoc
gentibus in nostris, risu quatiare ; sed illic,
quamquam eadem adsidue spectentur proelia, ridet
nemo, ubi tota cohors pede non est altior uno.
" Nullane peiuri capitis fraudisque nefandae
poena erit ? " abreptum crede hunc graviore
catena
protinus et nostro (quid plus velit ira ?) necari
arbitrio : manet illa tamen iactura, nec umquam
depositum tibi sospes erit, sed corpore trunco
invidiosa dabit minimus [1] solacia sanguis.
" at vindicta bonum vita iucundius ipsa."
nempe hoc indocti, quorum praecordia nullis
interdum aut levibus videas flagrantia causis ;
quantulacumque adeo est occasio sufficit irae.
Chrysippus non dicet idem nec mite Thaletis
ingenium dulcique senex vicinus Hymetto,
qui partem acceptae saeva inter vincla cicutae
accusatori nollet dare. plurima felix
paulatim vitia atque errores exuit omnes,

[1] *minimus* Pψ : Housm. conj. *solum.*

[1] An island in Upper Egypt formed by two branches of the Nile.

[2] Legends of battles between cranes and pygmies are found in Homer (*Il.* iii. 3–6), Aristotle, and elsewhere.

[3] The great Stoic philosopher, B.C. 280–207.

unfortunate. Who marvels at a swollen throat in the Alps? or in Meroe[1] at a woman's breast bigger than her fat babe? Who is amazed to see a German with blue eyes and yellow hair, twisting his greasy curls into a horn? We marvel not, clearly because this one nature is common to them all. The Pygmy warrior marches forth in his tiny arms to encounter the sudden swoop and clamorous cloud of Thracian birds; but soon, no match for his foe, he is snatched up by the savage crane and borne in his crooked talons through the air.[2] If you saw this in our own country, you would shake with laughter; but in that land, where the whole host is only one foot high, though like battles are witnessed every day, no one laughs!

174 "What? Is there to be no punishment for that perjured soul and his impious fraud?" Well, suppose him to have been hurried off in heavy chains, and slain (what more could anger ask?) at our good pleasure; yet your loss still remains, your deposit will not be saved; and the smallest drop of blood from that headless body will bring you hatred along with your consolation. "O! but vengeance is good, sweeter than life itself." Yes; so say the ignorant, whose passionate hearts you may see ablaze at the slightest cause, sometimes for no cause at all; any occasion, indeed, however small it be, suffices for their wrath. But so will not Chrysippus[3] say, or the gentle Thales,[4] or the old man[5] who dwelt near sweet Hymettus, who would have given to his accuser no drop of the hemlock-draught which was administered to him in that cruel bondage. Benign Philosophy, by degrees, strips from us most of our vices, and all

[4] The Ionic philosopher of Miletus, about B.C. 636–546.
[5] Socrates.

prima docet rectum sapientia. quippe minuti
semper et infirmi est animi exiguique voluptas
ultio. continuo sic collige, quod vindicta
nemo magis gaudet quam femina.
Cur tamen hos tu
evasisse putes, quos diri conscia facti
mens habet attonitos et surdo verbere caedit
occultum quatiente animo tortore flagellum?
poena autem vehemens ac multo saevior illis
quas et Caedicius gravis invenit et Rhadamanthus,
nocte dieque suum gestare in pectore testem.
Spartano cuidam respondit Pythia vates
haut inpunitum quondam fore quod dubitaret
depositum retinere et fraudem iure tueri
iurando; quaerebat enim quae numinis esset
mens et an hoc illi facinus suaderet Apollo.
reddidit ergo metu, non moribus; et tamen omnem
vocem adyti dignam templo veramque probavit
extinctus tota pariter cum prole domoque,
et quamvis longa deductis gente propinquis.
has patitur poenas peccandi sola voluntas.
nam scelus intra se tacitum qui cogitat ullum,
facti crimen habet.
Cedo si conata peregit:
perpetua anxietas nec mensae tempore cessat,
faucibus ut morbo siccis interque molares
difficili crescente cibo, sed vina misellus
expuit, Albani veteris pretiosa senectus
displicet; ostendas melius, densissima ruga

[1] Not known.

our mistakes; it is she that first teaches us the right. For vengeance is always the delight of a little, weak, and petty mind; of which you may straightway draw proof from this—that no one so rejoices in vengeance as a woman.

192 But why should you suppose that a man escapes punishment whose mind is ever kept in terror by the consciousness of an evil deed which lashes him with unheard blows, his own soul ever shaking over him the unseen whip of torture? It is a grievous punishment, more cruel far than any devised by the stern Caedicius[1] or by Rhadamanthus, to carry in one's breast by night and by day one's own accusing witness. The Pythian prophetess once made answer to a Spartan that it would not pass unpunished in after time that he had thought of keeping back a sum entrusted to him supporting the wrong by perjury; for he asked what was the mind of the Deity, and whether Apollo counselled him to do the deed. He therefore restored the money, through fear, and not from honesty; nevertheless he found all the words of the Oracle to be true and worthy of the shrine, being destroyed with his whole race and family and relations, however far removed. Such are the penalties endured by the mere wish to sin; for he who secretly meditates a crime within his breast has all the guiltiness of the deed.

210 What then if the purposed deed be done? His disquiet never ceases, not even at the festal board; his throat is as dry as in a fever; he can scarcely take his food, it swells between his teeth; he spits out the wine, poor wretch; he cannot abide the choicest old Albanian, and if you bring out something finer still, wrinkles gather upon his brow as

cogitur in frontem velut acri ducta Falerno.
nocte brevem si forte indulsit cura soporem,
et toto versata toro iam membra quiescunt,
continuo templum et violati numinis aras
et, quod praecipuis mentem sudoribus urguet,
te videt in somnis ; tua sacra et maior imago
humana turbat pavidum cogitque fateri.
hi sunt qui trepidant et ad omnia fulgura pallent,
cum tonat, exanimes primo quoque murmure caeli,
non quasi fortuitus nec ventorum rabie sed
iratus cadat in terras et iudicet ignis.
illa nihil nocuit, cura graviore timetur
proxima tempestas velut hoc dilata sereno.
praeterea lateris vigili cum febre dolorem
si coepere pati, missum ad sua corpora morbum
infesto credunt a numine, saxa deorum
haec et tela putant. pecudem spondere sacello
balantem et Laribus cristam promittere galli
non audent ; quid enim sperare nocentibus aegris
concessum ? vel quae non dignior hostia vita ?
mobilis et varia est ferme natura malorum :
cum scelus admittunt, superest constantia ; quod fas
atque nefas, tandem incipiunt sentire peractis
criminibus. tamen ad mores natura recurrit
damnatos fixa et mutari nescia. nam quis
peccandi finem posuit sibi ? quando recepit
eiectum semel attrita de fronte ruborem ?
quisnam hominum est quem tu contentum videris uno

though it had been puckered up by some Falernian turned sour. In the night, if his troubles grant him a short slumber, and his limbs, after tossing upon the bed, are sinking into repose, he straightway beholds the temple and the altar of the God whom he has outraged; and what weighs with chiefest terror on his soul, he sees you in his dreams; your awful form, larger than life, frightens his quaking heart and wrings confession from him. These are the men who tremble and grow pale at every lightning-flash; when it thunders, they quail at the first rumbling in the heavens; not as though it were an affair of chance or brought about by the raging of the winds, but as though the flame had fallen in wrath and as a judgment upon the earth. If one storm pass harmless by, they look more anxiously for the next, as though this calm were only a reprieve. If, again, they begin to suffer from pains in the side, with a fever that robs them of their sleep, they believe that the sickness has been inflicted on them by the offended Deity: these they deem to be the missiles, these the arrows of the Gods. They dare not vow a bleating victim to a shrine, or offer a crested cock to the Lares; for what hope is permitted to the guilty sick? What victim is not more worthy of life than they? Inconstant and shifty, for the most part, is the nature of bad men. In committing a crime, they have courage enough and to spare; they only begin to feel what is right and what wrong when it has been committed. Yet nature, firm and changeless, returns to the ways which it has condemned. For who ever fixed a term to his own offending? When did a hardened brow ever recover the banished blush? What man have you ever seen that was satisfied with one act of

flagitio? dabit in laqueum vestigia noster
perfidus et nigri patietur carceris uncum
aut maris Aegaei rupem scopulosque frequentes
exulibus magnis. poena gaudebis amara
nominis invisi, tandemque fatebere laetus
nec surdum nec Teresian quemquam esse deorum.

SATVRA XIV

Plurima sunt, Fuscine, et fama digna sinistra
et nitidis maculam haesuram figentia rebus,[1]
quae monstrant ipsi pueris traduntque parentes.
si damnosa senem iuvat alea, ludit et heres
bullatus parvoque eadem movet arma fritillo.
nec melius de se cuiquam sperare propinquo
concedet iuvenis, qui radere tubera terrae,
boletum condire et eodem iure natantis
mergere ficedulas didicit nebulone parente
et cana monstrante gula; cum septimus annus
transierit puerum, nondum omni dente renato,
barbatos licet admoveas mille inde magistros,
hinc totidem, cupiet lauto cenare paratu
semper et a magna non degenerare culina.
Mitem animum et mores modicis erroribus aequos
praecipit, atque animas servorum et corpora nostra
materia constare putat paribusque elementis,

[1] Büch. (1910) inserts within brackets the following line found in ψ between 1 and 2: *et quod maiorum vitia sequiturque minores.* AG read *vitio* for *vitia.*

villainy? Our scoundrel will yet put his feet into the snare; he will have to endure the dark prison-house and the staple, or one of those crags in the Aegaean sea that are crowded with our noble exiles. You will exult over the stern punishment of a hated name, and at length admit with joy that none of the Gods is deaf or like unto Tiresias.[1]

SATIRE XIV

No Teaching like that of Example

There are many things of ill repute, friend Fuscinus,—things that would affix a lasting stain to the brightest of lives,—which parents themselves reveal and hand on to their sons. If the aged father delights in ruinous gambling, his heir too gambles in his teens, and rattles the selfsame weapons in a tiny dice-box. If a youth has learnt from the hoary gluttony of a spendthrift father to peel truffles, to preserve mushrooms, and to souse beccaficoes in their own juice, none of his relatives need expect better things of him when he grows up. As soon as he has passed his seventh year, before he has cut all his second teeth, though you put a thousand bearded preceptors on his right hand, and as many on his left, he will always long to fare sumptuously, and not fall below the high standard of his cookery.

15 When Rutilus delights in the sound of a cruel flogging, deeming it sweeter than any siren's song, and being himself a very Antiphates,[2] or a Polyphemus, to his trembling household, is he inculcating

[1] The soothsayer Tiresias was blind.

[2] A cruel tyrant, king of the Laestrygones.

an saevire docet Rutilus, qui gaudet acerbo
plagarum strepitu et nullam Sirena flagellis
conparat, Antiphates trepidi laris ac Polyphemus,
tunc felix, quotiens aliquis tortore vocato
uritur ardenti duo propter lintea ferro?
quid suadet iuveni laetus stridore catenae,
quem mire adficiunt inscripta, ergastula, carcer?
rusticus expectas ut non sit adultera Largae
filia, quae numquam maternos dicere moechos
tam cito nec tanto poterit contexere cursu,
ut non terdecies respiret? conscia matri
virgo fuit, ceras nunc hac dictante pusillas
implet et ad moechum dat eisdem ferre cinaedis.
sic natura iubet: velocius et citius nos
corrumpunt vitiorum exempla domestica, magnis
cum subeant animos auctoribus. unus et alter
forsitan haec spernant iuvenes, quibus arte benigna
et meliore luto finxit praecordia Titan,
sed reliquos fugienda patrum vestigia ducunt
et monstrata diu veteris trahit orbita culpae.
Abstineas igitur damnandis. huius enim vel
una potens ratio est, ne crimina nostra sequantur
ex nobis geniti, quoniam dociles imitandis
turpibus ac pravis omnes sumus, et Catilinam
quocumque in populo videas, quocumque sub axe,
sed nec Brutus erit Bruti nec avunculus usquam.
nil dictu foedum visuque haec limina tangat,

[1] Prometheus, who made men out of clay.

gentleness, and leniency to slight faults: does he hold that the bodies and souls of slaves are made of the same stuff and elements as our own; or is he inculcating cruelty, never happy until he has summoned a torturer, and he can brand some one with a hot iron for stealing a couple of towels? What counsel does the father give to his son when he revels in the clanking of a chain, and takes wondrous pleasure in branded slaves, in prisons and his country bridewell? Are you simple enough to suppose that Larga's daughter will remain virtuous when she cannot count over her mother's lovers so rapidly, or string their names together so quickly, as not to take breath full thirty times? She was her mother's confidante as a girl; at her dictation she now indites her own little love-notes, despatching them to her paramours by the hand of the self-same perverts. So Nature ordains; no evil example corrupts us so soon and so rapidly as one that has been set at home, since it comes into the mind on high authority. Here and there perhaps a youth may decline to follow the bad example: one whose soul the Titan[1] has fashioned with kindlier skill and of a finer clay; but the rest are led on by the parental steps which they should avoid, and are dragged into the old track of vice which has so long been pointed out to them.

[38] Abstain therefore from things which you must condemn: for this there is at least one all-powerful motive, that our crimes be not copied by our children. For we are all of us teachable in what is base and wrong; you may find a Catiline among any people, and in any clime, but nowhere will you find a Brutus, or the uncle of a Brutus. Let no foul word or sight

intra quae pater est[1]; procul, a procul inde puellae
lenonum et cantus pernoctantis parasiti.
maxima debetur puero reverentia, siquid
turpe paras; nec tu pueri contempseris annos,
sed peccaturo obstet tibi filius infans.
nam siquid dignum censoris fecerit ira
quandoque et similem tibi se non corpore tantum
nec vultu dederit, morum quoque filius, et qui
omnia deterius tua per vestigia peccet,
corripies nimirum et castigabis acerbo
clamore ac post haec tabulas mutare parabis.
unde tibi frontem libertatemque parentis,
cum facias peiora senex vacuumque cerebro
iam pridem caput hoc ventosa cucurbita quaerat?
Hospite venturo cessabit nemo tuorum.
"verre pavimentum, nitidas ostende columnas,
arida cum tota descendat aranea tela;
hic leve argentum, vasa aspera tergeat alter":
vox domini furit instantis virgamque tenentis.
ergo miser trepidas, ne stercore foeda canino
atria displiceant oculis venientis amici,
ne perfusa luto sit porticus; et tamen uno
semodio scobis haec emendat servulus unus:
illud non agitas, ut sanctam filius omni
aspiciat sine labe domum vitioque carentem?
gratum est quod patriae civem populoque dedisti,
si facis ut patriae[2] sit idoneus, utilis agris,
utilis et bellorum et pacis rebus agendis.
plurimum enim interert quibus artibus et quibus
hunc tu

[1] *est* Pψ: *es* Housm. after Cramer.
[2] *patriae* ψ: *patria* PS: Housm. conj. *civis*.

cross the threshold within which there is a father. Away with you, ye bawds' damsels! Away with the songs of the night-revelling parasite! If you have any evil deed in mind, you owe the greatest reverence to the young; disregard not your boy's tender years, and let your infant son stand in the way of the sin that you propose. For if some day or other he shall do a deed deserving the censor's wrath, and shall show himself like to you, not in form and face only, but also your child in vice, and following in all your footsteps with sin deeper than your own, you will doubtless rebuke him and chide him angrily and thereafter prepare to change your will. But how can you assume the grave brow and the free tone of a father if you in your old age are doing things worse than he did, and your own brainless pate has long been needing the windy cupping-glass?

[59] When you expect a guest, not one of your household will be idle. "Sweep the floor! Polish up the pillars! Down with that dusty spider, web and all! One of you clean the plain silver, another the embossed vessels!" So shouts the master, standing over them whip in hand. And so you are afraid, poor fool, that the eyes of your expected guest may be offended by the sight of dog's filth in the hall; or of a portico splashed with mud—things which one slave-boy can put right with half a peck of sawdust: and yet will you take no pains that your son may behold a stainless home, free from any stain and blemish? It is good that you have presented your country and your people with a citizen, if you make him serviceable to his country, useful for the land, useful for the things both of peace and war. For it will make all the difference in what practices,

moribus instituas. serpente ciconia pullos
nutrit et inventa per devia rura lacerta:
illi eadem sumptis quaerunt animalia pinnis.
vultur iumento et canibus crucibusque relictis
ad fetus properat partemque cadaveris adfert:
hic est ergo cibus magni quoque vulturis et se
pascentis, propria cum iam facit arbore nidos.
sed leporem aut capream famulae Iovis et generosae
in saltu venantur aves, hinc praeda cubili
ponitur: inde autem cum se matura levavit
progenies, stimulante fame festinat ad illam
quam primum praedam rupto gustaverat ovo.

Aedificator erat Cretonius et modo curvo
litore Caietae, summa nunc Tiburis arce,
nunc Praenestinis in montibus alta parabat
culmina villarum graecis longeque petitis
marmoribus vincens Fortunae atque Herculis aedem,
ut spado vincebat Capitolia nostra Posides.
dum sic ergo habitat Cretonius, inminuit rem,
fregit opes, nec parva tamen mensura relictae
partis erat: totam hanc turbavit filius amens,
dum meliore novas attollit marmore villas.

Quidam sortiti metuentem sabbata patrem
nil praeter nubes et caeli numen adorant,
nec distare putant humana carne suillam,
qua pater abstinuit, mox et praeputia ponunt;

[1] There were great temples of Fortuna at Praeneste, of Hercules at Tibur.

[2] A freedman of Claudius.

[3] The phrase *caeli numen* must be properly understood. What Juvenal means is that the Jews worshipped no concrete deity such as could be pourtrayed, but only some impalpable mysterious spirit. They did not worship the sky or the heavens, but only the *numen* of the heavens. This is what

in what habits, you bring him up. The stork feeds her young upon the serpents and the lizards which she finds in the wilds; the young search for the same animals when they have gotten to themselves wings. The vulture hurries from dead cattle and dogs and gibbets to bring some of the carrion to her offspring; so this becomes the food of the vulture when he is full-grown and feeds himself, making his nest in a tree of his own. Again, the noble birds that wait on Jupiter hunt the hare or the roe in the woods, and from them serve up prey to their eyrie; so when their progeny are of full age and soar up from the nest, hunger bids them swoop down upon that same prey which they had first tasted when they broke the shell.

86 Cretonius was given to building; now on Caieta's winding shore, now on the heights of Tibur, now on the Praenestine hills, he would rear lofty mansions, with marbles fetched from Greece and distant lands, outdoing the temples of Fortune and of Hercules[1] by as much as the eunuch Posides[2] overtopped our own Capitol. Housed therefore in this manner, he impaired his fortune and frittered away his wealth; some goodly portion of it still remained, but it was all squandered by his madman of a son in building new mansions of still costlier marbles.

96 Some who have had a father who reveres the Sabbath, worship nothing but the clouds, and the divinity of the heavens,[3] and see no difference between eating swine's flesh, from which their father abstained, and that of man; and in time they take

Tacitus means when he says (*Hist.* v. 5) "The Jews worship with the mind alone." So Lucan. ii. 592–3 *dedita sacris incerti Judaea dei.*

Romanas autem soliti contemnere leges
Iudaicum ediscunt et servant ac metuunt ius,
tradidit arcano quodcumque volumine Moyses,
non monstrare vias eadem nisi sacra colenti,
quaesitum ad fontem solos deducere verpos.
sed pater in causa, cui septima quaeque fuit lux
ignava et partem vitae non attigit ullam.
Sponte tamen iuvenes imitantur cetera, solam
inviti quoque avaritiam exercere iubentur.
fallit enim vitium specie virtutis et umbra,
cum sit triste habitu vultuque et veste severum,
nec dubie tamquam frugi laudetur avarus,
tamquam parcus homo et rerum tutela suarum
certa magis quam si fortunas [1] servet easdem
Hesperidum serpens aut Ponticus. adde quod
hunc de
quo loquor egregium populus putat adquirendi
artificem; quippe his crescunt patrimonia fabris.
sed crescunt quocumque modo, maioraque fiunt
incude adsidua semperque ardente camino.
Et pater ergo animi felices credit avaros;
qui miratur opes, qui nulla exempla beati
pauperis esse putat, iuvenes hortatur ut illa
ire via pergant [2] et eidem incumbere sectae.
sunt quaedam vitiorum elementa, his protinus illos
inbuit et cogit minimas ediscere sordes;
mox adquirendi docet insatiabile votum.
servorum ventres modio castigat iniquo

[1] PFGU have *fortuna*, other MSS. *fortunas*: Büch. (1910) reads *a fortuna*. [2] *pergant* ψ: *peragant* P.

---

[1] It is possible that this refers to the practice of baptism which had become usual among the Jews in the time of our Lord, as we see from the case of John the Baptist.

to circumcision. Having been wont to flout the laws of Rome, they learn and practise and revere the Jewish law, and all that Moses handed down in his secret tome, forbidding to point out the way to any not worshipping the same rites, and conducting none but the circumcised to the desired fountain.[1] For all which the father was to blame, who gave up every seventh day to idleness, keeping it apart from all the concerns of life.[2]

107 All vices but one the young imitate of their own free will; avarice alone is enjoined on them against the grain. For that vice has a deceptive appearance and semblance of virtue, being gloomy of mien, severe in face and garb. The miser is openly commended for his thrift, being deemed a saving man, who will be a surer guardian of his own wealth than if it were watched by the dragon of the Hesperides or of Colchis. Moreover, such a one is thought to be skilled in the art of money-getting; for it is under workers such as he that fortunes grow. And they grow bigger by every kind of means: the anvil is ever working, and the forge never ceases to glow.

119 Thus the father deems the miser to be fortunate; and when he worships wealth, believing that no poor man was ever happy, he urges his sons to follow in the same path and to attach themselves to the same school. There are certain rudiments in vice; in these he imbues them from the beginning, compelling them to study its pettiest meannesses; after a while he instructs them in the unappeasable lust of money-getting. He pinches the bellies of his slaves with

[2] Tacitus also attributed the Sabbath to laziness; and adds *dein blandiente inertia septimum quoque annum ignaviae datum* (*Hist.* v. 4).

ipse quoque esuriens, neque enim omnia sustinet umquam
mucida caerulei panis consumere frusta,
hesternum solitus medio servare minutal
Septembri nec non differre in tempora cenae
alterius conchem aestivam cum parte lacerti
signatam vel dimidio putrique siluro,
filaque sectivi numerata includere porri.
invitatus ad haec aliquis de ponte negabit.[1]
sed quo divitias haec per tormenta coactas,
cum furor haut dubius, cum sit manifesta phrenesis,
ut locuples moriaris, egentis vivere fato ?
interea pleno cum turget sacculus ore,
crescit amor nummi quantum ipsa pecunia crevit,[2]
et minus hanc optat qui non habet. ergo paratur
altera villa tibi, cum rus non sufficit unum,
et proferre libet fines maiorque videtur
et melior vicina seges, mercaris et hanc et
arbusta et densa montem qui canet oliva.
quorum si pretio dominus non vincitur ullo,
nocte boves macri lassoque famelica collo
iumenta ad virides huius mittentur aristas,
nec prius inde domum quam tota novalia saevos
in ventres abeant, ut credas falcibus actum.
dicere vix possis quam multi talia plorent
et quot venales iniuria fecerit agros.
Sed qui sermones, quam foedae [3] bucina famae !
" quid nocet haec ? " inquit, " tunicam mihi malo lupini
quam si me toto laudet vicinia pago
exigui ruris paucissima farra secantem."

[1] *negabit* ψ : *negavit* PS : *negabat* O.
[2] *crevit* P : alii *crescit.*
[3] *foedae* ψ : *foede* PG.

short rations, starving himself into the bargain; for he cannot bear to eat up all the mouldy fragments of stale bread. In the middle of September he will save up the mince-meat of yesterday; in summer-time he will preserve under seal for to-morrow's dinner a dish of beans, with a bit of mackerel, or half a stinking sprat, counting the blades of the cut leeks before he puts them away. No beggar from a bridge would accept an invitation to such a meal![1] But for what end do you pile up riches gathered through torments such as these, when it is plain madness and sheer lunacy to live in want that you may be wealthy when you die? Meantime, while your purse is full to bursting, your love of gain grows as much as the money itself has grown, and the man who has none of it covets it the least. And so when one country house is not good enough for you, you buy a second; then you must extend your boundaries, because your neighbour's cornfield seems bigger and better than your own; you must buy that too, and his vineyard, and the hill that is thick and grey with olive-trees. And if no price will persuade the owner to sell, you will send into his green corn by night a herd of lean and famished cattle, with wearied necks, who will not come home until they have put the whole new crop into their ravenous bellies; no sickle could make a cleaner job! How many bewail wrongs like these can scarce be told, nor how many fields have been brought to the hammer by such outrages.

152 But what a talk there will be! How loud the blast of evil rumour! "What harm in that?" you will say: "better keep my pods of lupine for myself than have the praises of the whole country-side if I am to reap a small farm's meagre spelt."

scilicet et morbis et debilitate carebis,
et luctum et curam effugies, et tempora vitae
longa tibi posthac fato meliore dabuntur,
si tantum culti solus possederis agri
quantum sub Tatio populus Romanus arabat.
mox etiam fractis aetate ac Punica passis
proelia vel Pyrrhum inmanem gladiosque Molossos
tandem pro multis vix iugera bina dabantur
vulneribus; merces haec sanguinis atque laboris
nullis visa umquam meritis minor, aut ingratae
curta fides patriae; saturabat glaebula talis
patrem ipsum turbamque casae, qua feta iacebat
uxor et infantes ludebant quattuor, unus
vernula, tres domini; sed magnis fratribus horum
a scrobe vel sulco redeuntibus altera cena
amplior et grandes fumabant pultibus ollae:
nunc modus hic agri nostro non sufficit horto.

Inde fere scelerum causae, nec plura venena
miscuit aut ferro grassatur saepius ullum
humanae mentis vitium quam saeva cupido
inmodici census. nam dives qui fieri vult,
et cito vult fieri; sed quae reverentia legum,
quis metus aut pudor est umquam properantis avari?
"vivite contenti casulis et collibus istis,
o pueri," Marsus dicebat et Hernicus olim
Vestinusque senex; "panem quaeramus aratro,
qui satis est mensis; laudant hoc numina ruris,
quorum ope et auxilio gratae post munus aristae
contingunt homini veteris fastidia quercus.

Yes; and no doubt you will escape disease and weakness, you will have no sorrow, no trouble, you will have long and ever happier days, if only you are sole possessor of as many acres of good land as the Roman people tilled in the days of Tatius. In later times, Romans broken with old age, who had fought in the Punic battles or against the dread Pyrrhus or the swords of the Molossians, received at last, in return for all their wounds, a scanty two acres of land. None ever deemed such recompense too small for their service of toil and blood; none spoke of a shabby, thankless country. A little plot like that would feed the father himself and the crowd at the cottage where lay the wife in child-bed, with four little ones playing around—one slave-born, three the master's own; for their big brothers, on their return from ditch or furrow, a second and ampler supper of porridge would be smoking in a lordly dish. To-day we don't think such a plot of ground big enough for our garden!

173 It is here mostly that lies the cause of crime. No human passion has mingled more poison-bowls, none has more often wielded the murderous dagger, than the fierce craving for unbounded wealth. For the man who wants wealth must have it at once; what respect for laws, what fear, what sense of shame is to be found in a miser hurrying to be rich? "Live content, my boys, with these cottages and hills of yours," said the Marsian or Hernican or Vestinian father in the days of yore; "let the plough win for us what bread shall suffice our table; such fare the rustic Gods approve, whose aid and bounty gave us the glad ear of corn, and taught man to disdain the acorn of ancient times. The man who is not ashamed to

nil vetitum fecisse volet quem non pudet alto
per glaciem perone tegi, qui summovet Euros
pellibus inversis : peregrina ignotaque nobis
ad scelus atque nefas, quaecumque est, purpura ducit."
Haec illi veteres praecepta minoribus, at nunc
post finem autumni media de nocte supinum
clamosus iuvenem pater excitat : "accipe ceras,
scribe, puer, vigila, causas age, perlege rubras
maiorum leges, aut vitem posce libello.
sed caput intactum buxo naresque pilosas
adnotet et grandes miretur Laelius alas ;
dirue Maurorum attegias, castella Brigantum,
ut locupletem aquilam tibi sexagesimus annus
adferat. aut longos castrorum ferre labores
si piget et trepidum solvunt tibi cornua ventrem
cum lituis audita, pares quod vendere possis
pluris dimidio, nec te fastidia mercis
ullius subeant ablegandae Tiberim ultra,
neu credas ponendum aliquid discriminis inter
unguenta et corium ; lucri bonus est odor ex re
qualibet. illa tuo sententia semper in ore
versetur dis atque ipso Iove digna poeta :
'unde habeas quaerit nemo, sed oportet habere.'
hoc monstrant vetulae pueris repentibus assae,
hoc discunt omnes ante alpha et beta puellae."
Talibus instantem monitis quemcumque parentem
sic possem adfari : "dic, o vanissime, quis te
festinare iubet ? meliorem praesto magistro

[1] A powerful British tribe, occupying the greater part of England north of the Humber.

[2] *i.e.* the post of Senior Centurion (*centurio primi pili*), who had charge of the eagle of the legion.

wear high boots in time of frost, and who keeps off the East wind with skins turned inwards, will never wish to do a forbidden thing; it is purple raiment, whatever it be, foreign and unknown to us, that leads to crime and wickedness."

189 Such were the maxims which those ancients taught the young; but now, when autumn days are over, the father rouses his sleeping son after midnight with a shout: "Awake, boy, and take your tablets; scribble away and get up your cases; read through the red-lettered laws of our forefathers, or send in a petition for a centurion's vine-staff. See that Laelius notes your uncombed head and hairy nostrils, and admires your broad shoulders; destroy the huts of the Moors and the forts of the Brigantes,[1] that your sixtieth year may bring you the eagle[2] that will make you rich. Or if you are too lazy to endure the weary labours of the camp, if the sound of horn and trumpet melts your fearful soul within you, buy something that you can sell at half as much again; feel no disgust at a trade that must be banished to the other side of the Tiber; make no distinction between hides and unguents: the smell of gain is good whatever the thing from which it comes. Let this maxim be ever on your lips, a saying worthy of the Gods, and of Jupiter himself if he turned poet: 'No matter whence the money comes, but money you must have.'" These are the lessons taught by skinny old dry-nurses to little boys before they can walk; this is what every girl learns before her A B C!

210 To any father urging precepts such as these I would say this: "Tell me, O emptiest of men, who bids you hurry? The disciple, I warrant you, will

discipulum. securus abi : vinceris ut Aiax
praeteriit Telamonem, ut Pelea vicit Achilles.
parcendum est teneris, nondum implevere medullas
maturae [1] mala nequitiae. cum pectere barbam
coeperit et longae mucronem admittere cultri,
falsus erit testis, vendet periuria summa
exigua et Cereris tangens aramque pedemque.
elatam iam crede nurum, si limina vestra
mortifera cum dote subit. quibus illa premetur
per somnum digitis! nam quae terraque marique
adquirenda putas, brevior via conferet illi;
nullus enim magni sceleris labor. 'haec ego nummandavi,' dices olim, 'nec talia suasi.'
mentis causa malae tamen est et origo penes te.
nam quisquis magni census praecepit amorem
et laevo monitu pueros producit avaros
et qui per fraudes patrimonia conduplicari [2]
dat libertatem et totas effundit habenas
curriculo, quem si revoces, subsistere nescit
et te contempto rapitur metisque relictis.
nemo satis credit tantum delinquere quantum
permittas : adeo indulgent sibi latius ipsi.
" Cum dicis iuveni stultum qui donet amico,
qui paupertatem levet attollatque propinqui,
et spoliare doces et circumscribere et omni
crimine divitias adquirere ; quarum amor in te
quantus erat patriae Deciorum in pectore, quantum
dilexit Thebas, si Graecia vera, Menoeceus,

[1] *maturae* "quinque Rupertii": *naturae* Pψ.
[2] After 229 Housm. inserts a conj. line, *cum videant, cupiant sic et sua conduplicari.*

[1] Slew himself to save Thebes.

outstrip his master. You may leave him with an easy mind; you will be outdone as surely as Telamon was beaten by Ajax, or Peleus by Achilles. Be gentle with the young; their bones are not yet filled up with the marrow of ripe wickedness. When the lad begins to comb a beard, and apply to its length the razor's edge, he will give false testimony, he will sell his perjuries for a trifling sum, touching the altar and the foot of Ceres all the time. If your daughter-in-law brings a deadly dowry into the house, you may count her as already dead and buried. What a grip of fingers will throttle her in her sleep! For the wealth which you think should be hunted for over land and sea, your son will acquire by a shorter road; great crimes demand no labour. Some day you will say, 'I never taught these things, I never advised them': no, but you are yourself the cause and origin of your son's depravity; for whosoever teaches the love of wealth turns his sons into misers by his ill-omened instruction. When he shows him how to double his patrimony by fraud, he gives him his head, and throws a free rein over the car; try to call him back, and he cannot stop: he will pay no heed to you, he will rush on, leaving the turning-post far behind. No man is satisfied with sinning just as far as you permit: so much greater is the license which they allow themselves!

235 "When you tell a youth that a man is a fool who makes a present to a friend, or relieves and lightens the poverty of a kinsman, you teach him to plunder and to cheat and to commit any kind of crime for money's sake, the love of which is as great in you as was love of their country in the hearts of the Decii, or in that of Menoeceus,[1] if Greece speaks true

in quorum sulcis legiones dentibus anguis
cum clipeis nascuntur et horrida bella capessunt
continuo, tamquam et tubicen surrexerit una.
ergo ignem, cuius scintillas ipse dedisti,
flagrantem late et rapientem cuncta videbis.
nec tibi parcetur misero, trepidumque magistrum
in cavea magno fremitu leo tollet alumnus.
nota mathematicis genesis tua, sed grave tardas
expectare colus; morieris stamine nondum
abrupto. iam nunc obstas et vota moraris,
iam torquet iuvenem longa et cervina senectus.
ocius Archigenen quaere atque eme quod Mithridates
composuit; si vis aliam decerpere ficum
atque alias tractare rosas, medicamen habendum est,
sorbere ante cibum quod debeat et pater et
rex."

Monstro voluptatem egregiam, cui nulla theatra,
nulla aequare queas praetoris pulpita lauti,
si spectes quanto capitis discrimine constent
incrementa domus, aerata multus in arca
fiscus et ad vigilem ponendi Castora nummi,
ex quo Mars Vltor galeam quoque perdidit et res
non potuit servare suas. ergo omnia Florae
et Cereris licet et Cybeles aulaea relinquas:
tanto maiores humana negotia ludi.
an magis oblectant animum iactata petauro
corpora quique solet rectum descendere funem,
quam tu, Corycia semper qui puppe moraris,
atque habitas, Coro semper tollendus et Austro,

---

[1] Money was deposited in the temple of Castor, in the Forum.

[2] The temple of Mars Ultor, in the *Forum Augusti*, seems to have been burgled.

[3] *i.e.* the games. [4] Corycus, a town in Cilicia.

for Thebes—that country in whose furrows armed legions sprang into life out of dragons' teeth, taking straightway to grim battle as though a bugler had also risen up along with them. Thus you will see the fire, whose sparks you yourself have kindled, blazing far and wide and carrying all before them. Nor will you yourself, poor wretch, meet with any mercy; the pupil lion, with a loud roar, will devour the trembling instructor in his den. Your nativity, you say, is known to the astrologers: but it is a tedious thing to wait for the slow-running spindle, and you will die before your thread is snapped. You are already in your son's way; you are delaying his prayers; your long and stag-like old age is a torment to the young man. Seek out Archigenes at once; buy some of the mixture of Mithridates; if you wish to pluck one more fig, and gather roses once again, you should have some medicament to be swallowed before dinner by one who is both a father and a king."

256 I am showing you the choicest of diversions, one with which no theatre, no show of a grand Praetor can compare, if you will observe at what a risk to life men increase their fortunes, become possessors of full brass-bound treasure-chests, or of the cash which must be deposited with watchful Castor,[1] ever since Mars the Avenger lost his helmet and failed to protect his own effects.[2] So you may give up all the stage-curtains of Flora, of Ceres, and of Cybele[3]; so much finer are the games of human life. Is there more pleasure to be got from gazing at men hurled from a spring-board, or tripping down a tight rope, than from yourself—you who spend your whole life in a Corycian[4] ship, ever tossed by the wind from North-west or South, a poor contemptible

perditus ac vilis [1] sacci mercator olentis,
qui gaudes pingue antiquae de litore Cretae
passum et municipes Iovis advexisse lagonas?
hic tamen ancipiti figens vestigia planta
victum illa mercede parat, brumamque famemque
illa reste cavet: tu propter mille talenta
et centum villas temerarius. aspice portus
et plenum magnis trabibus mare: plus hominum est iam
in pelago. veniet classis quocumque vocarit
spes lucri, nec Carpathium Gaetulaque tantum
aequora transiliet, sed longe Calpe relicta
audiet Herculeo stridentem gurgite solem.
grande operae pretium est, ut tenso folle reverti
inde domum possis tumidaque superbus aluta,
Oceani monstra et iuvenes vidisse marinos.
Non unus mentes agitat furor; ille sororis
in manibus vultu Eumenidum terretur et igni,
hic bove percusso mugire Agamemnona credit
aut Ithacum: parcat tunicis licet atque lacernis,
curatoris eget qui navem mercibus implet
ad summum latus et tabula distinguitur unda,
cum sit causa mali tanti et discriminis huius
concisum argentum in titulos faciesque minutas.
occurrunt nubes et fulgura: "solvite funem"
frumenti dominus clamat piperisve coempti,
"nil color hic caeli, nil fascia nigra minatur;

[1] *ac vilis* P etc.: *a siculis* ψ: *ac similis* conj. Housm.: *assiculis* Büch. (1910).

[1] Because Zeus was born in Crete.
[2] The rock of Gibraltar. [3] *i.e.* Orestes.

trafficker in stinking wares, finding your joy in importing sweet wine from the shores of ancient Crete, or flagons that were fellow-citizens of Jupiter?[1] Yet the man who plants his steps with balanced foot gains his livelihood thereby; that rope keeps him from cold and hunger; while you run the risk for the sake of a thousand talents or a hundred mansions. Look at our ports, our seas, crowded with big ships! The men at sea now outnumber those on shore. Whithersoever hope of gain shall call, thither fleets will come; not content with bounding over the Carpathian and Gaetulian seas, they will leave Calpe[2] far behind, and hear the sun hissing in the Herculean main. It is well worth while, no doubt, to have beheld the monsters of the deep and the young mermen of the Ocean that you may return home with tight-stuffed purse, and exult in your swollen money-bags!

284 Not all men are possessed with one form of madness. One[3] madman in his sister's arms is terrified by the faces and fire of the Furies; another,[4] when he strikes down an ox, believes that it is Agamemnon or the Ithacan[5] that is bellowing. The man who loads his ship up to the gunwale with goods, with only a plank between him and the deep, is in need of a keeper, though he keep his hands off his shirt and his cloak, seeing that he endures all that misery and all that danger for the sake of bits of silver cut up into little images and inscriptions! Should clouds and thunder threaten, "Let go!" cries the merchant who has bought up corn or pepper, "that black sky, this dark streak, are nought—it is

[4] *i.e.* Ajax, who went mad, slaughtering a flock of sheep in the belief that he was slaying Agamemnon and Ulysses.

[5] Ulysses.

aestivum tonat." infelix hac forsitan ipsa
nocte cadet fractis trabibus fluctuque premetur
obrutus et zonam laeva morsuque tenebit.
sed cuius votis modo non suffecerat aurum
quod Tagus et rutila volvit Pactolus harena,
frigida sufficient velantes inguina panni
exiguusque cibus, mersa rate naufragus assem
dum rogat et picta se tempestate tuetur.
Tantis parta malis cura maiore metuque
servantur: misera est magni custodia census.
dispositis praedives amis vigilare cohortem
servorum noctu Licinus iubet, attonitus pro
electro signisque suis Phrygiaque columna
atque ebore et lata testudine. dolia nudi
non ardent cynici; si fregeris, altera fiet
cras domus, atque eadem plumbo commissa manebit.
sensit Alexander, testa cum vidit in illa
magnum habitatorem, quanto felicior hic qui
nil cuperet quam qui totum sibi posceret orbem
passurus gestis aequanda pericula rebus.
nullum numen habes, si sit prudentia: nos te,
nos facimus, Fortuna, deam.[1]
Mensura tamen quae
sufficiat census, siquis me consulat, edam:
in quantum sitis atque fames et frigora poscunt,
quantum, Epicure, tibi parvis suffecit in hortis,
quantum Socratici ceperunt ante penates;
numquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dicit.
acribus exemplis videor te cludere? misce
ergo aliquid nostris de moribus, effice summam

[1] The sentence *nullum—deam* is repeated from x. 365, quite irrelevantly.

[1] The gold-bearing river of Lydia. [2] Diogenes.

but summer lightning." Poor wretch! on this very night perchance he will be cast out amid broken timbers and engulfed by the waves, clutching his money-belt with his left hand or his teeth. The man for whose desires yesterday not all the gold which Tagus and the ruddy Pactolus [1] rolls along would have sufficed, must now content himself with a rag to cover his cold and nakedness, and a poor morsel of food, while he begs for pennies as a shipwrecked mariner, and supports himself by a painted storm!

303 Wealth gotten with such woes is preserved by fears and troubles that are greater still; it is misery to have the guardianship of a great fortune. The millionaire Licinus orders a troop of slaves to be on the watch all night with fire buckets in their places, being anxious for his amber, his statues and Phrygian marbles, his ivory and plaques of tortoise-shell. The nude Cynic [2] fears no fire for his tub; if broken, he will make himself a new house to-morrow, or keep it repaired with clamps of lead. When Alexander beheld in that tub its mighty occupant, he felt how much happier was the man who had no desires than he who claimed for himself the entire world, with perils before him as great as his achievements. Had we but wisdom, thou wouldst have no Divinity, O Fortune: it is we that make thee into a goddess!

316 Yet if any should ask of me what measure of fortune is enough, I will tell him: as much as thirst, cold and hunger demand; as much as sufficed you, Epicurus, in your little garden; as much as in earlier days was to be found in the house of Socrates. Never does Nature say one thing and Wisdom another. Do the limits within which I confine you seem too severe? Then throw in something from our own manners;

bis septem ordinibus quam lex dignatur Othonis.
haec quoque si rugam trahit extenditque labellum,
sume duos equites, fac tertia quadringenta
si nondum inplevi gremium, si panditur ultra,
nec Croesi fortuna umquam nec Persica regna
sufficient animo nec divitiae Narcissi,
indulsit Caesar cui Claudius omnia, cuius
paruit imperiis uxorem occidere iussus.

SATVRA XV

Quis nescit, Volusi Bithynice, qualia demens
Aegyptos portenta colat? crocodilon adorat
pars haec, illa pavet saturam serpentibus ibin;
effigies sacri nitet aurea cercopitheci,
dimidio magicae resonant ubi Memnone chordae
atque vetus Thebe centum iacet obruta portis.
illic aeluros,[1] hic piscem fluminis, illic
oppida tota canem venerantur, nemo Dianam.
porrum et caepe nefas violare et frangere morsu;
o sanctas gentes quibus haec nascuntur in hortis
numina! lanatis animalibus abstinet omnis
mensa, nefas illic fetum iugulare capellae:
carnibus humanis vesci licet. attonito cum

[1] *aeluros* Brod.: *illic caeruleos* ψ.

[1] See note on iii. 155.
[2] The most powerful and wealthiest of Claudius' freedmen.
[3] For the part played by Narcissus in securing the punishment of Messalina, see Tac. *Ann.* xi. 33–37.

make up a sum as big as that which Otho's law[1] deems worthy of the fourteen rows. If that also knits your brow, and makes you thrust out your lip, take a couple of knights, or make up thrice four hundred thousand sesterces! If your lap is not yet full, if it is still opening for more, then neither the wealth of Croesus, nor that of the Persian Monarchs, will suffice you, nor yet that of Narcissus,[2] on whom Claudius Caesar lavished everything, and whose orders he obeyed when bidden to slay his wife.[3]

SATIRE XV

An Egyptian Atrocity

Who knows not, O Bithynian Volusius, what monsters demented Egypt worships? One district adores the crocodile, another venerates the ibis that gorges itself with snakes. In the place where magic chords are sounded by the truncated Memnon,[4] and ancient hundred-gated Thebes lies in ruins, men worship the glittering golden image of the long-tailed ape. In one part cats are worshipped, in another a river fish, in another whole townships venerate a dog; none adore Diana, but it is an impious outrage to crunch leeks and onions with the teeth. What a holy race to have such divinities springing up in their gardens! No animal that grows wool may appear upon the dinner-table; it is forbidden there to slay the young of the goat; but it is lawful to feed on the flesh of man! When

[4] The famous statue of Memnon at Thebes, which emitted musical sounds at daybreak.

tale super cenam facinus narraret Vlixes
Alcinoo, bilem aut risum fortasse quibusdam
moverat ut mendax aretalogus. "in mare nemo
hunc abicit saeva dignum veraque Charybdi,
fingentem inmanes Laestrygonas atque Cyclopas?
nam citius Scyllam vel concurrentia saxa
Cyaneis plenos et tempestatibus utres
crediderim aut tenui percussum verbere Circes
et cum remigibus grunnisse Elpenora porcis.
tam vacui capitis populum Phaeaca putavit?"
sic aliquis merito nondum ebrius et minimum qui
de Corcyraea temetum duxerat urna.
solus enim haec Ithacus nullo sub teste canebat.

Nos miranda quidem, set nuper consule Iunco[1]
gesta super calidae referemus moenia Copti,
nos volgi scelus et cunctis graviora cothurnis;
nam scelus, a Pyrra quamquam omnia syrmata
volvas,
nullus aput tragicos populus facit. accipe, nostro
dira quod exemplum feritas produxerit aevo.

Inter finitimos vetus atque antiqua simultas,
inmortale odium et numquam sanabile vulnus,
ardet adhuc Ombos et Tentyra. summus utrimque
inde furor volgo, quod numina vicinorum
odit uterque locus, cum solos credat habendos

[1] *iunco* Bob.AU: *iunpo* P: *iunio* ψ.

---

[1] King of the Phaeacians, to whom Ulysses narrated his adventures.

[2] The clashing rocks (συμπληγάδες) at the mouth of the Bosporus.

[3] One of the crew of Ulysses turned into a pig by Circe.

Ulysses told a tale like this over the dinner-table to the amazed Alcinous,[1] he stirred some to wrath, some perhaps to laughter, as a lying story-teller. "What?" one would say, "will no one hurl this fellow into the sea, who merits a terrible and a true Charybdis with his inventions of monstrous Laestrygones and Cyclopes? For I could sooner believe in Scylla, and the clashing Cyanean rocks,[2] and skins full of storms, or in the story how Circe, by a gentle touch, turned Elpenor[3] and his comrades into grunting swine. Did he deem the Phaeacian people to be so devoid of brains?" So might some one have justly spoken who was not yet tipsy, and had taken but a small drink of wine from the Corcyraean bowl, for the Ithacan's tale was all his own, with none to bear him witness.

27 I will now relate strange deeds done of late in the consulship of Juncus,[4] beyond the walls of broiling Coptus; a crime of the common herd, worse than any crime of the tragedians; for though you turn over all the tales of long-robed Tragedy from the days of Pyrrha onwards, you will find there no crime committed by an entire people. But hear what an example of ruthless barbarism has been displayed in these days of ours.

33 Between the neighbouring towns of Ombi and Tentyra[5] there burns an ancient and long-cherished feud and undying hatred, whose wounds are not to be healed. Each people is filled with fury against the other because each hates its neighbours' Gods, deeming that none can be held as deities save its

[4] Aemilius Juncus was consul in A.D. 127. This fixes the earliest date for this Satire.

[5] Ombi and Tentyra (now *Dendyra*), towns in Upper Egypt.

esse deos quos ipse colit. sed tempore festo
alterius populi rapienda occasio cunctis
visa inimicorum primoribus ac ducibus, ne
laetum hilaremque diem, ne magnae gaudia cenae
sentirent positis ad templa et compita mensis
pervigilique toro, quem nocte ac luce iacentem
septimus interdum sol invenit. horrida sane
Aegyptos, sed luxuria, quantum ipse notavi,
barbara famoso non cedit turba Canopo.
adde quod et facilis victoria de madidis et
blaesis atque mero titubantibus. inde virorum
saltatus nigro tibicine, qualiacumque
unguenta et flores multaeque in fronte coronae:
hinc ieiunum odium. sed iurgia prima sonare
incipiunt. animis ardentibus haec tuba rixae;
dein clamore pari concurritur, et vice teli
saevit nuda manus. paucae sine vulnere malae;
vix cuiquam aut nulli toto certamine nasus
integer. aspiceres iam cuncta per agmina vultus
dimidios, alias facies et hiantia ruptis
ossa genis, plenos oculorum sanguine pugnos.
ludere se credunt ipsi tamen et puerilis
exercere acies, quod nulla cadavera calcent.
et sane quo tot rixantis milia turbae,
si vivunt omnes? ergo acrior impetus, et iam
saxa inclinatis per humum quaesita lacertis
incipiunt torquere, domestica seditioni
tela: nec hunc lapidem, qualis et Turnus et Aiax,
vel quo Tydides percussit pondere coxam

[1] A city in the Delta, near the W. mouth of the Nile.

own. So when one of these peoples held a feast, the chiefs and leaders of their enemy thought good to seize the occasion, so that their foe might not enjoy a glad and merry day, with the delight of grand banquets, with tables set out at every temple and every crossway, and with night-long feasts, and with couches spread all day and all night, and sometimes discovered by the sun upon the seventh morn. Egypt, doubtless, is a rude country; but in indulgence, so far as I myself have noted, its barbarous rabble yields not to the ill-famed Canopus.[1] Victory too would be easy, it was thought, over men steeped in wine, stuttering and stumbling in their cups. On the one side were men dancing to a swarthy piper, with unguents, such as they were, and flowers and chaplets on their heads; on the other side, a ravenous hate. First come loud words, as preludes to the fray: these serve as a trumpet-call to their hot passions; then shout answering shout, they charge. Bare hands do the fell work of weapons. Scarce a cheek is left without a gash; scarce one nose, if any, comes out of the battle unbroken. Through all the ranks might be seen battered faces, and features other than they were; bones gaping through torn cheeks, and fists dripping with blood from eyes. Yet the combatants deem themselves at play and waging a boyish warfare because there are no corpses on which to trample. What avails a mob of so many thousand brawlers if no lives are lost? So fiercer and fiercer grows the fight; they now search the ground for stones —the natural weapons of civic strife—and hurl them with bended arms against the foe: not such stones as Turnus or Ajax flung, or like that with which the son

[2] Diomedes.

Aeneae, sed quem valeant emittere dextrae
illis dissimiles et nostro tempore natae.
nam genus hoc vivo iam decrescebat Homero;
terra malos homines nunc educat atque pusillos;
ergo deus quicumque aspexit, ridet et odit.
A deverticulo repetatur fabula. postquam
subsidiis aucti, pars altera promere ferrum
audet et infestis pugnam instaurare sagittis.
terga fugae [1] celeri praestant instantibus Ombis
qui vicina colunt umbrosae Tentyra palmae.
labitur hic quidam nimia formidine cursum
praecipitans capiturque. ast illum in plurima sectum
frusta et particulas, ut multis mortuus unus
sufficeret, totum corrosis ossibus edit
victrix turba, nec ardenti decoxit aeno
aut veribus: longum usque adeo tardumque putavit
expectare focos, contenta cadavere crudo.
Hic gaudere libet quod non violaverit ignem,
quem summa caeli raptum de parte Prometheus
donavit terris; elemento gratulor, et te
exultare reor. sed qui mordere cadaver
sustinuit, nil umquam hac carne libentius edit.
nam scelere in tanto ne quaeras et dubites an
prima voluptatem gula senserit; ultimus autem
qui stetit, absumpto iam toto corpore ductis
per terram digitis aliquid de sanguine gustat.
Vascones, haec fama est, alimentis talibus olim
produxere animas. sed res diversa, sed illic

[1] *fugae* POT: *fuga* ψ. The correct reading *instantibus Ombis* is preserved by O only.

---

[1] A Spanish tribe N. of the Ebro; their chief town, Calagurris, was reduced by Afranius in B.C. 72, after the fall of Sertorius.

of Tydeus [2] struck Aeneas on the hip, but such as may be cast by hands unlike to theirs, and born in these days of ours. For even in Homer's day the race of man was on the wane; earth now produces none but weak and wicked men that provoke such Gods as see them to laughter and to loathing.

[72] To come back from our digression: the one side, reinforced, boldly draws the sword and renews the fight with showers of arrows; the dwellers in the shady palm-groves of neighbouring Tentyra turn their backs in headlong flight before the Ombite charge. Hereupon one of them, over-afraid and hurrying, tripped and was caught; the conquering host cut up his body into a multitude of scraps and morsels, that one dead man might suffice for everyone, and devoured it bones and all. There was no stewing of it in boiling pots, no roasting upon spits; so slow and tedious they thought it to wait for a fire, that they contented themselves with the corpse uncooked!

[84] One may here rejoice that no outrage was done to the flame that Prometheus stole from the highest heavens, and gifted to the earth. I felicitate the element, and doubt not that you are pleased; but never was flesh so relished as by those who endured to put that carcase between their teeth. For in that act of gross wickedness, do not doubt or ask whether it was only the first gullet that enjoyed its meal; for when the whole body had been consumed, those who stood furthest away actually dragged their fingers along the ground and so got some smack of the blood.

[93] The Vascones,[1] fame tells us, once prolonged their lives by such food as this; but their case was

fortunae invidia est bellorumque ultima, casus
extremi, longae dira obsidionis egestas:
huius enim, quod nunc agitur, miserabile debet
exemplum esse cibi, sicut [1] modo dicta mihi gens:
post omnis herbas, post cuncta animalia, quidquid
cogebat vacui ventris furor, hostibus ipsis
pallorem ac maciem et tenuis miserantibus artus,
membra aliena fame lacerabant, esse parati
et sua. quisnam hominum veniam dare quisve deorum
ventribus [2] abnueret dira atque inmania passis,
et quibus illorum poterant ignoscere manes,
quorum corporibus vescebantur? melius nos
Zenonis praecepta monent, nec enim omnia, quaedam [3]
pro vita facienda putant; sed Cantaber unde
Stoicus, antiqui praesertim aetate Metelli?
nunc totus Graias nostrasque habet orbis Athenas,
Gallia causidicos docuit facunda Britannos,
de conducendo loquitur iam rhetore Thyle.
nobilis ille tamen populus quem diximus, et par
virtute atque fide sed maior clade Zacynthos
tale quid excusat: Maeotide saevior ara
Aegyptos; quippe illa nefandi Taurica sacri
inventrix homines (ut iam quae carmina tradunt

[1] Housm. reads *tibi* from G in place of *cibi* Pψ, and conj. *si cui* in place of *sicut* Pψ.

[2] So Housm., after Hadr. Vales.: PU have *urbibus*, and sc Büch. and Owen: *viribus* ψ.

[3] *quaedam* AGLT: P has *quidam*: so Büch. and Housm.

---

[1] The founder of the Stoic school.

[2] The Vascones were not Cantabrians, who were more to the W.

[3] Q. Caecilius Metellus conducted the war against Sertorius, B.C. 79–72.

different. Unkindly fortune had brought on them the last dire extremity of war, the famine of a long siege. In a plight like that of the people just named, resorting to such food deserves our pity, inasmuch as not till they had consumed every herb, every living thing, and everything else to which the pangs of an empty belly drove them—not till their very enemies pitied their pale, lean and wasted limbs—did hunger make them tear the limbs of other men, being ready to feed even upon their own. What man, what God, would withhold a pardon from bellies which had suffered such dire straits, and which might look to be forgiven by the Manes of those whose bodies they were devouring? To us, indeed, Zeno [1] gives better teaching, for he permits some things, though not indeed all things, to be done for the saving of life; but how could a Cantabrian [2] be a Stoic, and that too in the days of old Metellus? [3] To-day the whole world has its Greek and its Roman Athens; eloquent Gaul has trained the pleaders of Britain, and distant Thule [4] talks of hiring a rhetorician. Yet the people I have named were a noble people; and the people of Zacynthos,[5] their equals in bravery and honour, their more than equals in calamity, offer a like excuse. But Egypt is more savage than the Maeotid [6] altar; for if we may hold the poet's tales as true, the Tauric foundress of that accursed rite does but

[4] The most distant land or island to the N.; probably N.W. Norway rather than Shetland or Iceland.

[5] A poetic name for the Spanish town of Saguntum, supposed to have been founded from Zacynthus; taken by Hannibal B.C. 218.

[6] The *palus Maeotis* was the sea of Azov: strangers were there sacrificed on the altar of the Tauric (*i.e.* Crimean) Artemis.

digna fide credas) tantum immolat, ulterius nil
aut gravius cultro timet hostia. quis modo casus
inpulit hos? quae tanta fames infestaque vallo
arma coegerunt tam detestabile monstrum
audere? anne aliam terra Memphitide sicca
invidiam facerent nolenti surgere Nilo?
qua nec terribiles Cimbri nec Brittones umquam
Sauromataeque truces aut inmanes Agathyrsi,
hac saevit rabie inbelle et inutile vulgus,
parvula fictilibus solitum dare vela phaselis
et brevibus pictae remis incumbere testae.
nec poenam sceleri invenies nec digna parabis
supplicia his populis, in quorum mente pares sunt
et similes ira atque fames. mollissima corda
humano generi dare se natura fatetur,
quae lacrimas dedit; haec nostri pars optima sensus.
plorare ergo iubet causam dicentis amici
squaloremque rei, pupillum ad iura vocantem
circumscriptorem, cuius manantia fletu
ora puellares faciunt incerta capilli.
naturae imperio gemimus, cum funus adultae
virginis occurrit vel terra clauditur infans
et minor igne rogi. quis enim bonus et face dignus
arcana, qualem Cereris vult esse sacerdos,
ulla aliena sibi credit mala? separat hoc nos
a grege mutorum, atque ideo venerabile soli
sortiti ingenium divinorumque capaces
atque exercendis pariendisque artibus apti
sensum a caelesti demissum traximus arce,
cuius egent prona et terram spectantia. mundi

---

[1] An uncertain tribe, placed by Herodotus in Transylvania.

[2] *i.e.* worthy of being initiated in the Eleusinian mysteries.

slay her victims; they have nought further or more terrible than the knife to fear. But what calamity drove these Egyptians to the deed? What extremity of hunger, what beleaguering army, compelled them to dare so monstrous and infamous a crime? Were the land of Memphis to run dry, could they do aught else than this to shame the Nile for being loth to rise? No dread Cimbrians or Brittones, no savage Scythians or monstrous Agathyrsians,[1] ever raged so furiously as this unwarlike and worthless rabble that hoists tiny sails on crockery ships, and plies puny oars on boats of painted earthenware! No penalty can you devise for such a crime, no fit punishment for a people in whose minds rage and hunger are like and equal things. When Nature gave tears to man, she proclaimed that he was tender-hearted; and tenderness is the best quality in man. She therefore bids us weep for the misery of a friend upon his trial, or when a ward whose streaming cheeks and girlish locks raise a doubt as to his sex brings a defrauder into court. It is at Nature's behest that we weep when we meet the bier of a full-grown maiden, or when the earth closes over a babe too young for the funeral pyre. For what good man, what man worthy of the mystic torch,[2] and such as the priest of Ceres would wish him to be, believes that any human woes concern him not? It is this that separates us from the dumb herd; and it is for this that we alone have had allotted to us a nature worthy of reverence, capable of divine things, fit to acquire and practise the arts of life, and that we have drawn from on high that gift of feeling which is lacking to the beasts that grovel with eyes upon the ground. To them in the

principio indulsit communis conditor illis
tantum animas, nobis animum quoque, mutuus ut nos
adfectus petere auxilium et praestare iuberet,
dispersos trahere in populum, migrare vetusto
de nemore et proavis habitatas linquere silvas,
aedificare domos, laribus coniungere nostris
tectum aliud, tutos vicino limine [1] somnos
ut collata daret fiducia, protegere armis
lapsum aut ingenti nutantem vulnere civem,
communi dare signa tuba, defendier isdem
turribus atque una portarum clave teneri.
Sed iam serpentum maior concordia, parcit
cognatis maculis similis fera; quando leoni
fortior eripuit vitam leo? quo nemore umquam
expiravit aper maioris dentibus apri?
Indica tigris agit rabida cum tigride pacem
perpetuam, saevis inter se convenit ursis.
ast homini ferrum letale incude nefanda
produxisse parum est, cum rastra et sarcula tantum
adsueti coquere et marris ac vomere lassi
nescierint primi gladios extendere fabri,
aspicimus populos quorum non sufficit irae
occidisse aliquem, sed pectora bracchia voltum
crediderint genus esse cibi. quid diceret ergo
vel quo non fugeret, si nunc haec monstra videret
Pythagoras, cunctis animalibus abstinuit qui
tamquam homine et ventri indulsit non omne legumen?

[1] *limine* ψ : *limite* PA.

beginning of the world our common maker gave only life; to us he gave souls as well, that fellow-feeling might bid us ask or proffer aid, gather scattered dwellers into a people, desert the primeval groves and woods inhabited by our forefathers, build houses for ourselves, with others adjacent to our own, that a neighbour's threshold, from the confidence that comes of union, might give us peaceful slumbers; shield with arms a fallen citizen, or one staggering from a grievous wound, give battle signals by a common trumpet, and seek protection inside the same city walls, and behind gates fastened by a single key.

159 But in these days there is more amity among serpents than among men; wild beasts are merciful to beasts spotted like themselves. When did the stronger lion ever take the life of the weaker? In what wood did a boar ever breathe his last under the tusks of a boar bigger than himself? The fierce tigress of India dwells in perpetual peace with her fellow; grim bears live in harmony with bears. But man finds it all too little to have forged the deadly blade on an impious anvil; for whereas the first artificers only wearied themselves with forging rakes and hoes, spades and ploughshares, not knowing how to beat out swords, we now behold a people whose wrath is not assuaged by slaying someone, but who deem that a man's breast, arms, and face afford a kind of food. What would Pythagoras say, or to what place would he not flee, if he beheld these horrors of to-day,—he who refrained from every living creature as if it were human, and would not indulge his belly with every kind of pulse?

SATVRA XVI

Quis numerare queat felicis praemia, Galli,
militiae? nam si subeuntur prospera castra,
me pavidum excipiat tironem porta secundo
sidere. plus etenim fati valet hora benigni
quam si nos Veneris commendet epistula Marti
et Samia genetrix quae delectatur harena.
Commoda tractemus primum communia, quorum
haut minimum illud erit, ne te pulsare togatus
audeat, immo etsi pulsetur, dissimulet nec
audeat excussos praetori ostendere dentes
et nigram in facie tumidis livoribus offam
atque oculum medico nil promittente relictum.
Bardaicus iudex datur haec punire volenti
calceus et grandes magna ad subsellia surae
legibus antiquis castrorum et more Camilli
servato, miles ne vallum litiget extra
et procul a signis. "iustissima centurionum
cognitio est igitur[1] de milite, nec mihi derit
ultio, si iustae defertur causa querellae."
tota cohors tamen est inimica, omnesque manipli
consensu magno efficiunt curabilis ut sit
vindicta et gravior quam[2] iniuria. dignum erit ergo
declamatoris mulino corde Vagelli,
cum duo crura habeas, offendere tot caligas, tot

[1] For the *igitur* of Pψ Housm. reads *inquis*.
[2] *quam* Pψ: Büch. (1910) conj. *tum*.

[1] Juno.

SATIRE XVI

The Immunities of the Military

Who can count up, Gallius, all the prizes of prosperous soldiering? I would myself pray to be a trembling recruit if I could but enter a favoured camp under a lucky star: for one moment of benignant fate is of more avail than a letter of commendation to Mars from Venus, or from his mother,[1] who delights in the sandy shore of Samos.

[7] Let us first consider the benefits common to all soldiers, of which not the least is this, that no civilian will dare to thrash you; if thrashed himself, he must hold his tongue, and not venture to exhibit to the Praetor the teeth that have been knocked out, or the black and blue lumps upon his face, or the one eye left which the doctor holds out no hope of saving. If he seek redress, he has appointed for him as judge a hob-nailed centurion with a row of jurors with brawny calves sitting before a big bench. For the old camp law and the rule of Camillus still holds good which forbids a soldier to attend court outside the camp, and at a distance from the standards. "Most right and proper it is," you say, "that a centurion should pass sentence on a soldier; nor shall I fail of satisfaction if a just complaint is the theme of my prosecution." But then the whole cohort will be your enemies; all the maniples will agree as one man in applying a cure to the redress you have received by giving you a thrashing which shall be worse than the first. So, as you possess a pair of legs, you must have a mulish brain worthy of the eloquent Vagellius to provoke so many jack-boots,

milia clavorum. quis tam procul absit ab urbe
praeterea, quis tam Pylades, molem aggeris ultra
ut veniat? lacrimae siccentur protinus, et se
excusaturos non sollicitemus amicos.
"da testem" iudex cum dixerit, audeat ille
nescio quis, pugnos qui vidit, dicere "vidi,"
et credam dignum barba dignumque capillis
maiorum. citius falsum producere testem
contra paganum possis quam vera loquentem
contra fortunam armati contraque pudorem.
Praemia nunc alia atque alia emolumenta notemus
sacramentorum. convallem ruris aviti
improbus aut campum mihi si vicinus ademit
et sacrum effodit medio de limite saxum,
quod mea cum patulo coluit puls annua libo,
debitor aut sumptos pergit non reddere nummos
vana supervacui dicens chirographa ligni,
expectandus erit qui lites inchoet annus
totius populi. sed tunc quoque mille ferenda
taedia, mille morae; totiens subsellia tantum
sternuntur, iam facundo ponente lacernas
Caedicio et Fusco iam micturiente parati
digredimur, lentaque fori pugnamus harena.
ast illis quos arma tegunt et balteus ambit,
quod placitum est ipsis praestatur tempus agendi
nec res atteritur longo sufflamine litis.
Solis praeterea testandi militibus ius
vivo patre datur. nam quae sunt parta labore

[1] The inseparable friend of Orestes.

and all those thousands of hobnails. And besides who would venture so far from the city? Who would be such a Pylades [1] as to go inside the rampart? Better dry your eyes at once, and not importune friends who will but make excuses. When the judge has called for witnesses, let the man, whoever he be, who saw the assault dare to say, "I saw it," and I will deem him worthy of the beard and long hair of our forefathers. Sooner you will find a false witness against a civilian than one who will tell the truth against the interest and the honour of a soldier.

35 And now let us note some other profits and perquisites of the service. If some rascally neighbour have filched from me a dell or a field of my ancestral estate, and have dug up, from the mid point of my boundary, the hallowed stone which I have honoured every year with an offering of flat cake and pottage; or if a debtor refuses to repay the money that he has borrowed, declaring that the signatures are false, and the document null and void: I shall have to wait for the time of year when the whole world begin their suits, and even then there will be a thousand wearisome delays. So often does it happen that when only the benches have been set out—when the eloquent Caedicius is taking off his cloak, and Fuscus has gone out for a moment—though everything is ready, we disperse, and fight our battle after the dilatory fashion of the courts. But the gentlemen who are armed and belted have their cases set down for whatever time they please; nor is their substance worn away by the slow drag-chain of the law.

51 Soldiers alone, again, have the right to make their wills during their fathers' lifetime; for the law ordains that money earned in military service

militiae, placuit non esse in corpore census,
omne tenet cuius regimen pater. ergo Coranum
signorum comitem castrorumque aera merentem
quamvis iam tremulus captat pater; hunc favor aequus
provehit et pulchro reddit sua dona labori.
ipsius certe ducis hoc referre videtur
ut qui fortis erit, sit felicissimus idem,
ut laeti phaleris omnes et torquibus, omnes
. . . . . .

is not to be included in the property which is wholly in the father's sole control. This is why Coranus, who follows the standards and earns soldier's pay, is courted by his own father, though now tottering from old age. The son receives the advancement that is his due, and reaps the recompense for his own good services. And indeed it is the interest of the General himself that the most brave should also be the most fortunate, and that all should have trappings and necklets to be proud of.

The Satire breaks off here.

THE SATIRES OF PERSIUS

PERSI SATVRAE

PROLOGVS

Nec fonte labra prolui caballino
nec in bicipiti somniasse Parnaso
memini, ut repente sic poeta prodirem.
Heliconidasque pallidamque Pirenen
illis remitto, quorum imagines lambunt
hederae sequaces: ipse semipaganus
ad sacra vatum carmen adfero nostrum.
quis expedivit psittaco suum chaere,
picamque docuit verba nostra conari?
magister artis ingenique largitor
venter, negatas artifex sequi voces;
quod si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,
corvos poetas et poetridas picas
cantare credas Pegaseium nectar.

[1] The inspiring spring Hippocrene, struck out by the hoof of Pegasus, on the top of Mt. Helicon.
[2] *i.e.* the Muses.
[3] Pirene also was an inspiring spring near Corinth, called "pale" because poets were supposed to become pale from study.

THE SATIRES OF PERSIUS

THE PROLOGUE

I NEVER soused my lips in the Nag's Spring;[1] never, that I can remember, did I dream on the two-topped Parnasus, that I should thus come forth suddenly as a poet. The maidens[2] of Mount Helicon, and the blanching waters of Pirene,[3] I give up to the gentlemen round whose busts the clinging ivy[4] twines; it is but as a half-member[5] of the community that I bring my lay to the holy feast of the bards. Who made it so easy for the parrot to chirp his "good morrow"?[6] Who taught the magpie to ape the language of man? It was that master of the arts, that dispenser of genius, the Belly, who has a rare skill in getting at words which are not his own. If only the hope of deceitful money were to flash upon them, you would believe that raven poets and magpie poetesses were singing the pure nectar of the muses.

[4] The busts of poets were crowned with chaplets of ivy. *doctarum hederae praemia frontium*, Hor. *Od.* I. i. 29.

[5] Referring to the feast of the Paganalia common to all *pagani*, *i.e.* members of the village community (*pagus*). Persius calls himself a half-outsider as compared with professional poets.

[6] *i.e* the Greek χαῖρε.

SUMMARY OF SATIRE I

This whole satire is an attack on the corruption of literature and literary taste in Rome, as a sign and accompaniment of a similar corruption in morals.

The poem takes the form of a dialogue between Persius and a Friend. Persius recites a line (possibly from Lucilius) which looks like the beginning of a poem. "Who will read stuff like that?" asks the Friend. "Well," says Persius, "what does that matter! The opinion of thick-headed Rome isn't worth a d—n! If only I could say what I think! But when I look at our gloomy way of living, and our affectation of morality, I feel that I must have my laugh out (1–12). Just look at the foppery and ostentation of our public recitations, and the licentious character of the things recited" (13–23).

F. "But surely you must allow our young poets to show their learning and give their genius a vent?" (24–25).

P. "Learning, indeed! as if knowledge were of no use unless other people know that you possess it!" (26–27).

F. "But you cannot deny the charm of being praised and of hearing people say 'That's the man!'" (28–30).

P. "And what kind of praise do they win? Listen to the mawkish stuff poured forth at dinner tables, and the applause given to it by the well-filled guests. How grand and soul-sufficing!" (30–40).

F. "You are very nasty with your gibes. Do you suppose that any one is so indifferent to fame that he would not care to be ranked among the immortals?" (40–43).

P. "Certainly not. I value praise justly bestowed as much as any man; but I decline to accept the verdict of guests whose favour has been secured by gifts of old clothing and good viands. You say you want the truth? then let me tell it you: you are a mere twaddler, happy only in this that, unlike Janus, you cannot see the gibes made at you behind your back" (44–62).

F. "Anyhow the public are enchanted. Never, they say, did poets write more smoothly and correctly, or handle great themes more nobly" (63–68).

P. "Yes, indeed! To-day we find heroic themes attempted by men who cannot describe the simplest scenes of country life without committing absurdities. Others have a mania for archaisms; and what can be more artificial than our rhetoric? An advocate cannot defend a man on his trial for some crime without using all the embellishments of the schools! He is like the shipwrecked mariner who appeals to you by a song" (69–91).

F. "But you will at least grant that our modern Muse has grace and polish?" (92).

P. "Grace and polish indeed! Let me quote some instances of your modern polish... What would Virgil have said of turgid and frothy stuff like that? Now please give me some instances of the tender languishing style" (93–98).

(Then follow four lines of furious magniloquent bombast, quoted admiringly by P.'s interlocutor (99–102).)

P. "Whew! what nerveless sputtering trash! Not one sign there of real honest work!" (103–106).

F. "But why vex delicate ears with biting truths like these? See that the doors of your great friends are not closed to you after this. Beware of the dog!" (107–110).

P. "Well! Well! Have your way. Put up a notice—'No nuisance here,' and I'll be off. But Lucilius had his say out, sparing no man; Horace spoke out his mind with well-spiced pleasantry; and am I to keep my mouth shut? am I not to divulge my secret to any one, not even to a ditch? Nay, here is a ditch, and I will dig it in: '*All the world are fools.*' This little secret joke of mine I will not sell you for all your Iliads! (110–123).

"No: let me have for hearers all you that have drawn an inspiring breath from Cratinus, and Eupolis, and the Grand Old Man; I care not for the fry that love to vent their wit upon the slippers of the Greeks, nor for the puffed-up local magnate who jeers at a one-eyed man, nor for the man who flouts philosophers and thinks it a fine joke to see a saucy wench pluck a cynic by the beard. Let these enjoy the pleasures they deserve!" (123–134).

The first satire of Persius seems to have furnished a pattern for the first satire of Juvenal. In each case the poet begins by an attack on the character of his own age, Persius laying stress upon the corruption of literature, Juvenal upon that of morals as a whole. In each case a friend warns the poet of the dangers of such an attack. Both poets justify themselves by the example of Lucilius, and his free-

spoken attacks upon his contemporaries. Persius rejects all appeal to the depraved opinion of his own time, and asks for readers who have caught the spirit of the masters of the old Greek comedy; Juvenal promises to spare the living and to confine his attacks to the dead.

SATVRA I

"O CVRAS hominum, o quantum est in rebus inane!"
"quis leget haec?" "min tu istud ais? nemo hercule." "nemo?"
"vel duo vel nemo." "turpe et miserabile!"
"quare?
ne mihi Polydamas et Troiades Labeonem
praetulerint? nugae. non, si quid turbida Roma
elevet, accedas examenque improbum in illa
castiges trutina, nec te quaesiveris extra.
nam Romae[1] quis non—ah, si fas dicere—sed fas
tunc cum ad canitiem et nostrum istud vivere[2] triste
aspexi ac nucibus facimus quaecumque relictis,
cum sapimus patruos; tunc tunc ignoscite; (nolo:
quid faciam? sed sum petulanti splene) cachinno.

[1] The MSS. read *Romae est* or *Romaest* for *Romae*, and *ae* for *a* or *ah*.

[2] The use of the Infinitive as a Noun is a special characteristic of Persius. So *scire tuum* (l. 27), *ridere meum* (l. 122), *pappare minutum* (iii. 17), etc.

---

[1] Polydamas is from Homer (*Il.* xxii. 104–5). Polydamas and the high-born Roman ladies are supposed to represent the opinions of the respectable Mrs. Grundys of the day. Attius Labeo was a poor poet of the time, said to have translated Homer.

SATIRE I

P. "O THE vanity of mankind! How vast the void in human affairs!"

F. "Who will read stuff like that?"

P. "Is it to me you are speaking? Not a soul, by Hercules."

F. "What? nobody?"

P. "One or two perhaps or nobody."

F. "What a poor and lamentable result!"

P. "Why that? Are you afraid that Polydamas and his Trojan ladies[1] will put Labeo above me? Stuff and nonsense! And if thick-headed Rome does disparage anything, don't you go and put right the tongue in that false balance of theirs; look to no one outside yourself. For who is there in Rome who is not[2]—oh, if only I might say my secret!—and yet say it I must, when I look at these gray heads of ours, and our gloomy ways of living, and indeed everything that we have been doing since the days when we gave up our marbles, and put on the wise airs of uncles. So please forgive me! I would rather not say it—but what else can I do?—I have a wayward wit and must have my laugh out.

[2] The secret is that every one is an ass, see l. 121. For the passage 8–12 I follow the punctuation and explanation given by Housman (*C.Q.* Jan. 1913). *Cachinno* is a verb, "I laugh"; it has been commonly taken as a substantive ("a laughter"), but for this there is no authority.

"Scribimus inclusi, numeros ille, hic pede liber,
grande aliquid, quod pulmo animae praelargus anhelet.
scilicet haec populo pexusque togaque recenti
et natalicia tandem cum sardonyche albus
sede leges celsa, liquido cum plasmate guttur
mobile conlueris, patranti fractus ocello.
tunc neque more probo videas nec voce serena
ingentis trepidare Titos, cum carmina lumbum
intrant et tremulo scalpuntur ubi intima versu.
tun, vetule, auriculis alienis colligis escas,
auriculis,[1] quibus et dicas cute perditus 'ohe'?"
"quo didicisse, nisi hoc fermentum et quae semel intus
innata est rupto iecore exierit caprificus?
en pallor seniumque!" "o mores, usque adeone
scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter?"
"at pulchrum est digito monstrari et dicier 'hic est';
ten cirratorum centum dictata fuisse
pro nihilo pendes?"[2] "ecce inter pocula quaerunt

[1] Housman adopts Madvig's conjecture of *articulis* for *auriculis*, and translates "What? catering at your age for others' ears and cates which you, disabled with gout and dropsy, must forgo?" (*Classical Quarterly*, Jan. 1913, p. 14. Subsequent references to Housman are to be found in this article.) [2] *pendas* aP².

[1] *Titos* for *Titienses*, one of the three original Roman tribes, ironically applied to those who prided themselves on their ancient Roman descent. Similarly used are *Troiades* in l. 4, *Romulidae*, l. 31, and *Rhamnes* in Hor. *A.P.* 342.

[2] The ferment of poetic inspiration longing for a vent is

[13] "We shut ourselves up and write something grand—one in verse, one in prose—something that will take a vast amount of breath to pant out. This stuff you will some day read aloud to the public, having first lubricated your throat with an emollient wash; you will take your seat on a high chair, well combed, in a new white robe, and with a rakish leer in your eye, not forgetting a birthday sardonyx gem on your finger. Thereupon, as the thrilling strains make their way into the loins, and tickle the inward parts, you may see the burly sons of Rome,[1] quivering in no seemly fashion, and uttering no seemly words. What, you old reprobate? Do you cater for other people's wanton ears?—ears to which, however hardened your hide, you might fain cry 'hold, enough!'"

F. "But what avail study and learning if the yeast, and the wild fig-tree[2] which has sprung up within, are never to break through the bosom and come forth? See our pallid cheeks and aged looks!"[3]

P. "Good heavens! Is all your knowledge to go so utterly for nothing unless other people know that you possess it?"

F. "O but it is a fine thing to have a finger pointed at one, and to hear people say, 'That's the man'! Would you yourself deem it of no account to have been conned as a task by a hundred curly-headed urchins?"

P. "See, now, the sons of Romulus, having well

compared to the sturdy shoot of the wild fig-tree, which finds its way through masonry and dislodges even solid stones (Juv. x. 144–5).

[3] These words refer to the *canities*, etc., ridiculed in l. 9, which the Friend accounts for by the hard work of the poet. Some give these words to Persius, with an ironical meaning.

Romulidae saturi, quid dia poemata narrent;
hic aliquis, cui circum umeros hyacinthina laena est,
rancidulum quiddam balba de nare locutus
Phyllidas, Hypsipylas, vatum et plorabile siquid,
eliquat ac tenero subplantat verba palato.
adsensere viri: nunc non cinis ille poetae
felix? non levior cippus nunc inprimit ossa?
laudant convivae: nunc non e manibus illis,
nunc non e tumulo fortunataque favilla
nascentur violae?" "rides," ait, "et nimis uncis
naribus indulges. an erit qui velle recuset
os populi meruisse et cedro digna locutus
linquere nec scombros metuentia carmina nec tus?"

"Quisquis es, o modo quem ex adverso dicere feci,
non ego cum scribo, si forte quid aptius exit,
quando haec rara avis est, si quid tamen aptius exit,
laudari metuam; neque enim mihi cornea fibra est.
sed recti finemque extremumque esse recuso
'euge' tuum et 'belle.' nam 'belle' hoc excute totum:
quid non intus habet? non hic est Ilias Atti
ebria veratro? non siqua elegidia crudi
dictarunt proceres? non quidquid denique lectis
scribitur in citreis? calidum scis ponere sumen,
scis comitem horridulum trita donare lacerna,

[1] *i.e.* some sentimental ditty taken from heroic times; there may be an allusion to the *Heroides* of Ovid.

[2] Referring to the simple prayer often inscribed over the ashes of the dead, *sit tibi terra levis*.

[3] A clear imitation of Cat. xcv. 7, and Hor. *Epp.* II. i. 269, alluding to the uses of waste paper.

[4] No doubt the Attius Labeo of l. 4.

dined, are asking over their cups, 'What has divine poesy to say'? Whereupon some fellow with a purple mantle round his shoulders lisps out with a snuffle some insipid trash about a Phyllis or a Hypsipyle [1] or some other dolorous poetic theme, mincing his words, and letting them trip daintily over his palate. The great men signify their approval; will not your poet's ashes be happy now? will not the grave-stone press more lightly upon his bones? [2] The lesser guests chime in with their assent: will not violets now spring up from those remains, from the tomb and its thrice-blessed ashes?"

F. "You are scoffing, and use your turned-up nose too freely. Do you mean to tell me that any man who has uttered words worthy of cedar oil will disown the wish to have earned a place in the mouths of men, and to leave behind him poems that will have nothing to fear from mackerel or from spice?" [3]

[44] *P.* "Well, my friend, whoever you are whom I have set up to speak on the opposing side, I am the last man, if by chance when writing I let fall something good (rare bird as that would be), I am the last man, I say, to be afraid of praise. My heart is not made of horn! But I decline to admit that the final and supreme test of excellence is to be found in your 'Bravo!' and your 'Beautiful!' Just sift out all those 'Beautifuls': what do they not contain? Will you not find there Attius' [4] Iliad all drugged with hellebore, and all the love-ditties spouted by your grandees while digesting their dinners—all the stuff in short that is scribbled on couches of citrus-wood? You know how to serve up a sow's paunch piping hot: you know how to present a shivering client with a

et 'verum' inquis 'amo, verum mihi dicite de me.'
qui pote? vis dicam? nugaris, cum tibi, calve,
pinguis aqualiculus propenso[1] sesquipede extet.
o Iane, a tergo quem nulla ciconia pinsit,
nec manus auriculas imitari mobilis albas,
nec linguae quantum sitiat canis Apula tantum![2]
vos, o patricius sanguis, quos vivere fas est
occipiti caeco, posticae occurrite sannae.
quis populi sermo est?" "quis enim, nisi carmina molli
nunc demum numero fluere, ut per leve severos
effundat iunctura ungues? scit tendere versum
non secus ac si oculo rubricam derigat uno.
sive opus in mores, in luxum, in prandia regum
dicere, res grandes nostro dat Musa poetae."
"ecce modo heroas sensus adferre videmus[3]
nugari solitos graece, nec ponere lucum
artifices nec rus saturum laudare, ubi corbes
et focus et porci et fumosa Palilia faeno,
unde Remus sulcoque terens dentalia, Quinti.

[1] *propenso* PA²L : *protenso* E : *protento* Prisc.
[2] *tantum* L³ : *tante* EPL¹.
[3] *videmus* ABP² : *docemus* EP¹.

---

[1] These lines, again, are closely imitated from Hor. *Epp.* I. xix. 37.

[2] Janus, having two faces (*bifrons*), could not be ridiculed from behind.

[3] A metaphor from the art of the sculptor, who passes his nail along the surface to make sure that there is no inequality.

[4] The Palilia or Parilia were celebrated on the 21st of

threadbare cloak,[1] and then you say, 'I love the Truth; tell me the truth about myself!' How can the man do that? Would you like *me* to tell you the truth? You are just a fool, you old baldpate, with that pot-belly of yours sticking out a foot and a half in front of you! O happy Janus, who cannot be pecked at from behind by a stork,[2] nor mocked by a hand nimble at mimicking white donkey-ears; at whom no tongue can be thrust out as far as that of a thirsty Apulian hound! O ye blue-blooded patricians, you who have to live without eyes in the back of your head, turn round and face the gibing in your rear! And what does the town say?"

F. "Why what else but this—that now at last we have verses flowing smoothly along, so that the critical nail[3] glides unjarred over the joinings. Our poet knows how to draw his lines as straight as if he were directing a ruddle cord with one eye shut. Whatever be his theme: whether it be the morals and luxury of the times, or the banquets of the great, the Muse furnishes him with the lofty style."

P. "Yes; and so we now see heroics produced by men who have been used to trifle over Greek verses—men who have not art enough to describe a grove, or commend the abundance of country life, with its baskets and its hearths, with its pigs and the smoking hay-heaps of the Palilia;[4] out of which emerges Remus, and thou, Cincinnatus,[5] polishing thy share-beam against the furrow, and

April, the supposed birthday of Rome. Part of the ceremony or sport of the day was to jump over burning heaps of hay.

[5] L. Quinctius Cincinnatus. Alluding to the well-known story of his being saluted as Dictator on coming home from the plough. *Quinti* = *Quincti*.

cum[1] trepida ante boves dictatorem induit uxor
et tua aratra domum lictor tulit: euge poeta!
est nunc Brisaei quem venosus liber Acci,
sunt quos Pacuviusque et verrucosa moretur
Antiopa, aerumnis cor luctificabile fulta.
hos pueris monitus patres infundere lippos
cum videas, quaerisne unde haec sartago loquendi
venerit in linguas, unde istud dedecus, in quo
trossulus exultat tibi per subsellia levis?

"Nilne pudet capiti non posse pericula cano
pellere, quin tepidum hoc optes audire 'decenter'?
'fur es,' ait Pedio. Pedius quid? crimina rasis
librat in antithetis, doctas posuisse figuras
laudatur: 'bellum hoc.' hoc bellum? an, Romule, ceves?
men moveat? quippe et, cantet si naufragus, assem
protulerim? cantas, cum fracta te in trabe pictum
ex umero portes? verum, nec nocte paratum,
plorabit qui me volet incurvasse querella."

"Sed numeris decor est et iunctura addita crudis.

[1] *cum* P^1: *quem* EaP^2L.

---

[1] *Brisaeus* is an epithet of *Bacchus*, used here (like *venosus* and *verrucosus*) to indicate the poet's style. Line 78 is apparently a parody of a line in the *Antiope* of Pacuvius, in which he is said to have imitated Euripides.

[2] These were the greatest of the early poets of Rome, after Ennius. Both wrote tragedies. Pacuvius was born about B.C. 220, Accius (or Attius) in B.C. 170. Horace speaks of

then thy wife in a flurry arraying thee as Dictator before the oxen, while the lictor drives home the plough! Bravo, bravo! Mr. Poet! One man pores over the dried-up tome of the Bacchanalian[1] Accius;[2] others dwell lovingly on the warty Antiope of Pacuvius,[2] 'her dolorific heart buttressed up with woes.' When you see blear-eyed sires pouring lessons like these into their children's ears, can you ask whence has come this farrago of language into their tongues? or whence came those shameless ditties which put your smooth-faced sprigs of nobility into a tremble of ecstasy on the benches?

83 "Are you not ashamed to be unable to ward off danger from some hoary head without wishing to hear some trifling word of commendation? 'You are a thief!' says the accused to Pedius: how does Pedius[3] reply? He balances the charges against each other in smooth antitheses, and is praised for his artistic tropes: 'How fine!' they say. What, Romulus? Do you call that fine? Or are you just losing your virility? Shall I be touched, think you, and pull a penny out of my pocket because a ship-wrecked mariner sings a song? You sing, do you, when you carry on your shoulder a picture of yourself, squatting on a broken plank? No, no: the man who wishes to bend me with his tale of woe must shed true tears—not tears that have been got ready overnight."

92 *F.* "But you will admit, anyhow, that grace and coherence have been added to the uncouth measures

them with more respect than Persius: *aufert Pacuvius docti famam senis, Accius alti* (*Epp.* II. i. 56).

[3] The name "Pedius," as that of an advocate, seems taken from Hor. *Sat.* I. x. 28, but there seems to be no reference to the cause in which Pedius is there concerned.

claudere sic versum didicit 'Berecyntius Attis,'
et 'qui caeruleum dirimebat Nerea delphin';
sic 'costam longo subduximus Appennino.'"
"arma virum! nonne hoc spumosum et cortice pingui,
ut ramale vetus vegrandi subere coctum?
quidnam igitur tenerum et laxa cervice legendum?"
"'torva Mimalloneis implerunt cornua bombis,'
et 'raptum vitulo caput ablatura superbo
Bassaris,' et 'lyncem Maenas flexura corymbis
euhion ingeminat, reparabilis adsonat echo!'"
"haec fierent, si testiculi vena ulla paterni
viveret in nobis? summa delumbe saliva
hoc natat in labris, et in udo est Maenas et Attis,
nec pluteum caedit nec demorsos sapit unguis."
"Sed quid opus teneras mordaci radere vero
auriculas? vide sis ne maiorum tibi forte
limina frigescant: sonat hic de nare canina
littera." "per me equidem sint omnia protinus alba;
nil moror: euge! omnes, omnes bene, mirae eritis res!

---

[1] These lines (93–5), admiringly quoted by the Friend, seem to be invented or quoted to show the absurdities of modern poetic diction. *Arma virum*: Virg. *Aen.* I. 1 (5).

[2] These four lines of furious bombast are said by the Scholiast, apparently without any authority, to have formed

of our sires. See how we have learnt to round off our verses with 'Berecynthian Attis'; or 'the dolphin which was cleaving the sky-blue Nereus'; or how 'we filched a rib off from the lengthy Apennines'!"[1]

P. "O shade of Virgil! What is this but frothy inflated stuff, like an old bough smothered under its bloated bark! Now give me something of the languishing kind; something that should be recited with a gentle bending of the neck."

F. "'They filled their savage horns with Mimallonean boomings'; 'the Bassarid ready to tear off the head of the prancing calf'; or, 'the Maenad, about to rein the lynx with ivy-trails, redoubles the Evian shout: responsive Echo gives back the cry!'"[2]

P. "What? Would such things be written if one drop of our fathers' manhood were still alive in our veins? Your Maenad and your Attis are just marrowless drivel, floating and spluttering on the lips, on the top of the spittle: no banging of the desk here, no biting of nails to the quick!"[3]

107 *F.* "But why rasp people's tender ears with biting truths? Take heed, I beseech you, that the doorsteps of your great friends do not grow cool towards you: don't you hear the snarl of a dog?"

P. "Well, well, have your way; I will paint everything white henceforth! Bravo! Bravo! you shall all be paragons of creation! Will that please you?

part of a poem by Nero. They are ridiculed both for their grandiloquence in rhythm and for their crudities in expression. Line 99 is imitated from Catull. lxii. 264. Line 100 is from Eur. *Bacch.* 743.

[3] This line is obviously imitated from Hor. *Sat.* I. x. 70.

hoc iuvat? 'hic' inquis 'veto quisquam faxit oletum.
pinge duos anguis: pueri, sacer est locus, extra
meite: discedo. secuit Lucilius urbem,
te Lupe, te Muci, et genuinum fregit in illis;
omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
tangit et admissus circum praecordia ludit,
callidus excusso populum suspendere naso:
men[1] muttire nefas? nec clam? nec cum scrobe?
nusquam?
hic tamen infodiam. vidi, vidi ipse, libelle:
auriculas asini quis non habet? hoc ego opertum,
hoc ridere meum, tam nil, nulla tibi vendo
Iliade. audaci quicumque adflate Cratino
iratum Eupolidem praegrandi cum sene palles,
aspice et haec, si forte aliquid decoctius audis.
inde vaporata lector mihi ferveat aure,
non hic qui in crepidas Graiorum ludere gestit
sordidus et lusco qui possit dicere 'lusce'
sese[2] aliquem credens, Italo quod honore supinus
fregerit heminas Arreti aedilis iniquas,

[1] *men* P[2]: *me* Büch. [2] *sese* aL: *seque* P.

[1] On spots to be protected from defilement snakes were painted up, as a warning, representing the *genius loci*.

[2] C. Lucilius, the father of Roman Satire, and forerunner of Horace, Persius, and Juvenal, was born in B.C. 180. He wrote thirty books of Satires, and, living in days of freedom, was unsparing in his attacks upon the follies of his contemporaries. *Remains of Old Latin* (L.C.L.) III. Introd.

'No nuisance here,' you say; paint up a couple of snakes, my lads, and clear out; the ground is holy; do it outside; I'll be off." [1]

"And yet Lucilius [2] flayed our city: he flayed you, Lupus, and you, Mucius, and broke his jaw over you. Horace, sly dog, worming his way playfully into the vitals of his laughing friend, touches up his every fault; a rare hand he at flinging out his nose and hanging the people on it! [3] And may I not mutter one word? Not anywhere, to myself, nor even to a ditch? Yes—here will I dig it in. I have seen the truth; I have seen it with my own eyes, O my book: *Who is there who has not the ears of an ass?* this dead secret of mine, this poor little joke, I will not sell for all your Iliads!

"O all ye that have caught the bold breath of Cratinus—ye who have grown pale over the blasts of Eupolis or of the Grand Old Man [4]—look here too, if you have an ear for anything of the finer sort. Let my reader be one whose ear has been cleansed and kindled by such strains, not one of the baser sort who loves to poke fun at the slippers of the Greeks, and who could cry out 'Old one-eye!' to a one-eyed man; nor yet one lazy in his dignity as a provincial aedile who deems himself somebody because he has broken up short pint measures

[3] This is Conington's excellent translation.

[4] *i.e.* Aristophanes. These three poets, as recorded in the famous lines of Horace, *Sat.* I. iv. 1:

Eupolis atque Cratinus Aristophanesque poetae
Atque alii quorum Comoedia prisca virorum est,

constituted the great Triumvirate of the Old Comedy of Greece. Cratinus was born in B.C. 519, Eupolis in 446, and Aristophanes in 444.

nec qui abaco numeros et secto in pulvere metas
scit risisse vafer, multum gaudere paratus,
si cynico barbam petulans nonaria vellat.
his mane edictum, post prandia Calliroen do."

at Arretium. Nor do I want a man who knows how to laugh slyly at numbers on a counting-board, or cones traced in the sand, and is ready to scream with joy if some saucy wench plucks a Cynic by the beard. To such gentlemen I would commend the play-bill in the morning, for the afternoon Calliroe."[1]

[1] Some mawkish sentimental poem, of the kind satirised above.

SUMMARY OF SATIRE II

Persius takes advantage of the birthday of his friend and fellow-pupil Plotius Macrinus to discourse on the folly of the prayers usually offered to the Gods (1–7). Men pray openly for worthy objects; they pray secretly for money, for inheritances, for the death of all who stand in their way, besieging Jupiter with petitions at which any ordinary citizen would stand aghast (8–30). Old women offer the most silly prayers on behalf of babes (31–40). One man prays for health and strength, while ruining his constitution by rich living (41–43); another for riches, while wasting his substance in costly sacrifices (44–51). Thirsting ourselves for gold, we believe the gods must love it also: we overlay their images with gold and use gold vessels in their service in place of the delf of Numa (52–60). O fools and grovellers! Why measure the Gods by our own fleshly lusts, and by our own joy in gratifying them? Nay, rather let us approach them with clean hands and a pure heart, and the homeliest offerings will win their favour (61–75).

SATVRA II

Hunc, Macrine, diem numera meliore lapillo,
qui tibi labentis apponit candidus annos.
funde merum Genio. non tu prece poscis emaci
quae nisi seductis nequeas committere divis.
at bona pars procerum tacita libabit[1] acerra;
haut cuivis promptum est murmurque humilesque susurros
tollere de templis et aperto vivere voto.
"mens bona, fama, fides" haec clare et ut audiat hospes;
illa sibi introrsum et sub lingua murmurat: "o si
ebulliat patruus, praeclarum funus!" et "o si
sub rastro crepet argenti mihi seria dextro
Hercule! pupillumve utinam, quem proximus heres
inpello, expungam! namque est[2] scabiosus et acri
bile tumet. Nerio iam tertia conditur[3] uxor!"
haec sancte ut poscas, Tiberino in gurgite mergis
mane caput bis terque et noctem flumine purgas?

[1] *libavit* P. [2] *namque est* P^2: *nam est* P^1: *nam et est* aL.
[3] *ducitur* Servius *ap.* Virg. *Geo.* iv. 256; vulgo *conditur*.

---

[1] Lines 8–11 are a close imitation of Hor. *Epp.* I. xvi. 59–62.
[2] Apparently a slang expression like "going off the hooks" or "kicking the bucket."
[3] Hercules is the god of windfalls or unexpected gain.

SATIRE II

Set the whitest of white stones, Macrinus, to mark this bright day that places the gliding years to your account! Pour out libations to your Genius! You are not the man to utter a huckster's prayer, such as you could only entrust to the gods in privacy. Most of our great men offer their libations from censers that divulge no secrets: it is not every man that is ready to make away with mutterings and whisperings from the temples, and to offer prayers such as all men may hear.[1] "A sound mind," "a fair name," "good credit"—such prayers a man utters aloud, and in a stranger's hearing—the rest he mutters to himself, under his breath: "O if only my uncle would pop off![2] what a fine funeral I would give him!" or "if only favouring Hercules[3] would cause a crock of silver to grate against my harrow!" or "if only I could wipe out that ward of mine who stands next before me in the succession: for indeed he is scrofulous, and full of acrid humours." "There's Nerius[4] (lucky dog!) burying his third wife." Is it that you may put up prayers like these with all due piety[5] that you dip your head every morning twice and three times in the Tiber, washing off in his waters all the pollutions of the night?

[4] Perhaps the usurer mentioned by Horace, *Sat.* II. iii. 69.

[5] *Sancte* is emphatic. However unholy his prayers, he hopes to keep on the right side of the gods, and so neglects none of the proper religious observances. See Hor. *Sat.* II. iii. 290–2, and Juv. vi. 523.

Heus age, responde (minimum est quod scire laboro):
de Iove quid sentis? estne ut praeponere cures
hunc—"cuinam?" cuinam? vis Staio? an scilicet haeres?
quis potior iudex puerisve quis aptior orbis?
hoc igitur, quo tu Iovis aurem impellere temptas,
dic agedum Staio: "pro Iuppiter! o bone," clamet,
"Iuppiter!" at sese non clamet Iuppiter ipse?
ignovisse putas, quia, cum tonat, ocius ilex
sulpure discutitur sacro quam tuque domusque?
an quia non fibris ovium Ergennaque iubente
triste iaces lucis evitandumque bidental,
idcirco stolidam praebet tibi vellere barbam
Iuppiter? aut quidnam est qua tu mercede deorum
emeris auriculas? pulmone et lactibus unctis?
Ecce avia aut metuens divum matertera cunis
exemit puerum, frontemque atque uda labella
infami digito et lustralibus ante salivis
expiat, urentis oculos inhibere perita;
tunc manibus quatit et spem macram supplice voto

---

[1] Staius is taken as a representative of an average respectable citizen.

[2] An obviously Etruscan name. Etruria was famous for its soothsayers.

[3] *Bidental* is properly a spot struck by lightning, purified or consecrated by the sacrifice of a *bidens* (a two-year-old victim), and enclosed with a fence. Such spots were of evil omen. Here the *bidental* stands for the body of the man killed by lightning.

[17] Come now, answer me this question: it is a very little thing that I want to know; What is your opinion of Jupiter? Would you rank him above—"Above whom?"—Above whom, you ask? Well, shall we say Staius?[1] or do you stick at that? Could you name a more upright judge than Staius; or one more fitted to be a guardian to an orphan family? Well then, just whisper to Staius the prayer with which you would impress the ear of Jupiter:—"Oh, gracious Jupiter!" he would cry, "O Jupiter!" And will not Jupiter call upon himself, think you? Do you imagine that he has condoned everything because, when it thunders, the sacred fire rends an oak-tree in twain sooner than you and your house? Or because you are not lying in a grove, at the bidding of Ergenna[2] and a sheep's liver, an accursed and abhorred object,[3] will Jupiter therefore offer you his foolish beard to pluck? And what is the price by which you have purchased a kindly hearing from the gods? Is it a dish of lights and greasy entrails?[4]

[31] See how a granny, or an auntie who fears the gods, takes baby out of his cradle:[5] skilled in averting the evil eye, she first, with her rebuking middle finger, applies the charm of lustrous spittle[6] to his forehead and slobbering lips; she then dandles the wizened Hopeful[7] in her arms, and destines him in

[4] Persius and Juvenal are continually ridiculing the offering of *exta* to the gods (Juv. x. 354, xiii. 115).

[5] This passage bears a resemblance to Juv. x. 289 foll.

[6] Various were the virtues of saliva, especially in magical and semi-magical ceremonies. See Pliny, *H.N.* xxviii. 4, 22. It was especially efficacious against the evil eye.

[7] The contemptuous epithet heightens the contrast. Housman takes *spem* to mean simply hope; hope lean and hungry, and therefore insatiable.

nunc Licini in campos, nunc Crassi mittit in aedis :
"hunc optent generum rex et regina ; puellae
hunc rapiant ; quidquid calcaverit hic, rosa fiat."
ast ego nutrici non mando vota ; negato,
Iuppiter, haec illi, quamvis te albata rogarit ![1]
Poscis opem nervis corpusque fidele senectae.
esto, age ; sed grandes patinae tuccetaque crassa
adnuere his superos vetuere Iovemque morantur.
Rem struere exoptas caeso bove Mercuriumque
accersis fibra : "da fortunare penatis,
da pecus et gregibus fetum !" quo pessime, pacto,
tot tibi cum in flammis[2] iunicum omenta liquescant ?
et tamen hic extis et opimo vincere ferto
intendit : "iam crescit ager, iam crescit ovile,
iam dabitur, iam iam"—donec deceptus et exspes
nequiquam fundo suspiret nummus in imo.
Si tibi crateras argenti incusaque pingui
auro dona feram, sudes et pectore laevo
excutiat guttas laetari praetrepidum cor.
hinc illud subiit, auro sacras quod ovato
perducis facies ; nam fratres inter aenos

[1] *rogarit* P : *rogabit* aL. [2] *flammas* aL.

[1] Both men of proverbial wealth. Crassus was the Triumvir slain at the battle of Carrhae B.C. 53 ; Licinus was an enfranchised slave of Caesar who became Procurator of Gaul. See Juv. i. 109 and Mayor's note.

[2] Mercury was the god of gain.

[3] Several fanciful interpretations have been given of this phrase. The "brazen brotherhood" seems to refer to the gods as a whole, whose statues were usually of bronze. If

her prayers to the domains of a Licinus,[1] or the mansion of a Crassus;[1] "May kings and queens desire him for their daughter! May the maidens scramble for him! May roses bloom wherever he plants his foot!"—No! never shall prayer of mine be committed to a nurse; reject, O Jupiter, her petition, though she be clothed in white to ask it of thee!

41 You pray for strength of limb, and for a body that shall not fail you in old age. Good; but your grand dishes and rich ragouts forbid the gods to listen to you, and stay the hand of Jupiter.

44 Lusting for wealth, you slay an ox, and summon Mercury[2] with a liver. "Grant that my household gods may prosper me!" you cry; "grant increase to my flocks and herds!" But how can that be, poor fool, when the fat of all those heifers is melting away in the flames? Yet on the fellow goes, bent upon winning his wish with his entrails and his rich offering of cakes:—"I am now adding field to field, and flock to flock," he cries, ever hoping and hoping on, till at length his last coin, duped and disappointed, heaves a vain sigh at the bottom of his purse!

52 Were I to offer you cups of silver, or gifts richly inlaid with gold, your heart would beat high with joy, and drops of sweat would trickle from your left breast. Hence your idea of overlaying the faces of the gods with triumphal gold; for you say, "Let those among the brazen brothers[3] rank highest

any of these, says Persius ironically, send us dreams free from gouty humours, they should be highly honoured and given beards of gold. Consult further Housman, *l.c.* pp. 15–16.

somnia pituita qui purgatissima mittunt
praecipui sunto sitque illis aurea barba.
aurum vasa Numae Saturniaque impulit aera
Vestalesque urnas et Tuscum fictile mutat.
O curvae in terris animae et caelestium inanis!
quid iuvat hoc, templis nostros immittere mores
et bona dis ex hac scelerata ducere pulpa?
haec sibi corrupto casiam dissolvit olivo,
et Calabrum coxit vitiato murice vellus;
haec bacam conchae rasisse et stringere venas
ferventis massae crudo de pulvere iussit.
peccat et haec, peccat, vitio tamen utitur. at vos
dicite, pontifices: in sancto quid facit aurum?
nempe hoc quod Veneri donatae a virgine pupae.
quin damus id superis, de magna quod dare lance
non possit magni Messalae lippa propago:
compositum ius fasque animo sanctosque recessus
mentis et incoctum generoso pectus honesto.
haec cedo ut admoveam templis, et farre litabo.

[1] The bronze vessels of the Saturnian age, with a possible reference to the bronze coinage of early Rome.

[2] *cp.* Juv. xi. 116. *Fictilis et nullo violatus Iuppiter auro.*

[3] Just as boys dedicated the *bulla* on assuming the *toga virilis*, so did maidens hang up their dolls to Venus on attaining womanhood.

who send us dreams most free from gouty vapours, and let their beards be all of gold! Gold has now ousted Numa's crockery, and the bronze vessels of Saturn;[1] it has supplanted the urns and Tuscan pottery[2] of the Vestals.

61 O Souls bowed down to earth, and void of all heavenly thoughts! What avails it to bring our ideas into the temples, and to infer from this sinful flesh of ours what is pleasing to the gods? It is the flesh that has spoilt our oil by mingling it with casia, and misused Tyrian purple for the soaking of Calabrian fleeces; it is this that has bidden us pluck the pearl from the shell, and beat out the veins of glowing ore from the native clay. The flesh indeed sins, it sins, and yet it gets profit from its sinning But tell me this, ye priests, what avails gold inside the sanctuary? Just as much as the dolls[3] which maidens dedicate to Venus! Nay rather let us offer to the gods what the blear-eyed progeny of the great Messala[4] cannot give out of his lordly salver:—a heart rightly attuned towards God and man; a mind pure in its inner depths, and a soul steeped in nobleness and honour. Give me these to offer in the temples, and a handful of grits shall win my prayer for me!

[4] A degenerate descendant of the distinguished *Messalae*, a family of the *Valerian* gens, with a possible reference to L. Aurelius Cotta Messalinus, mentioned with contumely by Tacitus (*Ann.* v. 3 and vi. 5).

SUMMARY OF SATIRE III

Housman has well explained the difficulties of this satire. Throughout its first sixty-two verses, it is aimed at those who live amiss though they know the right way; and the satirist takes himself as a specimen of the class (*Class. Quart.* Jan. 1913, pp. 26-28). Persius alternately acts the part of the youth satirised (which explains the use of the first person in *stertimus, findor, querimur*) and alternately assumes the rôle of a monitor, expostulating with the young man and trying to recall him to a sense of the follies and wasted opportunities of his life (1–43). Childish sports are suitable to the age of childhood; but when childhood is past, and knowledge has arrived, the serious purposes of life must be faced (44–62).

From that point onwards the theme is more general, being directed against those who have not been illuminated by philosophy (63–118).

What? still sleeping? Won't you be up and doing? "How can I? won't somebody come to help me? My pen won't write, and the ink won't mark" (1–14). Mere baby that you are! you are running to waste; satisfied with your competency, you're letting the precious moments slip, and will soon be no better than Natta who has lost all sense of right and wrong. What torture more horrible than to feel that virtue has for ever passed out of

your grasp? (15–43). As a child I too rejoiced in childish games; but you are no child, you have studied philosophy, you know the difference between the straight and the crooked; yet here you are, yawning off yesterday's debauch without a thought for the ends which alone make life worth living! (44–62).

The time will come when it will be too late to mend; be wise in time. Learn what you are, and why you were brought here; what is the true end for man, and what are his duties: don't be envious of the rich stores of your wealthy lawyer-neighbour (63–76). At this no doubt some shaggy soldier will burst into a guffaw and tell us that he doesn't care a fig for all the philosophers in creation, with their dull looks, their bent figures, their dismal mutterings and old-wife dreamings that nothing can come out of nothing, and nothing go back to nothing (77–87).

A man feels ill and consults his doctor, who orders rest and abstinence. Feeling better after a few days, he returns to his old habits, rejects scornfully the warnings of friends, and bathes on a full stomach. While drinking his wine, he is seized by a sudden stroke, and is carried to the grave by citizens of yesterday's making (88–106). You tell me you have no illness, no fever in your pulse. But does not your heart beat high when you catch sight of money, or when a pretty girl smiles sweetly on you? Can you put up with plain food? Not you! Cold at one moment with fear, at another hot with wrath, you say things and do things which Orestes himself would declare were signs of madness (107–118).

SATVRA III

"NEMPE haec adsidue? iam clarum mane fenestras
intrat et angustas extendit lumine rimas;
stertimus, indomitum quod despumare Falernum
sufficiat, quinta dum linea tangitur umbra.
en quid agis? siccas insana canicula messes
iam dudum coquit et patula pecus omne sub ulmo est"
unus ait comitum. "verumne? itan? ocius adsit
huc aliquis. nemon?" turgescit vitrea bilis:
"findor" ut Arcadiae pecuaria rudere credas.
iam liber et positis bicolor membrana capillis
inque manus chartae nodosaque venit harundo;
tunc querimur[1] crassus calamo quod pendeat umor,
nigra set infusa vanescit[2] sepia lympha;
dilutas querimur geminet quod fistula guttas.
O miser inque dies ultra miser, hucine rerum
venimus? aut cur non potius teneroque columbo
et similis regum pueris pappare minutum
poscis et iratus mammae lallare recusas?

[1] *querimus* a; *queritur* L: *quaeritur* P^2.
[2] *vanescat* aL.

SATIRE III

" What? Is this to go on for ever? Here is the morning sun pouring in at your windows and widening every narrow chink with its beams. The shadow is just touching the fifth line of the sundial and we are snoring enough to work off that fiery old Falernian! What are you going to do? The mad Dog-star has long been drying and baking the crops; the cattle are all lying under the branching elms!" So speaks one of my young lord's friends.

7 " What now, really, is that so? Won't somebody come quick? What? Nobody there?" The glassy bile swells big within him. " I'm just splitting," he shouts; till you would think that all the herds of Arcadia were setting up a bray. We now take up our book, and the two-coloured parchment, well cleansed of hair; some paper too, and the knotty reed-pen. Next we complain that the ink is thick and clots upon the pen; that when water is poured in, the blackness disappears, and that the tube sprinkles the diluted stuff in blots upon the paper.

15 Poor fool, and more of a fool every day! Is this the pass to which we have come? Why not rather go on like a pet dove, or like a child in some great man's house that asks to have its food cut up small, or refuses in a rage to listen to its mammy's lullaby?

"An tali studeam calamo?" cui verba? quid istas
succinis ambages? tibi luditur. effluis amens,
contemnere: sonat vitium, percussa maligne
respondet viridi non cocta fidelia limo.
udum et molle lutum es, nunc nunc properandus et acri
fingendus sine fine rota. sed rure paterno
est tibi far modicum, purum et sine labe salinum
(quid metuas?) cultrixque foci secura patella.
hoc satis? an deceat pulmonem rumpere ventis,
stemmate quod Tusco ramum millesime ducis
censoremve tuum vel quod trabeate salutas?
ad populum phaleras! ego te intus et in cute novi.
non pudet ad morem discincti vivere Nattae?
sed stupet hic vitio et fibris increvit opimum
pingue, caret culpa, nescit quid perdat, et alto
demersus summa rursus non bullit in unda.
Magne pater divum, saevos punire tyrannos
haut alia ratione velis, cum dira libido
moverit ingenium ferventi tincta veneno:
virtutem videant intabescantque relicta.
anne magis Siculi gemuerunt aera iuvenci,
et magis auratis pendens laquearibus ensis

[1] This metaphor, taken from testing the soundness of a jar by the ring, is repeated in v. 24.

[2] Referring to the annual parade (*transvectio*) of the *equites*, clad in their purple robes of state (*trabea*), before the Censor.

[3] Persius warns the youth that he is in danger of falling into the lowest state of all, that of the incorrigible reprobate who is dead to all moral feeling, and has to suffer, when too

[19] "But how can I work with a pen like this?"
Whom will you deceive? Why these whining evasions? The gamble is your own; your brains are oozing away, and you are becoming contemptible; formed of green and ill-baked earth,[1] the jar rings false when struck, and betrays the flaw. You are moist and ductile clay; what you need is to be taken in hand from this instant, and moulded ceaselessly on the swift-revolving wheel. But you have an ancestral property, with a moderate crop of corn; you have a bright and spotless salt-cellar (nothing to fear, you think), with an ample salver for the worship of the hearth. What? Will that satisfy you? Or are you to puff out your lungs with pride because you come of a Tuscan stock, yourself the thousandth in the line; or because on review days you salute your Censor[2] in a purple robe? To the mob with your trappings![3] I know you within and on the skin.[4] Are you not ashamed to live after the fashion of the abandoned Natta? a man deadened by vice, whose heart is overlaid with fat lard, who has no sense of sin, no knowledge of what he is losing, and is sunk so deep that he sends up no bubble to the surface?

[35] O mighty Father of the gods! Be it thy will to punish cruel tyrants whose souls have been stirred by the deadly poison of evil lust in no other way but this—that they may look on Virtue, and pine away because they have lost her! Did ever brazen bull of Sicily[5] roar more frightfully; did ever sword hanging from gilded ceiling strike more terror

late, all the horrors of a guilty conscience (30–43). This character corresponds to the ἀκόλαστος of Aristotle.

[4] *i.e.* "closely." *cf.* ἐν χρῷ.

[5] In allusion to the brazen bull of Phalaris, tyrant of Agrigentum. See the parallel passage in Juv. viii. 81–82.

purpureas subter cervices terruit, "imus
imus praecipites" quam si sibi dicat et intus
palleat infelix quod proxima nesciat uxor?
Saepe oculos, memini, tangebam parvus olivo,
grandia si nollem morituri verba Catonis
dicere[1] non sano multum laudanda magistro,
quae pater adductis sudans audiret amicis.
iure etenim id summum, quid dexter senio ferret
scire erat in voto, damnosa canicula quantum
raderet, angustae collo non fallier orcae,
neu quis callidior buxum torquere flagello.
Haut tibi inexpertum curvos deprendere mores,
quaeque docet sapiens bracatis inlita Medis
porticus, insomnis quibus et detonsa iuventus
invigilat siliquis et grandi pasta polenta;
et tibi, quae Samios diduxit[2] littera ramos,
surgentem dextro monstravit limite callem;[3]
stertis adhuc? laxumque caput conpage soluta

[1] *dicere* P: *discere* aL. [2] *deduxit* PaL.
[3] *callem* P^2LA^2: *collem* P^1a.

---

[1] An obvious reminiscence of Horace, *Od.* III. i. 17-18.

[2] In playing with the *tesserae*, cubes like our dice, the highest throw (called "Venus," or *iactus venereus*) was the *senio*, when all the dice turned up sixes. The lowest throw was when all came out singles (*uniones*): that was called *canis*, or, as here, *canicula*.

[3] "Straight" and "crooked" (or "curved") are naturally applied to denote "good" and "bad" respectively. Similarly our word "right" is derived from *rectus*, and "depraved" from *pravus*, "crooked." *cf.* "the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain" (Isaiah xl. 4).

into the purple necks below,[1] than for a man to say to himself, "I am falling, falling to ruin," and to turn pale, poor wretch, for a misdeed which the wife of his bosom may not know?

[44] I used often, I remember, as a boy to smear my eyes with oil if I did not want to recite the noble speech of the dying Cato—a speech which would be much applauded by my idiot of a master, and that to which my father, sweating with delight, would have to listen with his invited friends. And very right too: for in those days it was my highest ambition to know how much the lucky sice[2] would bring me, how much the ruinous ace would carry off; not to be baffled by the narrow neck of the jar, and not to be outdone by anyone in whipping the boxwood top.

[52] But you have learnt how to distinguish the crooked from the straight;[3] you have studied the doctrines of the learned Porch, daubed over with trousered Medes:[4] those doctrines over which a sleepless and close-cropped youth, fed on beans and grand messes of pearl-barley, nightly pores; and the letter which spreads out into Pythagorean branches has pointed out to you the steep path which rises on the right.[5] And are you snoring still? yawning off

[4] Referring to the ποικίλη στοά, or Painted Portico, in which Zeno, the founder of the Stoics, taught. It was adorned with pictures, one of which represented the battle of Marathon, with Persians in their native dress.

[5] Pythagoras of Samos is said to have depicted the "Choice of Life" under the form of the Greek letter Υ, which was originally written with a straight stem, ϒ. The straight stem represents the period of indeterminate childhood; the branching ways represent the moment when the choice of life has to be made. The steep path to the right is the path of virtue; the sloping path to the left that of vice and pleasure.

oscitat hesternum dissutis undique malis?
est aliquid quo tendis, et in quod derigis[1] arcum?
an passim sequeris corvos testaque lutoque,
securus quo pes ferat, atque ex tempore vivis?

Elleborum frustra, cum iam cutis aegra tumebit,
poscentis videas: venienti occurrite morbo,
et quid opus Cratero magnos promittere montis?
discite et, o miseri, causas cognoscite rerum:
quid sumus et quidnam victuri gignimur, ordo
quis datus aut metae qua mollis flexus et unde,
quis modus argento, quid fas optare, quid asper
utile nummus habet, patriae carisque propinquis
quantum elargiri deceat, quem te deus esse
iussit et humana qua parte locatus es in re;
disce, nec invideas quod multa fidelia putet
in locuplete penu defensis pinguibus Vmbris,
et piper et pernae, Marsi monumenta cluentis,[2]
maenaque quod prima nondum defecerit orca.

Hic aliquis de gente hircosa centurionum
dicat: "quod sapio, satis est mihi. non ego curo
esse quod Arcesilas aerumnosique Solones

[1] *derigis* A^2: *dirigis* P^2: *dirigas* P.
[2] *eluentis* P^1: *clientis* P^2L.

[1] The name of a doctor, taken from Hor. *Sat.* II. iii. 161.
[2] *i.e.* what is the real and proper use of money.
[3] Country clients seem generally to have paid their lawyers' fees in kind. See the enumeration of such rural gifts in Juv. vii. 119–121.
[4] Nothing so moves the ire and contempt of the gentle philosophic Persius as the ignorance and coarseness of the brawny soldiery. See v. 189–191; also Juv. xvi. throughout.

the debauch of yesterday, with a head unhinged and nodding, and jaws gaping from ear to ear? Have you any goal in life? Is there any target at which you aim? Or are you just taking random shots at ravens with potsherds and clods, not caring whither your feet are taking you, and living from one moment to another?

63 It is too late to call for hellebore when the skin is already swollen and diseased; meet the malady on its way, and then what need to promise big mountainous fees to Craterus?[1] Come and learn, O miserable souls, and be instructed in the causes of things: learn what we are, and for what sort of lives we were born; what place was assigned to us at the start; how to round the turning-post gently, and from what point to begin the turn; what limit should be placed on wealth; what prayers may rightfully be offered; what good there is in fresh-minted coin;[2] how much should be spent on country and on your dear kin; what part God has ordered you to play, and at what point of the human commonwealth you have been stationed. Learn, I say, and do not grudge the trouble because your neighbour has many a jar going bad in a larder well stored with gifts from the fat Umbrians[3] whom he has defended, or with the pepper and hams that tell of grateful Marsian clients, or because the pilchards in his first barrel have not yet come to an end.

77 Here one of the unsavoury tribe of Centurions[4] may say, "What I know is enough for me; I have no mind to be an Arcesilas,[5] or one of your poor

[5] Arcesilas, or Arcesilaus, a Greek philosopher of the third century B.C., regarded as the founder of the Middle Academy.

obstipo capite et figentes lumine terram,
murmura cum secum et rabiosa silentia rodunt
atque exporrecto trutinantur verba labello,
aegroti veteris meditantes somnia, gigni
de nihilo nihilum, in nihilum nil posse reverti.
hoc est quod palles? cur quis non prandeat hoc est?"
his populus ridet, multumque torosa iuventus
ingeminat tremulos naso crispante cachinnos.
" Inspice, nescio quid trepidat mihi pectus et aegris
faucibus exsuperat gravis halitus, inspice sodes "
qui dicit medico, iussus requiescere, postquam
tertia conpositas vidit nox currere venas,
de maiore domo modice sitiente lagoena
lenia loturo sibi Surrentina rogavit.[1]
"heus bone, tu palles." "nihil est." "videas tamen istuc,
quidquid id est: surgit tacite tibi lutea pellis."
" at tu deterius palles. ne sis mihi tutor.
iam pridem hunc sepeli: tu restas." " perge, tacebo."
turgidus hic epulis atque albo ventre lavatur,
gutture sulpureas lente exhalante mefites.
sed tremor inter vina subit calidumque trientem[2]
excutit e manibus, dentes crepuere retecti,
uncta cadunt laxis tunc pulmentaria labris.
hinc tuba, candelae, tandemque beatulus alto

[1] *rogavit* P: *rogabit* P^1: *rogabis* aL. [2] *triental* ϕ.

[1] Solon was the sage and legislator of Athens, seventh century; the most famous of the Seven Wise Men of Greece.
[2] The fundamental principle of the Epicurean philosophy.
[3] *cf.* Hor. *Sat.* II. iii. 88: *ne sis patruus mihi.*

devils of Solons[1] who go about with their heads bent down, pinning their eyes to the ground, champing and muttering to themselves like mad dogs, balancing their words on protruded lip, and pondering over the dreams of some sickly grey-beard that nothing can come out of nothing, and that nothing can into nothing return.[2] Is it over stuff like this that you grow pale? is it worth while for this to go without your dinner?" Such jests move the mob to mirth: peal after peal of laughter comes rippling forth from the curled nostrils of our brawny youth.

88 "Examine me," says a patient to his doctor; "I have a strange fluttering at the heart; my throat is sore, and the breath coming from it is bad. Examine me, please." The doctor orders rest; but when the third night finds the man's veins flowing quietly along, he sends for a good-sized flagon from a wealthier house, containing some mellow Surrentine wine to take before his bath. "You're a bit pale," says his friend. "O that's nothing," says the other. "But you had better look to it, whatever it is; your skin is yellow and is beginning to swell." "You're paler yourself: don't come the guardian[3] over me; I buried mine long ago:[4] only you are left." "As you please, I say no more." So, gorged with a good dinner, and pale in the belly, he takes his bath, slowly pouring forth sulphurous vapours from his throat. But as he drinks his wine a shivering fit comes on and knocks the hot tumbler out of his hand; his teeth are laid bare and chatter; the savoury morsels drop out of his relaxed lips. Then follow the trumpet and the torch, and at last the poor departed, laid out on a high

[4] From Horace again, *Sat.* I. ix. 28: "*Omnes composui: Felices! nunc ego resto.*"

conpositus lecto crassisque lutatus amomis
in portam rigidas calces extendit. at illum
hesterni capite induto subiere Quirites.
"Tange, miser, venas et pone in pectore dextram.
nil calet hic. summosque pedes attinge manusque:
non frigent." visa est si forte pecunia sive
candida vicini subrisit molle puella,
cor tibi rite salit? positum est algente catino
durum olus et populi cribro decussa farina:
temptemus fauces; tenero latet ulcus in ore
putre, quod haut deceat plebeia radere beta.
alges, cum excussit membris timor albus aristas;
nunc face supposita fervescit sanguis et ira
scintillant oculi, dicisque facisque quod ipse
non sani esse hominis non sanus iuret Orestes.

[1] The *tuba*, *candelae*, and *amomum* were all part of the paraphernalia of a funeral. See Juv. iv. 108.

bed and smeared with greasy unguents,[1] stretches out his heels cold and stark towards the door, and Quirites of yesterday's making, with caps of liberty [2] on their heads, carry him out to burial.

107 "Feel my pulse, poor fool, and put your hand upon my heart; no fever there! Touch my hands and my feet; they are not cold!" No, but if you catch a glimpse of coin, or if the pretty girl next door smiles sweetly on you: will your heart beat steadily then? Or suppose you have a dish of tough cabbage served up to you on a cold plate with ground spelt passed through the commonest sieve, would we not discover a sore place in your tender throat, if we looked into it, which must not be scraped by plebeian beet? You shiver when pale fear sets a harvest of your bristles up on your body; anon, if a torch is applied to you, your blood boils, your eyes flash with rage, and you say things, and do things, which the mad Orestes himself would swear were the signs of madness!

[2] The body is carried to the grave by slaves manumitted by their late master's will. As soon as the slave was manumitted he put on a conical cap (*pileus*) as a sign of liberty.

SUMMARY OF SATIRE IV

Puffed up by his ancestry, the youthful Alcibiades would fain guide the state. Knowledge of men and morals have come to him before his beard; trusting to his birth, his beauty, and his wheedling tongue, he advises the multitude on the most delicate points of right and policy. Yet he has none but the lowest conceptions of life; he has no higher ideals than an old woman who hawks vegetables in the street (1–22).

Not one of us has any knowledge of himself, though we are all ready to discourse about our neighbours. Ask a question about Vettidius, and you will learn all the particulars of his life; how miserly he is, how he starves alike himself and his slaves. And are you any better, though your vices lie in an opposite direction to his? (23–41).

Thus we lash and are lashed in turn. Do not deceive yourself; however much the neighbourhood may praise you, care for no man's opinion but your own. Look carefully into your own heart, and acknowledge how poorly you are furnished (42–52).

SATVRA IV

"REM populi tractas?" barbatum haec crede magistrum
dicere, sorbitio tollit quem dira cicutae.
quo fretus? dic hoc, magni pupille Pericli.
scilicet ingenium et rerum prudentia velox
ante pilos venit, dicenda tacendave calles.
ergo ubi commota fervet plebecula bile,
fert animus calidae fecisse silentia turbae
maiestate manus. quid deinde loquere? "Quirites,
hoc puta[1] non iustum est; illud male, rectius illud."
scis etenim iustum gemina suspendere lance
ancipitis librae, rectum discernis ubi inter
curva subit vel cum fallit pede regula varo,
et potis es nigrum vitio praefigere theta.
quin tu igitur, summa nequiquam pelle decorus,
ante diem blando caudam iactare popello
desinis, Anticyras melior sorbere meracas?

[1] *puto* P^2A^2L.

---

[1] Socrates.

[2] Pericles was guardian to Alcibiades, and introduced him to public life.

[3] See *Sat.* iii. 52 and note.

[4] Greek Θ, in reality perhaps O or OB = *obiit*, was used on gravestones and by judges in passing a death sentence.

SATIRE IV

"WHAT? Are you busying yourself with affairs of state?"

Imagine these to be the words of the bearded sage[1] who was carried off by that deadly draught of hemlock. Tell me, you ward of the mighty Pericles,[2] what are your qualifications? Sagacity, no doubt, and a knowledge of affairs, have come to you quickly, before your beard; you know well what to say, and what to leave unsaid. So when the bile of the low multitude has been stirred to heat, the spirit moves you to impose silence on the fevered mob by a lordly waving of the hand. What will you say after that? "Fellow citizens! This proposal is unjust; that other one is bad; this third plan is the best!" For, of course, you know exactly how to weigh justice in the twin scales of the wavering balance; you can detect the straight line when it comes in between curves,[3] even when the straddling leg of the foot-rule would lead you wrong; and you know how to affix to guilt the black mark of death.[4] But seeing that your sleek outside skin will avail you not, why not stop waving that tail of yours to the feeble fawning multitude before your time, when it would be better for you to be swallowing whole islands-full[5] of hellebore undiluted?

[5] There were two towns called Anticyra, one in Phocis, one in Thessaly. Both produced hellebore, the sovereign remedy for madness.

Quae tibi summa boni est? uncta vixisse patella
semper et adsiduo curata cuticula sole?
expecta, haut aliud respondeat haec anus. i nunc,
"Dinomaches ego sum," suffla, "sum candidus."
esto,
dum ne deterius sapiat pannucia Baucis,
cum bene discincto cantaverit ocima vernae.
Vt nemo in sese temptat descendere, nemo,
sed praecedenti[1] spectatur mantica tergo!
quaesieris "nostin Vettidi praedia?" "cuius?"
"dives arat Curibus quantum non miluus errat."
"hunc ais, hunc dis iratis genioque sinistro,
qui, quandoque iugum pertusa ad compita figit,
seriolae veterem metuens deradere limum,
ingemit 'hoc bene sit' tunicatum cum sale mordens
caepe, et farrata[2] pueris plaudentibus olla[2]
pannosam faecem morientis sorbet aceti?"
at si unctus cesses et figas in cute solem,
est prope te ignotus, cubito qui tangat et acre
despuat: "hi mores! penemque arcanaque lumbi
runcantem populo marcentis pandere vulvas!
tunc cum maxillis balanatum gausape pectas,
inguinibus quare detonsus gurgulio extat?
quinque palaestritae licet haec plantaria vellant
elixasque nates labefactent forcipe aduncа,
non tamen ista filix ullo mansuescit aratro."
Caedimus inque vicem praebemus crura sagittis.
vivitur hoc pacto, sic novimus. ilia subter

[1] *praecedentis* L. [2] *farrata olle* PA²: *farratam ollam* L.

[1] The lines 21 and 22 have been variously, but not satisfactorily, explained. The name Baucis is that of a peasant-woman in one of Ovid's tales (*Met.* viii. 640 foll.). The general sense seems to be that the arts employed by Alcibiades are no better in their way than those used by an old woman in hawking herbs to some slovenly fellow-slave.

[17] What is your notion of the highest good? Is it to live off dainty dishes every day, and to have your delicate cuticle comforted by continual basking in the sun? Wait a bit, and this old woman here will give no other answer. Go, then, and blow your trumpet: "I am Dinomache's son; I am the pink of beauty!" Good! only remember that you are no wiser than this tattered old Baucis when she puffs off her sweet herbs to some slipshod slave![1]

[23] Not a soul is there—no, not one—who seeks to get down into his own self;[2] all watch the wallet on the back that walks before! Ask any one whether he knows the property of Ventidius; "Whom do you mean?" he will ask. "O that rich man at Cures who owns more land than a kite can fly over." "What? Do you mean that fellow, hateful alike to the gods and his own Genius, who, on the day when he hangs up his yoke at the crossroads, hesitates to wipe off the dirt that has gathered round his cannikin of wine, and groans out, 'May it all be for the best!' and while the slave-lads are revelling over their hasty-pudding, munches an onion, skin and all, with a pinch of salt to it, and sucks down the raggy dregs of some expiring vinegar?"

But, on the other hand, should you be living in lazy luxury, getting a sunburnt skin, there is always some one you never knew to jog you with his elbow, and, spitting down[3] savagely at you, cry, "Are these your vile practices?" . . .

[42] We keep smiting by turns and by turns presenting our own legs to the arrow. That is the rule of life; that is the lesson of experience. You have a

[2] From line 23 to the end the subject is once more the want of self-knowledge. [3] To avert evil omen.

caecum vulnus habes, sed lato balteus auro
praetegit. ut mavis, da verba et decipe nervos,
si potes.

"Egregium cum me vicinia dicat,
non credam?" viso si palles, inprobe, nummo,
si facis in penem quidquid tibi venit, amarum
si Puteal multa cautus vibice flagellas,
nequiquam populo bibulas donaveris aures.
respue quod non es, tollat sua munera cerdo;
tecum habita: noris quam sit tibi curta supellex.

[1] Cp. *Sat.* III. 51, whipping a top. *Puteal*, or *Puteal Libonis*, seems to stand for Forum, which was the Roman

secret wound beneath the groin; but a broad golden belt keeps it out of view. Well, as you please; trick your body and befool it if you can!

46 "What? If all my neighbours call me a fine fellow, am I not to believe them?" If, in your greed, you change colour at the sight of gold; if you yield to every foul desire; if by some crafty trick you soundly flog the Well-head with whipcord,[1] in vain will you lend your thirsty ears to the flattery of the mob. Cast off everything that is not yourself; let the mob take back what they have given you; live in your own house, and recognise how poorly it is furnished.

money-market, and the line is supposed to refer to some fishy or fraudulent operation on the Stock Exchange.

SUMMARY OF SATIRE V

This satire begins with an enthusiastic acknowledgment by the poet of all that he owes to his beloved guide, philosopher, and friend, L. Annaeus Cornutus, and then goes on to discuss the great Stoical thesis that all men (Stoics of course excepted) are slaves. The whole is modelled upon Horace, *Sat.* II. vii.

O for a hundred tongues, as the poets of old used to say! (1–4). "Why such a prayer from you? You are not going to gather solemn vapourings on Mount Helicon, or inflict upon us the ghastly tales and grandiose mouthings of Greek Tragedy; yours is a more homely theme, to rebuke skilfully and pleasantly, in every-day language, the vices and the foibles of common life" (5–18).

No, no! my page is not to be swollen out with nothings. It is to you, dear friend, that I wish to open out my soul, that you may test it, and discern how sound it rings, and how deeply I have planted you in the recesses of my heart (19–29). From the day when I first put on the robe of manhood, when the two roads of life lay uncertainly before me, you took me under your guardian care; you folded me to your Socratic bosom, and taught me, with cunning hand, to discern the crooked and the straight. It was you who fashioned my soul; you made our two lives into one, alike for work and play. Sure, sure

am I that our two lives are derived from one common star, which links them both together (30–51).

No two men have the same desires. One is a busy merchant, another longs for ease: games, gambling, and love have each their votaries, but when their joints have been broken by old age and gout, all alike bemoan their days of grossness, and lament the life they have left behind them (52–61). Your delight is in study; you love to sow in the hearts of youth the good grain of Cleanthes. But men will not learn the one true lesson of life: "To-morrow," they say, "will be soon enough," and then again, "to-morrow": a morrow which is for ever pursued and never reached (62–72). What we want is freedom; but not the sort of freedom which is bestowed by the lictor's rod (73–82). "But is not the newly-made Davus free? has he not liberty to do what he likes? "Not so," says the Stoic; "no man is free who has not learnt the proper uses of life; no man is free to do what he will spoil in the doing of it. A doctor must understand medicine, a sailor navigation: how can a man live rightly if he does not understand the principle of right living, knowing what to aim at, what to avoid, how to behave in all the circumstances of life? Satisfy me on these points, and I will call you free, and a wise man to boot: but if your knowledge is but pretence, if you are but an ass in a lion's skin, reason will not listen to your claim; naught but folly can come out of a fool, not one step can he take without going wrong" (83–123). "For all that I am free," you say. "What? do you know of no master but one who uses the rod? Are you not a slave when your passions drive you this way or that way as they will? Avarice bids you rise and

scour the seas for gain. Luxury warns you that you are mad in giving up, for filthy lucre's sake, all the ease and all the joys of life. Which master will you obey? And if you once break free, how long will you keep your freedom? (124–160). Or is it Love that enslaves you? Chaerestratus feels his chain, but cannot make up his mind to break it: the slightest word from his mistress brings him back to her. What kind of freedom was it that he got from the lictor's rod?" (161–175). And what of the candidate for public office who courts the mob by shows? What of the superstitions of the Jews, or the many magical follies to which men enslave themselves? (176–188).

At this philosophy the varicose Fulfennius laughs aloud, and bids a hundred pence for a pack of your Greeklings (189–191).

SATVRA V

VATIBVS hic mos est, centum sibi poscere voces,
centum ora et linguas optare in carmina centum,
fabula seu maesto ponatur hianda tragoedo,
vulnera seu Parthi ducentis ab inguine ferrum.
"Quorsum haec? aut quantas robusti carminis offas
ingeris, ut par sit centeno gutture niti?
grande locuturi nebulas Helicone legunto,
si quibus aut Prognes aut si quibus olla Thyestae
fervebit saepe insulso cenanda Glyconi.
tu neque anhelanti, coquitur dum massa camino,
folle premis ventos, nec clauso murmure raucus
nescio quid tecum grave cornicaris inepte,
nec stloppo tumidas intendis rumpere buccas.

[1] The reference is to *Iliad* ii. 489, where Homer says that ten tongues and ten voices would be all too few to recount the leaders of the Achaean host; also to Virgil, who declares that a hundred tongues and a hundred voices would not be enough to tell all the forms of punishment in the lower world (*Aen.* vi. 625 foll.). See, too, *Geor.* ii. 43-4.

[2] This line is closely imitated from Hor. *Sat.* II. i. 15.

[3] A grotesque expression, after the manner of Persius. For whereas the demand made was for a hundred mouths for utterance, the speaker perverts the sense, and assumes that the hundred mouths are wanted for swallowing: as

SATIRE V

It is the fashion of poets to call for a hundred voices, a hundred mouths and a hundred tongues for their lays,[1] whether their theme be a play to be gaped out by a lugubrious tragedian, or a wounded Parthian plucking an arrow from his groin.[2]

5 "What are you driving at? What are these big lumps of solid poetry that you would cram down the throat so as to need a hundred throat-power to grapple with them?[3] Let those who meditate lofty themes gather vapours on Mount Helicon,[4] if there be any who propose to set a-boiling the pot of Procne or of Thyestes,[5] whereby that dullard Glyco[6] may be provided with his nightly supper. But you are not one that squeezes the wind like the bellows[7] of a forge when ore is a-smelting, nor are you one who croaks to himself some solemn nonsense with hoarse mutterings like a crow; nor do you swell out your cheeks till they burst with an

though the poet were a glutton stuffing himself with Thyestean meals.

[4] Helicon, near Delphi, was the mountain of the Muses.

[5] Procne served up, to her husband, his son Tereus for supper; Atreus likewise caused Thyestes to eat his sons for supper.

[6] An actor of the time, who seems to have played the part of Tereus or Thyestes.

[7] The metaphor of the bellows is closely imitated from Hor. *Sat.* I. iv. 19 foll.

verba togae sequeris iunctura callidus acri,
ore teres modico, pallentis radere mores
doctus et ingenuo culpam defigere ludo.
hinc trahe quae dicis [1] mensasque relinque Mycenis
cum capite et pedibus plebeiaque prandia noris."

Non equidem hoc studeo, pullatis [2] ut mihi nugis
pagina turgescat dare pondus idonea fumo.
secrete [3] loquimur. tibi nunc hortante Camena
excutienda damus praecordia, quantaque nostrae
pars tua sit, Cornute, animae, tibi, dulcis amice,
ostendisse iuvat. pulsa dinoscere cautus
quid solidum crepet et pictae tectoria linguae.
hic ego centenas ausim deposcere fauces,
ut quantum mihi te sinuoso in pectore fixi,
voce traham pura, totumque hoc verba resignent
quod latet arcana non enarrabile fibra.

Cum primum pavido custos mihi purpura cessit
bullaque subcinctis Laribus donata pependit,
cum blandi comites totaque impune Subura
permisit sparsisse oculos iam candidus umbo,
cumque iter ambiguum est et vitae nescius error

[1] *dicas* L. [2] Some MSS. have *bullatis*. [3] *secreti* LA[2].

[1] The toga was worn in comedy, as representing the dress of ordinary life, while the *praetexta* was worn in tragedy. This line, and especially the use of the word *iunctura*, is imitated from Hor. *A.P.* 47–8 and 242.

[2] The pallor, as elsewhere, is the pallor of debauchery.

[3] The metaphor from unbaked pottery is repeated from

explosive *Pop!* No; your language is that of every-day life;[1] skilled in clever phrasing, rounded but not full-mouthed, you know well how to chide vicious ways,[2] how to hit off men's foibles with well mannered pleasantry. Let these be the sources from which you draw: leave to Mycenae her banquets, her heads and extremities, and make acquaintance with the dinners of common folk."

19 Nay, indeed, it is no aim of mine that my page should swell with dark pretentious trifles, fit only to give solidity to smoke. To yourself alone, Cornutus, do I speak; I now shake out my heart to you at the bidding of the Muse; it is a joy to me to show you, beloved friend, how large a portion of my soul is yours. Strike it and note carefully what part of it rings true,[3] what is but paint and plaster of the tongue. It is for this that I would ask for a hundred throats: that I may with clear voice proclaim how deeply I have planted you in the recesses of my heart, and that my words may render up all the love that lies deep and unutterable in my inmost soul.

30 When first as a timid youth I lost the guardianship of the purple, and hung up my bulla as an offering to the short-girt household gods; in the days when comradeship was sweet, and my gown, now white,[4] permitted me freely to cast my eyes over the whole Subura—at the age when the path of life is doubtful, and wanderings, ignorant of life, parted my

iii. 21, 22. The phrase *pictae tectoria linguae* is strained, combining as it does two different ideas:—lit. "the plaster of a painted tongue."

[4] Not "my yet unsullied gown" (Conington), but "my gown now white," as distinguished from the *toga praetexta* of boyhood.

diducit[1] trepidas ramosa in compita mentes,
me tibi supposui. teneros tu suscipis annos
Socratico, Cornute, sinu. tunc fallere sollers
adposita intortos extendit regula mores
et premitur ratione animus vincique laborat
artificemque tuo ducit sub pollice vultum.
tecum etenim longos memini consumere soles
et tecum primas epulis decerpere noctes.
unum opus, et requiem pariter disponimus ambo,
atque verecunda laxamus seria mensa.
non equidem hoc dubites, amborum foedere certo
consentire dies et ab uno sidere duci.
nostra vel aequali suspendit tempora Libra
Parca tenax veri, seu nata fidelibus hora
dividit in Geminos concordia fata duorum,
Saturnumque gravem nostro Iove frangimus una,
nescio quod certe est quod me tibi temperat astrum.

[1] *diducit* A^2 and others: *deducit* Pa Büch. 1893, Owen.

---

[1] These lines repeat, in a more complicated form, the idea of the branching ways given in iii. 56–57; and just as in the former passage the reading *diduxit*, though not that of the best MSS., is to be preferred to *deduxit*, so here *diducit*, though hard to translate, may perhaps be preferred to *deducit*. *Cum iter ambiguum est* denotes the point at which the choice has to be made, when *vitae nescius error*, "the ignorant wanderings of childhood," *diducit trepidas mentes*, *i.e.* "parts, or draws asunder," the youthful mind into the two branching ways. The phrase illustrates the tendency of Persius to jumble two separate ideas into one, a new idea being introduced before he has finished off the old. The less natural, the more tortuous, the expression, the more is it after the manner of Persius. *Deducit* would have the simpler meaning "leads down the mind to the point where the roads begin to diverge" (Conington).

[2] We have here repeated from iv. 11–12, in a more grotesque form, the idea of a moral foot-rule. In the former passage the truly moral man can distinguish the crooked from the

trembling soul into the branching cross-ways[1]—I placed myself in your hands, Cornutus; you took up my tender years in your Socratic bosom. Your rule, applied with unseen skill, straightened out the crooked morals;[2] my soul, struggling to be mastered, was moulded by your reason, and took on its features under your plastic thumb. With you, I remember, did I pass long days, with you pluck for feasting the early hours of night. We two were one in our work; we were one in our hours of rest, and unbent together over the modest board. Of this I would not have you doubt, that there is some firm bond of concord between our lives, and that both are drawn from a single star.[3] Either a truth-abiding Fate hangs our destinies on the even-balanced Scales, or if the hour which dawned upon the faithful pair distributes between the Twins the accordant destinies of us twain,[4] and a kindly Jupiter has vanquished for us the malignancy of Saturn,[5] some star assuredly there is which links your lot with mine.

straight even when his foot-rule has a crooked leg (*i.e.* is off the square); in the present passage the moral foot-rule of Cornutus is so perfect that it cunningly and insensibly straightens out the most twisted ways: his teaching is so skilfully applied that the pupil is led on to virtue without effort, scarcely knowing it himself.

[3] The passage which follows (45–51) is closely imitated from Hor. *Od.* II. xvii. 15–24. I have followed the translation and interpretation given by Housman (*l.c.* pp. 16–18). The horoscope is the sign of the zodiac which rises at the moment of birth; Persius chooses the signs of the Balance and the Twins, as both are suggestive of close friendship.

[4] The translation given above for lines 48 and 49 (*seu nata . . . duorum*) is that given by Housman. He takes *seu* in line 48 as equivalent to *vel si* (*l.c.* p. 20).

[5] The influence of Saturn was always malignant, that of Jupiter favourable (Hor. *Od.* II. xvii. 23–25). Compare the use of our words "saturnine" and "jovial."

Mille hominum species et rerum discolor usus;
velle suum cuique est, nec voto vivitur uno.
mercibus hic Italis mutat sub sole recenti
rugosum piper et pallentis grana cumini,
hic satur inriguo mavult turgescere somno,
hic campo indulget, hunc alea decoquit, ille
in venerem putris; set cum lapidosa cheragra
fecerit[1] articulos veteris ramalia fagi,
tunc crassos transisse dies lucemque palustrem
et sibi iam seri vitam[2] ingemuere relictam.[2]
At te nocturnis iuvat inpallescere chartis;
cultor enim iuvenum purgatas inseris aures
fruge Cleanthea. petite hinc puerique senesque
finem animo certum miserisque viatica canis.
"cras hoc fiet." idem cras fiet.[3] "quid? quasi magnum
nempe diem donas?" sed cum lux altera venit,
iam cras hesternum consumpsimus; ecce aliud cras
egerit hos annos et semper paulum erit ultra.
nam quamvis prope te, quamvis temone sub uno

[1] *fecerit* a Büch.: *fregerit* PL Sch. Owen.
[2] *vitam relictam* aL Büch. 1893, Owen: *vita relicta* P (see iii. 38), Büch. 1910. [3] *cras fiat* a. So Housm.

---

[1] See Hor. *Sat.* II. i. 17: *Quot capitum vivunt totidem studiorum Millia.*

[2] *i.e.* the life of virtue which they have abandoned. Professor Housman takes this somewhat differently: "they mourn that life is a thing which they have left untouched" (*l.c.* p. 21). For the general meaning, *cf.* iii. 38: *virtutem videant intabescantque relicta.*

[3] Cleanthes (born at Assos about B.C. 300) was a pupil of Zeno, the founder of the Stoical school, and had Chrysippus for his pupil.

52 Men are of a thousand kinds,[1] and diverse are the colours of their lives. Each has his own desires; no two men offer the same prayers. One under an Eastern sun barters Italian wares for shrivelled pepper, or for the blanching cumin-seed; another grows fat with good cheer and balmy slumbers. A third is all for field games; a fourth loses his all over the dice-box; a fifth ruins himself by love: but when once the knotty gout has broken up their joints till they are like the boughs of an old beech tree, they lament that their days have been passed in grossness, and their Jack-o'-Lantern ways; and they bemoan too late the life which they have left behind them.[2]

62 But your delight has been to grow pale over nightly study, to till the minds of the young, and to sow the seed of Cleanthes[3] in their well-cleansed ears. Seek thence all of you, young men and old alike, a sure aim for your desires, and provisions for the sorrows of old age! "So I will, to-morrow," you say: but to-morrow you will say the same as to-day.[4] "What?" you ask, "do you think it a great thing to present me with a single day?"—No, but when to-morrow comes, yesterday's morrow will have been already spent: and lo! a fresh morrow will be for ever making away with our years, each just beyond our grasp. For though the tire is close to you, and revolves under the self-same pole, you

[4] *i.e.* "it will be the same story again to-morrow": "you will then again say 'to-morrow.'" Housman reads *fiat*, following AB, and explains: "The new life shall begin to-morrow," says the sluggard. "No, no, let the old life continue to-morrow," answers Persius; "the day after to-morrow will be soon enough to begin the new."

vertentem sese frustra sectabere canthum,
cum rota posterior curras et in axe secundo.
Libertate opus est. non hac, ut quisque Velina
Publius emeruit, scabiosum tesserula far
possidet. heu steriles veri, quibus una Quiritem
vertigo facit. hic Dama est non tressis agaso,
vappa lippus et in tenui farragine mendax;
verterit hunc dominus, momento turbinis exit
Marcus Dama: papae, Marco spondente recusas
credere tu nummos? Marco sub iudice palles?
Marcus dixit, ita est. adsigna, Marce, tabellas.
haec mera libertas, hoc nobis pillea donant.
"An quisquam est alius liber, nisi ducere vitam
cui licet ut libuit? licet ut volo vivere: non sum
liberior Bruto?" "mendose colligis," inquit
stoicus hic aurem mordaci lotus aceto:
"hoc reliqum accipio, 'licet' illud et 'ut volo' tolle."

---

[1] This passage has caused much trouble to commentators, but can be simply explained. "We have need of liberty (*i.e.* the true liberty)—a kind of liberty not possessed by any Publius (any Tom, Dick, or Harry) who by getting enrolled in the Veline tribe becomes the owner of a ticket entitling him to a mouldy ration of corn." *Hac* stands for the true kind of liberty: "it is not by *that* sort of liberty that Publius becomes possessed of a corn-ticket." (See Housman, *l.c.* p. 23.) The Veline tribe was the latest addition to the local tribes instituted by Servius Tullius, making up the total to thirty-five, a number which was never exceeded. The allusion in *tesserula* is to the free distribution of corn made to all citizens enrolled in the tribes.

[2] The process of manumission here ridiculed was that by the rod (*vindicta*). The master took the slave before the Praetor or other magistrate, a third person touched the

will in vain pursue it, seeing that your wheel is the hind wheel, and that your axle is the second, not the first.

73 What we want is true liberty;[1] not by that kind is it that any Publius enrolled in the Veline tribe becomes the possessor of a ticket for a ration of mangy spelt. O souls barren of truth, you who think that one twirl of the thumb can make a Roman citizen! Look at Dama here: an under-strapper not worth three groats; blear-eyed from flat wine; a man who would tell a lie about a half-feed of mash: his master gives him one spin, when lo and behold! in the turning of a top, he comes forth as Marcus Dama![2]—"What? Do you hesitate to lend money when Marcus is the surety?—Are you uneasy with Marcus for a judge?"—"Marcus has said it, it must be so!"—"Pray, Marcus, put your signature to these deeds."—This, indeed, is liberty undefiled! This is the kind we get from our caps of liberty!

83 "And pray how otherwise would you describe a free man than as one who is free to live as he chooses? I am free to live as *I* choose: am I not more free than Brutus?"—"Your logic is at fault," says my Stoical friend, whose ears have been well washed with pungent vinegar: "I accept the rest; but you must strike out the words 'I am free' and 'as *I* choose.'"

slave with the rod (*virga* or *festuca* or *vindicta*), saying "*Hunc hominem liberum esse aio.*" The master then acknowledged the claim by turning the man round, with the words "*Hunc hominem liberum esse aio.*" The ceremony was then complete. See below, 88, 125, 175. The newly-enfranchised citizen at once rejoices in a *praenomen*; so Hor. *Sat.* II. v. 32. "*Quinte,*" *puta, aut* "*Publi*" (*gaudent praenomine molles Auriculae*).

"Vindicta postquam meus a praetore recessi,
cur mihi non liceat, iussit quodcumque voluntas,
excepto siquid Masuri rubrica vetavit?"
Disce, sed ira cadat naso rugosaque sanna,
dum veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.
non praetoris erat stultis dare tenvia rerum
officia, atque usum rapidae permittere vitae;
sambucam citius caloni aptaveris alto.
stat contra ratio et secretam garrit in aurem,
ne liceat facere id quod quis vitiabit[1] agendo.
publica lex hominum naturaque continet hoc fas,
ut teneat vetitos inscitia debilis actus.
diluis elleborum certo conpescere puncto
nescius examen: vetat hoc natura medendi.
navem si poscat sibi peronatus arator
Luciferi rudis, exclamet[2] Melicerta perisse
frontem de rebus.
Tibi recto vivere talo
ars dedit et veri[3] speciem[4] dinoscere calles,
nequa subaerato mendosum tinniat auro?

[1] *vitiabit* L^2 Sch.: *vitiavit* PaL^1. [2] *exclamat* P.
[3] *veri* aL Prisc.: *veris* P Büch. Owen.
[4] *speciem* P Prisc.: *specimen* aL.

[1] Masurius Sabinus was a distinguished jurist in the reign of Tiberius. The titles of laws were written in red ink.

[2] These words come naturally from a Stoic. The Stoical doctrine of Nature had much to do with the adoption by Roman jurists of the theory of a "Law of Nature," the principles of which were applied to those who, not being Roman citizens, could not claim the benefit of pure Roman Law (*ius civile*). Maine shows in his *Ancient Law* how this fiction of a "Law of Nature" lay at the root of what we call

88 "What? When on leaving the Praetor's presence I had been made my own master by his rod, why am I not free to do everything that I want to do, excepting only what the red-titled Law of Masurius[1] forbids?"

91 Just listen then, and drop that wrath and those curling sneers from off your nose, while I pluck your old grandmother's notions out of your lungs. It was no part of the Praetor's business to impart to fools a delicate sense of duty, or empower them to make a right use of our fleeting life: it would be more easy to fit a hulking clodhopper with a harp. Reason forbids, and whispers privately into the ear that no man be allowed to do what he will spoil in the doing of it. The public law of man and Nature[2] herself lay down this rule, that ignorance and imbecility should hold action to be forbidden them.[3] If you would compound hellebore when you do not know at what point to steady the tongue of the steel-yard, the principles of the healing art forbid; if a hobnailed countryman, who knows nothing of the morning star, were to ask for the command of a ship, Melicerta[4] would declare that modesty had perished from off the earth.

104 Has Philosophy taught you how to live rightly?[5] Are you skilled in discerning the appearance of truth, that there be no false ring of copper underneath the

"Equity" in English law. The instrument by which the idea of a "Law of Nature" was grafted on to Roman law was the Praetor's Edict, each Praetor adopting and carrying on the Edict of his predecessor.

[3] This may either mean "may deem them to be forbidden to them" (which is precisely what incompetence never does), or else "holds back or checks action as though it were forbidden."

[4] Melicertes, otherwise Palaemon, was a sea deity.

[5] The catechism which follows seems modelled upon Hor. *Epp.* II. ii. 205-211.

quaeque sequenda forent quaeque evitanda vicissim,
illa prius creta, mox haec carbone notasti?
es modicus voti, presso lare, dulcis amicis?
iam nunc adstringas, iam nunc granaria laxes,
inque luto fixum possis transcendere nummum
nec gluttu[1] sorbere salivam Mercurialem?
"haec mea sunt, teneo" cum vere dixeris, esto
liberque ac sapiens praetoribus ac Iove dextro.
sin tu, cum fueris nostrae paulo ante farinae,
pelliculam veterem retines et fronte politus
astutam vapido servas in pectore volpem,
quae dederam supra relego[2] funemque reduco:
nil tibi concessit ratio; digitum exere, peccas,
et quid tam parvum est? sed nullo ture litabis,
haereat in stultis brevis ut semuncia recti.
haec miscere nefas; nec, cum sis cetera fossor,
tris tantum ad numeros satyrum moveare Bathylli.
"Liber ego." unde datum hoc sumis,[3] tot subdite rebus?
an dominum ignoras nisi quem vindicta relaxat?

[1] *gluttu* P: *glutto* aL. [2] Some MSS. have *repeto*.
[3] *sumis* PL²: *sentis* aL¹ (*cf.* Hor. *Sat.* II. ii. 31).

---

[1] Mercury being the god of gain.

[2] Here Persius, in his effort to combine two passages from Horace into a single phrase, perpetrates a gross confusion of metaphors. In the one passage (*Sat.* I. vi. 22) Horace alludes to the ass in the lion's skin, in the other (*Sat.* II. iii. 186) to that of the fox dressed up as a lion. The words *farinae nostrae* ("of the same flour as ourselves") introduce a new metaphor; and when he says *pelliculam veterem*, "the old

gold? Have you marked off the things to be aimed at, and those again to be avoided—the former with a white stone, the latter with a black? Are you moderate in your desires, modest in your establishment, and kindly to your friends? Can you now close your granaries, and now again throw them open? Can you pass by a coin sticking in the mud, without gulping down your saliva in your greed for treasure?[1] When you can truly say, "Yes, all these things are mine," I will call you a free and a wise man, under the favour of praetors and of Jupiter; but if, after having been but a little ago of the same stuff as ourselves, you hold to your old skin, and though your brow be smooth, still keep a crafty fox[2] in that vapid heart of yours, I take back what I have just granted you and pull in my rope. Not one point has reason granted you; put out your finger (and what can be a slighter thing than that?) and you go wrong: not all the incense in the world will win leave from the Gods that one short half-ounce of wisdom may find lodgment in the head of a fool! To mingle[3] the two things is sacrilege; if you are a clown in all else, you cannot dance as much as three steps of the Satyr of Bathyllus.[4]

124 "Yet for all that I am free," you say. And what is your ground of confidence, you that are a slave to so many masters? Do you know of no master but the one from whom the praetor's rod sets you

skin," what he means is that the real nature of the fox remains unchanged beneath the skin.

[3] *Miscere* is exactly the right word here, being used of mingling things which have no proportion or affinity to each other, as distinguished from *temperare*, "to mix in due proportion."

[4] A comic dancer of the time.

"i puer et strigiles Crispini ad balnea defer!"
si increpuit, "cessas nugator?" servitium acre
te nihil inpellit, nec quicquam extrinsecus intrat
quod nervos agitet; sed si intus et in iecore aegro
nascuntur domini, qui tu inpunitior exis
atque hic, quem ad strigiles scutica et metus egit erilis?
Mane piger stertis. "surge," inquit Avaritia, "heia
surge." negas. instat: "surge," inquit. "non queo." "surge."
"et quid agam?" "rogas? en saperdas advehe Ponto,
castoreum, stuppas, hebenum, tus, lubrica Coa;
tolle recens primus piper ex[1] sitiente camelo;
verte aliquid; iura." "sed Iuppiter audiet." "eheu,
baro,[2] regustatum digito terebrare salinum
contentus perages, si vivere cum Iove tendis."
Iam pueris pellem succinctus et oenophorum aptas;
"ocius ad navem!" nihil obstat quin trabe vasta
Aegaeum rapias, ni sollers Luxuria ante
seductum moneat: "quo deinde, insane, ruis, quo?
quid tibi vis? calido sub pectore mascula bilis

[1] *e φ*: *et* PaL; and so Housm.
[2] *baro* P¹a: *varo* P²A²L.

[1] The word *verte* is usually explained as = the phrase *versuram facere*, "to borrow"; properly to borrow from one man in order to pay another. But the word may denote

free? If somebody sharply bids you, as a slave boy, to take Crispinus' scrapers to the bath, and then abuses you as a lazy scoundrel, no strict bond of slavery, certainly, bids you stir, no force from without comes in to move your muscles; but if masters grow up within, in that sickly bosom of yours, how do you get off scot-free any more than the man who was sent off to fetch the scrapers by the terror of his master's whip?

132 You are snoring lazily in the morning: "Up you get," says Avarice; "come, up with you!"—You do not budge: "Up, up with you!" she cries again.—"O, I can't!" you say.—"Rise, rise, I tell you!"—"O dear, what for?"—"What for? Why, to fetch salt fish from Pontus, beaver oil, tow, ebony, frankincense and glossy Coan fabrics; be the first to take the fresh pepper off the camel's back before he has had his drink; do some bartering,[1] and then forswear yourself."—"O, but Jupiter will hear!"—"Whew! if you mean to live on terms with Jupiter, you must just go on as you are, content to be a simpleton scraping and scraping away with your thumb at the salt-cellar which you have so often tasted." [2]

140 And now you are all ready, piling packing-cases and wine-jars on to your slaves. "Quick aboard!" you cry; there's nothing now to stop you from scudding over the Aegean in a big ship, were it not that crafty Luxury takes you aside for a word of remonstrance: "Where are you off to now, you madman? What do you want? What masterful

mere bargaining or exchange: "exchange something," *i.e.* "enter into trade and then help yourself by perjury."

[2] The phrase ἁλίαν τρυπᾶν is said of those who have come to the end of their resources through poverty.

intumuit, quam non extinxerit urna cicutae?
tu mare transilias? tibi torta cannabe fulto
cena sit in transtro Veientanumque rubellum
exhalet[1] vapida laesum pice sessilis obba?
quid petis? ut nummi, quos hic quincunce modesto
nutrieras, peragant[2] avidos sudore deunces?
indulge genio, carpamus dulcia, nostrum est
quod vivis, cinis et manes et fabula fies.
vive memor leti, fugit hora, hoc quod loquor inde est."
En quid agis? duplici in diversum scinderis hamo.
huncine an hunc sequeris? subeas alternus oportet
ancipiti obsequio dominos, alternus oberres.
nec tu cum obstiteris semel instantique negaris
parere imperio, "rupi iam vincula" dicas;
nam et luctata canis nodum abripit, at tamen illi,
cum fugit, a collo trahitur pars longa catenae.
"Dave, cito, hoc credas iubeo, finire dolores
praeteritos meditor": crudum Chaerestratus unguem
adrodens ait haec. "an siccis dedecus obstem
cognatis? an rem patriam rumore sinistro

[1] *exalet* P[1]: *exalat* P[2]. [2] *pergant* a.

[1] A *quincunx* was five ounces, of which there were twelve to the *as*, or pound. In calculating interest, five-twelfths of an *as* on 100 *asses* paid monthly was equivalent to five per cent. per annum; similarly eleven ounces a month would be equivalent to eleven per cent.

humour is that swelling in your fevered heart so that a whole gallon of hemlock cannot assuage it? What? *You* to go skipping over the sea? *You* to take your dinner on a bench, with a coiled cable for a cushion, while a dumpy pot exhales for you the fumes of some reddish Veientine wine that has been spoilt because of the pitch going bad? What would you be at? Is it that the money which you have been nursing at a modest five per cent.[1] shall go on until it sweats out an exorbitant eleven? No, no; give your Genius a chance! Let us gather our sweets! Our life is our own to-day, to-morrow you will be dust, a shade, and a tale that is told. Live mindful of death; the hour flies; the word that I speak is so much taken from it."

154 What *are* you to do? Two hooks are pulling you in different ways; are you to follow this one or that? With wavering allegiance you must needs submit to each master by turns, and by turns break away from him. Nor if you have once made a stand, and refused the imperious command, can you say, "Now I have broken my chain"; for though even a dog may struggle against his chain and break the clasp, yet as he runs away a good length of it will be trailing from his neck.

161 "Here, Davus, quick! I am in real earnest; I mean[2] to bring my past follies to an end." So says Chaerestratus, biting his nails to the quick. "What? Am I to be a stumbling block and a scandal to my sober relations? Am I to lose

[2] The passage which follows is taken from the *Eunuchus* of Menander, translated by Terence; Persius gives the names Chaerestratus and Davus as in the Greek play, instead of Phaedria and Parmenio as in Terence.

limen ad obscaenum frangam, dum Chrysidis udas
ebrius ante fores extincta cum face canto?"
"euge puer, sapias, dis depellentibus agnam
percute." "sed censen, plorabit, Dave, relicta?"
"nugaris; solea, puer, obiurgabere rubra,
ne trepidare velis atque artos rodere casses!
nunc ferus et violens; at si vocet, haut mora, dicas
'quidnam igitur faciam? nec nunc, cum arcessat[1]
et ultro
supplicet, accedam?' si totus et integer illinc
exieras,[2] nec nunc." hic hic quod quaerimus,
hic est,
non in festuca, lictor quam iactat ineptus.
Ius habet ille sui palpo, quem ducit hiantem
cretata ambitio? vigila et cicer ingere large
rixanti populo, nostra ut Floralia possint
aprici meminisse senes! quid pulchrius? at cum
Herodis venere dies unctaque fenestra
dispositae pinguem nebulam vomuere lucernae
portantes violas rubrumque amplexa catinum

[1] *accessor* a: *accersor* L. [2] *exieris* L[1].

[1] Another word for the *vindicta*, the rod by which the slave was claimed for freedom.

[2] *i.e.* the man ambitious of public office. All candidates for public offices had their toga artificially whitened, and hence were called *candidati*.

[3] Candidates sought to gain popularity by exhibiting public games. At these games, especially at the Floralia, celebrated from April 28 to May 3, peas and other vegetables were often scrambled for by means of tickets (*tesserae*). Horace thus addresses a candidate for office: *In cicere atque faba bona tu*

alike my patrimony and my character at an illfamed threshold—by singing drunken songs, with my torch put out, before my mistress's dripping door?" "Bravo! my young sir. Show your good sense, and slay a lamb to the Protecting Deities!" "But do you think, Davus, that she will cry if I leave her?" "You're just playing the fool! And won't you be catching it, my boy, with her red slipper, just to teach you not to jib or to gnaw at the tight-drawn meshes! At one moment you're all bluster and indignation; next moment, if she call you back, you'll be saying, 'What *am* I to do? Am I not to go to her even now, when she sends for me, and actually implores me to return?' No, no, say I, not even now, if once you have got away from her entire and heart-whole." Here, here is the freedom we are looking for, not in the stock [1] brandished by that nincompoop of a lictor.

176 And that white-robed [2] wheedler there, dragged open-mouthed by his thirst for office—is *he* his own master? Up with you before dawn, and deal out showers of chick-peas for the people to scramble for, that old men sunning themselves in their old age may tell of the splendour of our Floralia![3] How grand! But when Herod's birthday [4] comes round, when the lamps wreathed with violets and ranged round the greasy window-sills have spat forth their thick clouds of smoke, when the floppy tunnies' tails are curled round the dishes of red ware, and the white

perdasque lupinis (*Sat.* II. iii. 182). These games were attended by great license, especially among women (Ov. *Fast.* v. 183–378; Juv. vi. 249–250). Hence the mention of them here leads naturally on to the consideration of the superstitious observances mentioned in the next section (179–188).

[4] Apparently the birthday of Herod the Great. The Romans regarded the Jews as practising the basest of all superstitions. See notes on Juv. xiv. 96–106 and vi. 542–547.

cauda natat thynni, tumet alba fidelia vino,
labra moves tacitus recutitaque sabbata palles.
tum nigri lemures ovoque pericula rupto,
tum grandes galli et cum sistro lusca sacerdos
incussere deos inflantis corpora, si non
praedictum ter mane caput gustaveris alli.
Dixeris haec inter varicosos centuriones,
continuo crassum ridet Pulfenius ingens
et centum Graecos curto centusse licetur.

[1] Isis was supposed to punish offenders with blindness (Juv. xiii. 93).
[2] The idea seems to be that of causing bodies to be possessed by evil spirits as were the Gadarene swine.

jars are swollen out with wine, you silently twitch your lips, turning pale at the sabbath of the circumcised. Then, again, there are the black spectres and the perils of the broken egg; there are the huge priests of Cybele, and the one-eyed [1] priestess with her rattle, who drive demons into you [2] that make your bodies swell if you do not swallow the prescribed morning dose of three heads of garlic.[3]

189 If you talk in this fashion among your varicose Centurions, the hulking Pulfennius straightway bursts into a huge guffaw, and bids a clipped hundred-penny piece for a lot of a hundred Greeks.[4]

[3] Persius piles up a list of the best known superstitions. Line 186 refers especially to the rites of Cybele, with her eunuch priests (Galli), and of Isis. See Juv. ii. 111; vi. 512–13, and Hor. *Epp.* II. ii. 208–9.

[4] Persius once more has his fling at the muscular soldier class.

SUMMARY OF SATIRE VI

Has winter taken you back, Caesius Bassus, to your Sabine home, with that manly lyre of yours that strikes every note so fitly, whether grave or gay? I am wintering in my own Luna, regardless of the multitude, without care of flocks, without envy of inferiors richer than myself (1–17). Others may think differently; there are some who meanly stint themselves on feast-days; others waste their substance in good living. Use what you have, say I; thrash out your harvest, and commit a new crop to the soil (18–26). O, but a friend needs help, you say, lying shipwrecked on the Bruttian shore: then break off a bit of your estate for him, that he may not want. "What? am I to incur the wrath of my heir, and tempt him to neglect my funeral rites?" Bestius does well in condemning all foreign notions (27–40). Come, my heir, let me have a quiet talk with you. Have you heard that there's grand news from the front? that the Germans have had a tremendous smashing, and that there are to be rejoicings on a grand scale? Woe to you if you don't join in! I am going to treat the multitude: do you dare stay my hand? (41–52). Well, if you refuse, and if I can find no legitimate heir of my own; if I can find no relation, male or female, sprung from ancestors of mine up to the fourth generation, I will go to Bovillae and find

one on the beggars' stand (52–60). Do you object to my spending on myself some part of what is my own? You will have the rest: take what I leave you and be thankful; don't force me to live scurvily for your benefit, and don't serve up to me wise sayings about living on one's income and keeping one's capital intact. Am I to be starved in order that some scape-grace heir of yours may grow a belly? Sell your life for gain; ransack the world in your quest for wealth; let it come back to you with a two-fold, a three-fold, ay a ten-fold increase: if you can tell me where to stop, Chrysippus, your fallacy of the *Sorites* will have been solved (61–80)!

SATVRA VI

Admovit iam bruma foco te, Basse, Sabino?
iamne lyra et tetrico vivunt tibi pectine chordae?
mire opifex numeris veterum primordia vocum
atque marem strepitum fidis intendisse Latinae,
mox iuvenes agitare iocos et pollice honesto
egregius[1] lusisse senex.[2] mihi nunc Ligus ora
intepet hibernatque[3] meum mare, qua latus ingens
dant scopuli et multa litus se valle receptat.
"Lunai portum, est operae, cognoscite, cives":
cor iubet hoc Enni, postquam destertuit esse
Maeonides, quintus pavone ex Pythagoreo.

[1] *aegregius* a: *aegraecius* P^1: *aegregios* P^2L.
[2] *senes* P^2L.
[3] Housm. suggests *mite tepet vernatque* (*l.c.* pp. 26–7).

---

[1] The phrase *primordia vocum* is from Lucretius, iv. 531, who uses it to mean the bodily "first beginnings of voices," *i.e.* the actual corporeal atoms of which he supposes voices and words to consist. Here it seems to refer to the beginnings of Latin, with an indication of the manly and archaic character of the style of Bassus.

[2] The readings vary between *egregius senex* and *egregios senes*. Conington translates *senex*, but has *senes* in his text. Büch. reads *egregius senex*.

SATIRE VI

Has winter yet brought thee, Bassus, to thy Sabine hearth? Are thy lyre and its strings still alive under thy sturdy quill? Thou that art so rare a craftsman in setting to numbers the beginnings of our ancient tongue,[1] and bringing out the manly notes of the Latin lyre; then again a wonderful old man to ply the youthful jest, and sing in lighter but not indecorous strains.[2] To me now the Ligurian coast, and my own winter sea,[3] are giving all their warmth: here the cliffs form a mighty wall, with a deep valley running in from the shore. "'Tis worth your while, O citizens, to know the port of Luna":[4] so did Ennius speak his mind[5] when he had snored out his dream that he was Maeon's son, fifth in descent from the peacock of Pythagoras.[6]

[3] For the difficulties raised by the words *intepet* and *hibernat*, see Housman (*l.c.* p. 65).

[4] This line is a quotation from Ennius.

[5] The Romans considered the heart, not the brain, to be the seat of intelligence. Cicero quotes from Ennius the phrase *egregie cordatus homo* = "a clever man."

[6] This is the explanation of the Scholiast, who imagines Ennius in his dream to have gone through five transformations, the stages being (1) Pythagoras, (2) a peacock, (3) Euphorbus, (4) Homer, (5) Ennius. But in his *Annals* Ennius only relates that he had seen Homer in a dream, who told him he had once been a peacock; and it seems simpler to take *Quintus* to refer to Ennius' own *praenomen*, "when he ceased to dream himself Homer, becoming *Quintus*, *i.e.* himself (*Quintus* being his own *praenomen*) out of the Pythagorean peacock."

Hic ego securus volgi et quid praeparet auster
infelix pecori securus et angulus ille
vicini nostro quia pinguior; et si adeo omnes
ditescant orti peioribus, usque recusem
curvus ob id minui senio aut cenare sine uncto
et signum in vapida naso tetigisse lagoena.
discrepet his alius. geminos, horoscope, varo
producis genio: solis natalibus est qui
tinguat olus siccum muria vafer in calice empta,
ipse sacrum inrorans patinae piper; hic bona dente
grandia magnanimus peragit puer. utar ego, utar,
nec rhombos ideo libertis ponere lautus,
nec tenuis sollers turdarum [1] nosse salivas.
Messe tenus propria vive et granaria, fas est,
emole. quid metuas? occa, et seges altera in
herba est.
at vocat officium, trabe rupta Bruttia saxa
prendit amicus inops remque omnem surdaque vota
condidit Ionio, iacet ipse in litore et una
ingentes de puppe dei iamque obvia mergis
costa ratis lacerae: nunc et de caespite vivo
frange aliquid, largire inopi, ne pictus oberret
caerulea in tabula. sed cenam funeris heres
negleget iratus, quod rem curtaveris; urnae
ossa inodora dabit, seu spirent cinnama surdum

[1] *turdarum* P^1Sch.: *turdorum* aP^2L.

---

[1] *Adeo* here seems to be used in the old Plautine sense, = "Nay, more," "in addition to that."

[2] Lit. "goes through an entire property with his teeth," *i.e.* spends it in gormandising.

12 Here I live, heedless of the mob, or of what trouble the baleful Auster may be brewing for my herd, untroubled because that corner of my neighbour's field is richer than my own—ay,[1] and though men of baser birth than I were growing rich, I should still refuse, on that account, to be bent double and grow thin with vexation, or to dine without a savoury, or explore with my nose the seal of a bottle of vapid wine. Others may think differently: one horoscope will bring forth twins of diverse temperament. One man, on birthdays only, moistens his dry cabbage with a brine which, knowing dog that he is, he has bought in a cup, sprinkling the sacred pepper over the platter with his own hand; another is a lordly youth who runs through[2] a whole estate in gormandising. Enjoy what I have, say I; being neither grand enough to feed my freedmen upon turbots, nor yet epicure enough to distinguish the fine flavour of a hen thrush.

25 Use up your crop, and grind out your granaries, as is right. Why need you be afraid? harrow again, and a second crop is in the blade. "But duty," you say, "has a call on you: a poor shipwrecked friend is clutching hold of the rocks of the Bruttii, all his goods and his unheeded prayers sunk in the Ionian Sea; he himself lies upon the shore, the great Gods from the ship's poop beside him; the gulls are by this time flocking to the shattered timbers." Well then, break off a bit from your green turf, and bestow it on your needy friend, that he may not have to roam the country with his picture on a sea-green plank. But your heir, you say, will be wrathful that you have curtailed your property: he will stint the funeral feast, and will commit your bones unscented to the urn,

seu ceraso peccent casiae, nescire paratus:
"tune bona incolumis minuas?" et Bestius urguet
doctores Graios: "ita fit; postquam sapere urbi
cum pipere et palmis venit nostrum hoc maris
expers,
faenisecae crasso vitiarunt unguine pultes."
haec cinere ulterior metuas? at tu, meus heres
quisquis eris, paulum a turba seductior audi.

O bone, num ignoras? missa est a Caesare laurus
insignem ob cladem Germanae pubis, et aris
frigidus excutitur cinis ac iam postibus arma,
iam chlamydas regum, iam lutea gausapa captis
essedaque ingentesque locat Caesonia Rhenos.
dis igitur genioque ducis centum paria ob res
egregie gestas induco. quis vetat? aude.
vae, nisi conives! oleum artocreasque popello
largior. an prohibes? dic clare "non adeo," inquis,

[1] The name Bestius is taken from the *corrector Bestius* of Horace (*Epp.* I. xv. 37), and is used to represent the vulgar irrelevant critic, who connects all the evils of his day with the bringing in of new-fangled Greek learning along with foreign articles like pepper, dates, etc. "Your heir will snarl," says Persius, "and Bestius will talk drivel; but why should that trouble you in the grave?" *Sapere* of course has a punning meaning, referring to Greek Philosophy as well as to the smack of dates and pepper.

[2] The words *maris expers* are taken from Horace (*Chium maris expers*, *Sat.* II. viii. 15), but the context is quite different from the Horatian. They have been usually explained as meaning "destitute of salt," and therefore "tasteless," or foolish. But Housman has shown that Casaubon's rendering, "destitute of virility," gives the true meaning (*l.c.* pp. 27–28). Bestius complains that modern Greek ideas have

not caring to enquire whether the cinnamon has lost its fragrance or the casia has been adulterated with cherry. "What?" he will say, "are you to squander your property, and not suffer for it?" And then Bestius[1] has his fling at the Greek philosophers: "It's always so; ever since this emasculated[2] wisdom of ours entered the city along with dates and pepper, our haymakers have spoilt their porridge with thick oils!"—What? are you to be afraid of taunts like these on the other side of the grave? And as for you, my heir, whoever you may be, come away from the crowd for one moment and listen :—[3]

[43] Have you not heard the news, my good fellow? A laurelled despatch has arrived from Caesar because of a splendid victory over the German youth; the cold ashes are being raked out from the altars; Caesonia[4] is contracting for arms to put up over the gates, with regal mantles, and yellow coverings for the prisoners, and chariots, and life-sized effigies of the Rhine.[5] So in honour of the Gods and the Genius of our General, I am putting on a hundred pairs of gladiators to celebrate these grand doings. Who dares to say me nay? Woe to you if you don't wink at my humour! I am giving the mob a largess of oil and bread and meat. Do you forbid? Speak out plainly. "No, no," you say, "that field there close by

destroyed the old robustness of Rome: even the rustics have corrupted the homely porridge by mixing with it scented oils.

[3] Persius remonstrates with his heir. On an occasion of national rejoicing, he intends to spend freely and patriotically (43–51).

[4] Caligula's wife.

[5] Besides actual trophies, pictures illustrative of the recent campaign, and even pictures of rivers, were carried in a triumphal procession.

"exossatus ager iuxta est." age, si mihi nulla
iam reliqua ex amitis, patruelis nulla, proneptis
nulla manet patrui, sterilis matertera vixit,
deque avia nihilum superest, accedo Bovillas
clivumque ad Virbi, praesto est mihi Manius heres.
"progenies terrae?" quaere ex me quis mihi quartus
sit pater: haut prompte, dicam tamen; adde etiam unum,
unum etiam: terrae est iam filius, et mihi ritu
Manius hic generis prope maior avunculus exit.
qui prior es, cur me in decursu lampada poscis?
sum tibi Mercurius, venio deus huc ego ut ille
pingitur. an renuis? vis tu gaudere relictis?
"dest aliquid summae." minui mihi, sed tibi totum est
quidquid id est. ubi sit, fuge quaerere, quod mihi quondam

[1] This obscure phrase has been variously explained. *Exossatus* means "cleared of bones." Some interpret "cleared of stones," *i.e.* good land prepared for a crop; others "land from which the bones, the strength and marrow of the soil, have been taken," and so "poor land." In line 51 Persius challenges his heir to reply. Conington takes *adeo* as a verb: "I decline the inheritance," says the heir; to which Persius replies, "Here is a field, now, cleared for ploughing," for which I can easily find an heir. Housman follows an interpretation given by Hermann: Persius says to his heir, "Do you forbid my extravagance? Tell me plainly." "I would rather not," says the heir; "that field close by is far too full of stones"; *i.e.* he is afraid that the populace will stone him if he lifts his voice against the pro-

is not sufficiently cleared of bones."[1] Well then, if none of my paternal aunts survives, if I have no cousin on my father's side, if my paternal uncle has left no great-grand-daughters, if my maternal aunt has died without issue, and there is no living descendant of my grandmother, I go off to Bovillae and the hill of Virbius,[2] and there I find in Manius an heir ready to my hand! "What? the son of a clod?" you say. Well, just ask of me who is my great-great-grandfather: I could tell you that, though perhaps not in a moment; add one step more, and then again another, and by that time you come to a son of earth, so that by strict lineal ascent this Manius turns out to be a kind of great-great-uncle. Why do you, who are before me, ask for my torch while I am still running?[3] I am for you a Mercury, I come to you just as that God is represented in pictures. Do you reject the gift? Won't you take what I leave you and be thankful?—"There is a shortage in the amount," you say. Yes; I lessened it for my own use: but what remains, whatever it is, is all for you. Don't

posed entertainment (*l.c.* p. 29). "Very well," says Persius, "I can find another heir elsewhere."

[2] *i.e.* the *clivus Aricinus*, near Bovillae, which was a great resort for beggars. Virbius, another name for Hippolytus, was worshipped at Aricia along with Diana.

[3] This line is evidently based on Lucretius, ii. 77: *Inque brevi spatio mutantur saecla animantum, Et quasi cursores vitai lampada tradunt.* The idea is that of passing on a blazing torch from one hand to another; but it is not easy to reconcile the words *qui prior es* with the accounts given of the Athenian λαμπαδηφορία. See *Dict. Ant.* It is not impossible that Persius, whose phrases are taken from books rather than life, copied the phrase of Lucretius without quite realising its meaning.

legarat Tadius, neu dicta repone[1] paterna,
"faenoris accedat merces, hinc exime sumptus."
"quid reliqum est?" reliqum? nunc nunc inpensius ungue,
ungue, puer, caules! mihi festa luce coquatur
urtica et fissa fumosum sinciput aure,
ut tuus iste nepos olim satur anseris extis,
cum morosa vago singultiet inguine vena,
patriciae inmeiat vulvae? mihi trama figurae
sit reliqua, ast illi tremat omento popa venter?
Vende animam lucro, mercare atque excute sollers
omne latus mundi, ne sit praestantior alter
Cappadocas rigida pinguis plausisse catasta,
rem duplica. "feci; iam triplex, iam mihi quarto,
iam decies redit in rugam." depunge ubi sistam:
inventus, Chrysippe, tui finitor acervi.

[1] *repone* L and old edd. Büch. has *neu dicta* "*pone paterna . . . sumptus.*" "*quid reliqum est?*" Housm. suggests *neu dic ita*, "*pone paterna . . . reliqum est.*" *reliqum?* and explains, "Do not say 'state what you inherited, add interest, subtract expenditure, and see how much is left.' Left, quotha?" (*l.c.* p. 31). *ita* then means "as follows." Büch. takes *pone* to mean "invest."

[1] Cappadocian slaves, being tall, were much prized as litter-bearers. *Catasta*, a scaffold on which slaves were put up for sale.

ask where is the sum that Tadius left me long ago, and don't serve up to me your paternal saws:—"Let interest accrue on your capital, and take your expenses out of that."—"Yes, and what will be left?" "Left," do you ask? Here, boy, drench the cabbage with oil, and d—n the expense! Am I to have my holiday dinner off nettles and a smoked pig's cheek with his ear split through, in order that some day or other your young ne'er-do-well may regale himself on a goose's liver? . . . Am I to be reduced to a thread-paper while his belly is to wag with fat like that of a priest's attendant?

75 Go, sell your soul for gain; buy and sell; ransack cunningly every corner of the earth, let no one outstrip you in patting fat Cappadocian [1] slaves in their tight pen; turn every coin into two. "Done already," you say; "with a threefold, fourfold, ay, and a tenfold increase." [2] Mark the point at which I am to stop, and the finisher of your heap,[3] Chrysippus, will have been found!

[2] *Ruga* is a "crease," or "fold," so that *redire decies in rugam* expresses exactly "a ten-fold increase." Many editors have wrongly explained the word as the fold or *sinus* in the toga, and so = "a purse."

[3] Referring to the well-known *Sorites*, the fallacy of the heap: *Dum cadat elusus ratione ruentis acervi* (Hor. *Epp.* II. i. 47). The analogous fallacy demonstrating the impossibility of motion was met by the famous "*solvitur ambulando.*"

INDEXES

INDEX TO JUVENAL

Abdera, *p.* 194 *n.*, *p.* 197 *n.*
Accius, VI. 70
Acestes, VII. 235
Achilles, III. 280, VII. 210, VIII. 271, X. 256, XI. 30, XIV. 214, *and notes on pp.* 7, 146, 155, 181, 222
Acilius, IV. 94
Acilius Glabrio *p.* 64 *n.*
Acoenonoetus, *p.* 155 *n.*
Actium, II. 109, *p.* 178 *n.*
Actor, II. 100, *p.* 25 *n.*
Aeacus, I. 10, VIII. 270, *p.* 181 *n.*
Aegean Sea, *p.* 8 *n.*
Aelia, VI. 72
Aemilianus, VIII. 3, *p.* 158 *n.*
Aemilius, VII. 124, *p.* 147 *n.*
Aemilius Juncus, *p.* 291 *n.*
Aeneas, I. 162, V. 139, XV. 67, *p.* 73 *n.*, *p.* 225 *n.*
Aeolus, I. 8
Aethiopia, X. 150
Aetna, *p.* 159 *n.*
Afranius, *p.* 294 *n.*
Africa, VII. 149, VIII. 120, X. 148, *and notes on pp.* 6, 148, 167
Agamemnon, XIV. 286, *and notes on pp.* 137, 175, 244, 285
Aganippe, VII. 6
Agathyrsians, XV. 125
Agave, VII. 87
Agrigentum, *p.* 123 *n.*, *p.* 164 *n.*
Agrippa, VI. 159
Agrippa II., *p.* 95 *n.*
Agrippa, Portico of, *p.* 95 *n.*
Agrippina, VI. 620, *p.* 80 *n.*, *p.* 134 *n.*
Ajax, VII. 115, X. 84, XIV. 213, XV. 65, *and notes on pp.* 146, 199, 222, 285
Alabanda, III. 70
Alba, IV. 61, V. 33
Alban Mount, *p.* 240 *n.*
Albanian, XIII. 214
Albina, III. 130
Alcestis, VI. 652
Alcinous, XV. 15
Alexander, XIV. 311, *p.* 206 *n.*
Alledius, V. 118
Allia, *p.* 177 *n.*
Allobrogicus, VIII. 13
Allobrogus, *p.* 155 *n.*
Alps, X. 152, 166, XIII. 162
Amphion, VI. 174, *p.* 97 *n.*
Amydon, III. 69
Anchises, VII. 234
Ancona, IV. 40
Ancus, V. 57
Andromache, VI. 503, *p.* 124 *n.*
Andros, III. 70
Antaeus, III. 89, *p.* 38 *n.*
Antony, X. 123, *p.* 19 *n.*, *p.* 166 *n.*
Anticyra, XIII. 97
Antigone, VIII. 229
Antilochus, X. 253
Antiochus, III. 98
Antiphates, XIV. 20
Antonia, *p.* 175 *n.*
Antonius, VIII. 105
Anubis, VI. 534, *p.* 126 *n.*
Apicius, IV. 23, XI. 3
Apis, *p.* 160 *n.*
Apollo, I. 128, VI. 171, 174, VII. 37, XIII. 203, *and notes on pp.* 13, 97, 142, 181
Appian Way, *p.* 32 *n.*
Apulia, IX. 55
Aqua Marcia, *p.* 33 *n.*
Aquinum, III. 319, *p.* 57 *n.*
Arabarch, I. 130
Arabia, *p.* 231 *n.*
Arachne, II. 56
Archigenes, VI. 236, XIII. 98, XIV. 252
Argonauts, *p.* 95 *n.*
Aristotle, II. 6, *p.* 258 *n.*
Armillatus, IV. 53
Arpinum, VIII. 237, 245
Artaxata, II. 170

Artemis, *p.* 97 *n.*, *p.* 297 *n.*
Artorius, III. 29
Arviragus, IV. 127
Asia, V. 56, VII. 14, X. 266
Assaracus, X. 259
Assouan, *p.* 230 *n.*
Astrea, VI. 19, *p.* 84 *n.*
Asturicus, III. 212
Asylus, VI. 267
Athene, *p.* 22 *n.*
Athens, VI. 187, VII. 205, X. 127, XV. 110, *p.* 25 *n.*, *p.* 136 *n.*
Athos, X. 174
Atlas, VIII. 32, XI. 24, XIII. 48
Atreus, *p.* 137 *n.*
Atticus, XI. 1
Aufidius, IX. 25
Augustus, *p.* 21 *n.*
Aurelia, V. 98, *p.* 77 *n.*
Aurunca, I. 20
Automedon, I. 61
Autonoe, VI. 72
Aventine, III. 85
Azov, *p.* 297 *n.*

Babylon, *p.* 206 *n.*, *p.* 207 *n.*
Bacchanals, II. 3
Baetica, XII. 42, *p.* 238 *n.*
Baiae, III. 4, XI. 49
Baptae, II. 92
Baptism, *p.* 272 *n.*
Barea, III. 116, VII. 91, *p.* 41 *n.*
Basilus, VII. 145, 146, 147, X. 222
Bassus, *p.* 154 *n.*
Batavians, VIII. 51
Bathyllus, VI. 63
Bebriacum, II. 106
Bellerophon, X. 325, *p.* 217 *n.*
Bellona, IV. 124, VI. 511
Belus, VI. 655, *p.* 137 *n.*
Berenice, VI. 156, *p.* 96 *n.*
Bibula, VI. 142
Bithynia, VII. 15, *p.* 205 *n.*
Bona Dea, *p.* 18 *n.*, *p.* 24 *n.*, *p.* 111 *n.*
Bootes, V. 23
Bosporus, *p.* 290 *n.*
Brigantes, XIV. 196
Britain, XV. 111
Britannicus, VI. 124, *p.* 92 *n.*
Britons, II. 161
Brittones, XV. 124
Brutidius, X. 83
Brutus, IV. 103, V. 37, VIII. 182, XIV. 43, *p.* 64 *n.*
Bulla, *p.* 83 *n.*, *p.* 249 *n.*

Cacus, V. 125
Caedicius, XIII. 197, XVI. 46
Caesar, VII. 1, VIII. 171, XII. 106, *p.* 24 *n.*, *p.* 201 *n.*
Caesonia, VI. 616
Caieta, XIV. 87
Calagurris, *p.* 294 *n.*
Calenian Wine, I. 70, *p.* 8 *n.*
Caligula, *notes on pp.* 6, 133, 154, 155
Calliope, IV. 34
Calpe, XIV. 279
Calvina, III. 133
Calvinus, XIII. 5
Camerini, VII. 90
Camerinus, VIII. 38
Camillus, II. 154, XVI. 15
Campania, X. 283
Campi Raudii, *p.* 214 *n.*
Campus Martius, *p.* 28 *n.*, *p.* 126 *n.*
Cannae, VII. 163, X. 165, XI. 200
Canopus, I. 26, VI. 84, XV. 46
Cantabrian, XV. 108
Cantabrians, *p.* 296 *n.*
Capito, VIII. 93, *p.* 246 *n.*
Capitolini, II. 145
Cappadocia, VII. 15
Capreae, *p.* 198 *n.*
Capri, X. 72, 93
Captatores, *p.* 76 *n.*
Carfinia, II. 69
Carpophorus, VI. 199
Carrinas, *p.* 154 *n.*
Carthage, VI. 171, X. 277
Cassandra, X. 262
Cassius, V. 37
Castor, XIII. 152, XIV. 260, *p.* 282 *n.*
Catana, *p.* 159 *n.*
Catiena, III. 133
Catiline, II. 27, VIII. 231, X. 287, XIV. 41, *p.* 177 *n.*, *p.* 215 *n.*
Cato, II. 40, XI. 90
Catulla, X. 322
Catullus (lyric poet), *p.* 84 *n.*; (mime-writer), VIII. 186, XIII. 111; (others), IV. 113, XII. 29, 37, 93
Catulus, II. 146, III. 30, *p.* 179 *n.*
Cecropid, VIII. 53
Cecropidae, VIII. 46
Cecrops, *p.* 25 *n.*
Celadus, VII. 215
Celsus, VI. 245
Censennia, VI. 136
Census Equestris, *p.* 10 *n.*
Centaur, *p.* 155 *n.*

Centaurs, *p.* 2 *n.*, *p.* 239 *n.*
Centurion, Senior, *p.* 278 *n.*
Ceres, III. 320, VI. 50, X. 112, XIV. 219, 263, XV. 141, *p.* 57 *n.*
Cethegus, II. 27, VIII. 231, X. 287, *p.* 177 *n.*
Chaerippus, VIII. 95, *p.* 165 *n.*
Charon, *p.* 165 *n.*
Charybdis, V. 102, XV. 17
Chatti, IV. 147, *p.* 68 *n.*
Chione, III. 136
Chiron, III. 205, *p.* 155 *n.*
Christian martyrs, I. 155
Chrysippus, II. 5, XIII. 184
Chrysogonus, VI. 74, VII. 176, *p.* 152 *n.*
Cicero, VII. 139, 214, VIII. 244, X. 114, *and notes on pp.* 145, 154, 167, 177, 202
Cilicia, notes on *pp.* 164, 166, 282
Cilicians, VIII. 94
Cimbri, VIII. 249, 251, *p.* 179 *n.*
Cimbrians, XV. 124
Circe, XV. 21, *p.* 290 *n.*
Circeii, IV. 140
Cirrha, VII. 64
Claudius, V. 147, VI. 115, XIV. 330, *and notes on pp.* 50, 51, 134, 144, 176, 217, 241, 270, 288
Cleanthes, II. 7, *p.* 17 *n.*
Cleopatra, II. 109
Clio, VII. 7, *p.* 141 *n.*
Clitumnus, XII. 13
Clodius, II. 27, VI. 338, 345, *and notes on pp.* 18, 24, 111, 181
Clotho, IX. 135
Cluvienus, I. 80
Clytemnestra, VI. 656, *p.* 137 *n.*, *p.* 175 *n.*
Cocles, VIII. 264
Codrus, III. 203, 208
Colchis, XIV. 114
Colline Gate, *p.* 106 *n.*
Color, *p.* 105 *n.*
Concord, Temple of, *p.* 13 *n.*
Conopeum, *p.* 88 *n.*
Coptus, XV. 28
Coranus, XVI. 53
Corbulo, III. 251
Cordus, I. 2
Corinthus, VIII. 197
Cornelia, VI. 167
Corsica, V. 92
Corus, X. 180
Corvinus, I. 108, VIII. 5, XII. 1, 93
Corybants, V. 25
Corycus, *p.* 282 *n.*
Corydon, IX. 102
Coryphaeus, VIII. 62
Cossus, III. 184, VIII. 21, X. 202
Cotta, V. 109, VII. 95, *p.* 145 *n.*
Cotytto, II. 92, *p.* 25 *n.*
Crassi, X. 108
Cremera, II. 155
Crepereius Pollio, IX. 6
Crete, XIV. 270, *p.* 249 *n.*, *p.* 284 *n.*
Creticus, II. 67, 78, VIII. 38
Cretonius, XIV. 86
Crispinus, I. 27, IV. 1, 14, 108
Crispus, IV. 81, *p.* 63 *n.*
Croesus, X. 274, XIV. 328
Cumae, III. 2, 321, IX. 57
Curii, II. 3
Curius, II. 153, VIII. 4, XI. 78
Curtius, XI. 34
Cyane, VIII. 162
Cybele, II. 111, XIV. 263, *p.* 234 *n.*
Cyclades, *p.* 129 *n.*
Cyclopes, XV, 18
Cydnus, *p.* 41 *n.*
Cylindrus, *p.* 22 *n.*
Cymbeline, *p.* 67 *n.*
Cynics, XIII. 121, 122, *p.* 254 *n.*
Cynthia, VI. 7, *p.* 84 *n.*

Daedalus, III. 25, *p.* 7 *n.*, *p.* 38 *n.*
Damasippus, VIII. 185
Danaids, *p.* 137 *n.*
Danaus, *p.* 137 *n.*
Danube, VIII. 170
Decii, VIII. 254, 258, XIV. 239
Delta, *p.* 292 *n.*
Demetrius, III. 99
Democritus, X. 34, *p.* 194 *n.*, *p.* 197 *n.*
Demosthenes, X. 114, *p.* 203 *n.*
Dendyra, *p.* 291 *n.*
Diana, III. 320, X. 292, XV. 8
Dido, VI. 435
Diogenes, *p.* 286 *n.*
Diomede, I. 53, *p.* 293 *n.*
Dion Cassius, *p.* 198 *n.*
Dionysus, *p.* 106 *n.*, *p.* 142 *n.*
Diphilus, III. 120
Dolabella, VIII. 106, *p.* 166 *n.*
Domitian, *notes on pp.* 5, 19, 60, 65, 69, 115, 144, 257

Domitius, VIII. 228
Doris, III. 94
Drusi, VIII. 40
Drusus, III. 238 (Claudius?), VIII. 21

Ebro, *p.* 294 *n.*
Echion, VI. 76
Egeria, III. 17
Egypt, VI. 527, XV. 2, 45, 116, *and. notes on pp.* 13, 258, 291
Electra, VIII. 218
Elephants, *p.* 242 *n.*
Eleusinian mysteries, *p.* 298 *n.*
Elpenor, XV. 22
Endromis, *p.* 102 *n.*
Endymion, X. 318
England, *p.* 278 *n.*
Epictetus, *p.* 235 *n.*
Epicurus, XIII. 122, XIV. 319
Eppia, VI. 82, 104, 114
Equites, *p.* 200 *n.*
Eriphyle, VI. 655, *p.* 137 *n.*
Esquiline, III. 71, V. 78, XI. 51
Etruria, XIII. 62, *p.* 199 *n.*
Euganei, *p.* 159 *n.*
Euphranor, III. 217
Euphrates, I. 104, VIII. 51
Europa VIII. 34
Eurus, X. 180
Euryalus, VI. 81
Evander, XI. 61, *p.* 224 *n.*

Fabii, II. 146, *p.* 31 *n.*, *p.* 159 *n.*
Fabrateria, III. 224
Fabius, VII. 95, VIII. 14, 191, XI. 90, *p.* 159 *n.*
Fabius Gurges, VI. 236
Fabricius, IX. 142, XI. 91
Fabulla, II. 68
Faesidius, XIII. 32
Falernian, IV. 138, XIII. 216, *p.* 8 *n.*
Faustus, VII. 12, *p.* 168 *n.*
Fidenae, VI. 57, X. 100, *p.* 201 *n.*
Flaminian Way, I. 61, 171
Flavii, IV. 37
Floralia, VI. 250, XIV. 262, *p.* 102 *n.*
Fonteius, XII. 17
Fortune, III. 40, X. 366, XIV. 316, *p.* 132 *n.*, *p.* 199 *n.*, *p.* 270 *n.*
Forum, *p.* 282 *n.*
Forum Augusti, *p.* 282 *n.*
Forum Boarium, *p.* 107 *n.*
Fronto, I. 12
Frusino, III. 224
Furies, XIII. 51, XIV. 285, XVI. 46
Fuscinus, XIV. 1
Fuscus, IV. 112, XII. 45, *p.* 65 *n.*

Gabba, V. 4, *p.* 69 *n.*
Gabii, III. 192, VI. 56, VII. 4, X. 100, *p.* 201 *n.*
Gades, X. 1
Gaeticulus, VIII. 26
Galba, II. 104, VIII. 5, 222, *p.* 128 *n.*, *p.* 176 *n.*
Galerus *or* -um, *p.* 174 *n.*
Galla, I. 125
Gallicus, XIII. 157
Gallitta, XII. 99, 113
Gallius, XVI. 1
Gallus, VII. 144
Ganges, X. 2
Ganymede, V. 59, IX. 22
Gaul, VII. 16, 148, VIII. 116, XV. 111 *p.* 148 *n.*, *p.* 177 *n.*
Gauls, XI. 113
Gaurus, IX. 57, *p.* 164 *n.*
German, *p.* 68 *n.*
Germans, XIII. 164
Gibraltar, *p.* 284 *n.*
Gillo, I. 40
Glaphyrus, VI. 77
Gorgon, III. 118, XII. 4, *p.* 236 *n.*
Gracchi, I. 24, VI. 168
Gracchus, II. 117, *p.* 27 *n.*, II. 143, VIII. 201, 210, *and notes on pp.* 27, 29, 174
Gradivus, II. 127
Greece, XIV. 240, *p.* 17 *n.*
Greeks, III. 61
Guadalquivir, *p.* 238 *n.*
Gyara, I. 73, X. 170

Hades, *p.* 2 *n.*
Haemus, III. 99, VI. 198
Hamillus, X. 224
Hammon, VI. 555
Hannibal, VI. 169, 291, VII. 161, X. 147, XII. 108, *p.* 106 *n.*, *p.* 297 *n.*
Hebe, *p.* 249 *n.*
Hector, X. 259, *p.* 124 *n.*
Hecuba, *p.* 213 *n.*
Hedymeles, VI. 383
Helicon, *p.* 138 *n.*

Heliodorus, VI. 373
Helvidius, V. 36
Hercules, I. 52, III. 89, V. 125, VIII. 14, X. 361, XIII. 43, 82, 151, XIV. 90, 280, *and notes on pp.* 16, 38, 159, 224, 225, 270
Hermarchus, III. 120
Hermes, VIII. 53
Hermione, *p.* 175 *n.*
Herodotus, *p.* 207 *n.*, *p.* 298 *n.*
Hesperides, XIV. 114, *p.* 80 *n.*
Hibernia, VI. 53
Hippolytus, X. 325, *p.* 217 *n.*
Hirpinus, VIII. 63
Hirrus, X. 222
Hispulla, VI. 74, XII. 11
Hister, II. 58
Homer, VI. 437, VII. 38, X. 246, XV. 69, *p.* 175 *n.*, *p.* 258 *n.*
Horace, VII. 62, 227, *p.* 7 *n.*, *p.* 145 *n.*
Horatius Cocles, *p.* 180 *n.*
Humber, *p.* 278 *n.*
Hyacinthus, VI. 110
Hylas, I. 164
Hymettus, XIII. 185

Icarus, *p.* 7 *n.*
Iceland, *p.* 297 *n.*
Ida, XIII. 41, *p.* 249 *n.*
Iliad, XI. 181
Ilion, X. 261
Io, VI. 526
Iphigenia, XII. 119, *p.* 245 *n.*
Isaeus, III. 74, *p.* 36 *n.*
Isis, VI. 489, 529, IX. 22, XII. 28, XIII. 93, *p.* 126 *n.*
Italians, *p.* 72 *n.*
Italy, X. 153, XII. 78, *p.* 214 *n.*
Itys, *p.* 136 *n.*
Iulus, VIII. 42, XII. 70
Ixion, *p.* 250 *n.*

Janus, VI. 386, 394
Jason, VI. 153, *p.* 2 *n.*, *p.* 95 *n.*
Jerusalem, *p.* 96 *n.*
Jews, III. 14, *and notes on pp.* 127, 270, 271, 272
Johnson's *London*, *p.* 37 *n.*
John the Baptist, *p.* 272 *n.*
Joseph, *p.* 217 *n.*
Josephus, *p.* 96 *n.*
Julia, II. 32, *p.* 19 *n.*, *p.* 161 *n.*
Julian Law, II. 37, VI. 38, *p.* 21 *n.*
Julius Alexander, *p.* 13 *n.*

Juncus, XV. 27
Juno, II. 98, VI. 48, 619, VII. 32, XIII. 40, *p.* 126 *n.*, *p.* 302 *n.*
Jupiter, VI. 15, 59, VIII. 156, X. 38, 188, 268, XI. 116, XII. 6, 89, XIII. 41, 114, XIV. 81, 206, 271
Juverna, II. 160

Lachesis, IX. 136
Ladas, XIII. 97
Laelius, XIV. 195
Laenas, V. 98, *p.* 77 *n.*
Laertes, *p.* 212 *n.*
Laestrygones, XV. 18, *p.* 265 *n.*
Lagus, VI. 83
Lamiae, IV. 154
Lapithae, *p.* 2 *n.*
Lares, IX. 137, XII. 89, 113, XIII. 233
Larga, XIV. 25
Laterani, X. 17
Lateranus, VIII. 147, 167
Latinus, VI. 44
Latin War, *p.* 179 *n.*
Latin Way, V. 55
Latium, VI. 637, XII. 103, *p.* 201 *n.*
Latona, VI. 176, X. 292
Laurentum, *p.* 242 *n.*
Laureolus, VIII. 187
Lavinum, XII. 71
Leda, VI. 63
Lentulus, VI. 80, VII. 95, VIII. 187, X. 286
Lentulus Spinther, *p.* 145 *n.*
Lepidus, VI. 265, VIII. 9, *p.* 19 *n.*
Lesbia, VI. 7, *p.* 84 *n.*
Leto, *p.* 97 *n.*
Leucas, VIII. 241, *p.* 178 *n.*
Lex Cincia, *p.* 147 *n.*
Libya, V. 119, *p.* 236 *n.*
Licinus, I. 109, XIV. 306, *p.* 11 *n.*
Lipari, *p.* 249 *n.*
Livy, *p.* 195 *n.*
Longinus, X. 16
Lucan, VII. 79, *p.* 143 *n.*, *p.* 271 *n.*
Lucifer, VIII. 12
Lucilius, I. 165, *p.* 4 *n.*, *p.* 15 *n.*
Lucretia, X. 293
Lucusta, I. 71
Lugdunum, I. 44
Luperci, *p.* 28 *n.*
Lycisca, VI. 123
Lyde, II. 141
Lydia, *p.* 213 *n.*, *p.* 286 *n.*
Lyons, *p.* 6 *n.*

Macedonia, *p.* 178 *n.*
Machaera, VII. 9
Maecenas, I. 66, VII. 94, XII. 39
Maenads, VI. 317
Maeotis, IV. 42
Mamerci, VIII. 192
Manilia, VI. 243
Manius Curius Dentatus, *p.* 226 *n.*
Marcelli, II. 145
Marius, I. 49, VIII. 120, *p.* 179 *n.*
Maro, XI. 180
Mars, I. 8, II. 31, VI. 59, X. 314, XIII. 79, 113, XIV. 261, XVI. 5, *and notes on pp.* 27, 132, 228, 282
Marsyas, IX. 2
Massa, I. 35
Matho, I. 32, VII. 129, XI. 34
Maura, VI. 307, X. 224
Medea, *p.* 136 *n.*
Medullina, VI. 322
Megalesian games, *p.* 234 *n.*
Melanippa, VIII. 229
Meleager, V. 115
Memnon, XV. 5, *p.* 289 *n.*
Memphis, XV. 122
Menoeceus, XIV. 240
Mentor, VIII. 104
Meroe, VI. 528, XIII. 163
Messalina, X. 333, *and notes on pp* 92, 217, 288
Messalinus, *p.* 65 *n.*
Meta, *p.* 130 *n.*
Metellus, VI. 265, XV. 109, *p.* 42 *n.*, *p.* 296 *n.*
Mevia, I. 22
Miletus, VI. 296, *p.* 259 *n.*
Milo, II. 26, *p.* 18 *n.*
Minerva, III. 139, 219, X. 116, XIII. 82
Minturnae, X. 276
Misenum, *p.* 32 *n.*
Mithridates, XIV. 252, *p.* 137 *n.*, *p.* 213 *n.*
Modia, III. 130
Molossians, XIV. 162
Monychus, I. 11
Mons Viminalis, *p.* 36 *n.*
Montanus, IV. 107, 131
Moors, XIV. 196
Moses, XIV. 102
Mucius, I. 154, VIII. 264
Murmillo, *p.* 89 *n.*
Muses, VII. 37, *p.* 138 *n.*
Mycale, V. 141
Mycenae, XII. 127
Myron, VIII. 102

Nabataei, *p.* 231 *n.*
Naevolus, IX. 1, 91
Naids, *p.* 16 *n.*
Narcissus, XIV. 329, *p.* 288 *n.*
Natta, VIII. 96, *p.* 165 *n.*
Neptune, XIII. 81, 152
Nero, IV. 137, VIII. 72, 193, 212, 223, X. 15, 308, XII. 129, *and notes on pp.* 8, 15, 51, 72, 121, 144, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 193
Nestor, VI. 346, XII. 127, *p.* 210 *n.*, *p.* 212 *n.*
Nile, I. 26, VI. 83, X. 149, XIII. 27, XV. 123, *and notes on pp.* 5, 126, 248, 258, 292
Nineveh, *p.* 220 *n.*
Ninus, *p.* 26 *n.*
Niobe, VI. 177, *p.* 96 *n.*, *p.* 97 *n.*
Niphates, VI. 411
Nortia, X. 74, *p.* 199 *n.*
Novius, XII. 111
Numa, III. 12, 138, VI. 342, VIII. 156
Numantia, *p.* 158 *n.*
Numidia, *p.* 209 *n.*
Numitor, VII. 74, VIII. 93
Nysa, VII. 64

Octavia, *p.* 175 *n.*
Octavius, VIII. 242, *p.* 19 *n.*
Ogulnia, VI. 352
Olympian games, *p.* 252 *n.*
Olynthus, XII. 47
Ombi, XV. 35, *p.* 291 *n.*
Ombites, XV. 75
Oppia, X. 220, 322
Orcades, II. 161
Orestes, I. 6, VIII. 220, *and notes on pp.* 175, 284, 304
Orontes, III. 62
Osiris, VI. 541, VIII. 29, *p.* 126 *n.*, *p.* 160 *n.*
Ostia, VIII. 171, *p.* 241 *n.*
Otho, II. 99, VI. 559, *and notes on pp.* 25, 26, 128
Otho's law, XIV. 324, and *p.* 44 *n.*
Ovid, *p.* 98 *n.*, *p.* 145 *n.*

Paccius, VII. 12
Pacius, XII. 99

INDEX TO JUVENAL

Pactolus, XIV. 299
Pacuvius, XII. 125, 128
Pacuvius Hister, XII. 111
Palaemon, VI. 452, VII. 215, 219, *p.* 120 *n.*, *p.* 155 *n.*
Palfurius, IV. 53
Palas, I. 109, *and notes on pp.* 11, 157, 236
Pandion, *p.* 136 *n.*
Pansa, VIII. 96, *p.* 165 *n.*
Paris, VI. 87, VII. 87, X. 264, XII. 44, *p.* 144 *n.*, *p.* 154 *n.*
Parrhasius, VIII. 102
Parricide, *p.* 174 *n.*
Paulus, II. 146, VII. 143, VIII. 21
Paulus Fabius Maximus, *p.* 145 *n.*
Pedo, VII. 129
Pegasus, IV. 77
Peleus, X. 256, XIV. 214
Pella, X. 168
Pelopea, VII. 92
Penelope, II. 56
Peribomius, II. 16
Persicus, III. 221, XI. 57
Petosiris, VI. 581
Phaeacians, XV. 23, *p.* 290 *n.*
Phalaris, VIII. 81, *p.* 123 *n.*
Pharos, VI. 83
Pharsalia, *p.* 143 *n.*
Pharsalia, Battle of, *p.* 178 *n.*
Phiale, X. 238
Phidias, VIII. 103
Philip of Macedon, *p.* 239 *n.*
Philippi, Battles of, *p.* 178 *n.*
Philippus, XIII. 125
Philomela, VII. 92
Phoebus, VII. 233
Pholus, XII. 45
Picenum, IV. 65, XI. 74
Picus, VIII. 131
Piso, V. 109, *p.* 193 *n.*
Pittacus, II. 6
Plautius Lateranus, *p.* 193 *n.*
Pluto, XIII. 50, *p.* 201 *n.*
Pollio, VI. 387, VII. 176, XI. 43, *p.* 115 *n.*, *p.* 152 *n.*
Pollittae, II. 68
Polyclitus, III. 217, VIII. 103
Polyphemus, IX. 64, XIV. 20
Polyxena, X. 262
Pompeia, *p.* 24 *n.*
Pompeii, X. 108
Pompeius, IV. 110
Pompey, X. 283, *p.* 214 *n.*
Pontia, VI. 666
Ponticus, VIII. 1, 75, 179
Pontus, IV. 43, VI. 661, X. 273
Poppaea, *p.* 121 *n.*
Poppysma, *p.* 130 *n.*
Porta Capena, III. 11, *p.* 32 *n.*
Portus Augusti, *p.* 241 *n.*
Posides, XIV. 91
Postumus, VI. 21
Praeneste, III. 190, *p.* 270 *n.*
Priam, VI. 326, X. 258, *p.* 213 *n.*
Priapus, VI. 316
Prochyta, III. 5
Procne, VI. 644, *p.* 136 *n.*
Procula, III. 203
Proculae, II. 68
Proculeius, I. 40, VII. 94, *p.* 145 *n.*
Prometheus, IV. 133, VIII. 133, XV. 85, *p.* 266 *n.*
Propertius, *p.* 84 *n.*
Protogenes, III. 120
Prusias I., *p.* 205 *n.*
Psecas, VI. 491, 494
Ptolemy, *p.* 128 *n.*
Publius Decius Mus, *p.* 179 *n.*
Publius Egnatius Celer, *p.* 40 *n.*
Pudicitia, *p.* 107 *n.*
Pylades, XVI. 26
Pylos, X. 246
Pyrenees, X. 151
Pyrrha, I. 84, XIV. 162, XV. 30, *p.* 244 *n.*, *p.* 226 *n.*
Pythagoras, XV. 173
Pythagoreans, III. 229

Quintilian, VI. 75, 280, VII. 186, 190, *p.* 88 *n.*
Quirini, XI. 105
Quirinus, III. 67, VIII. 259
Quirites, III. 60, X. 109

Ravola, IX. 4
Remus, X. 73
Rhadamanthus, XIII. 197
Rhine, VIII. 170, *p.* 68 *n.*
Rhodes, VI. 296, *p.* 152 *n.*
Rhodope, IX. 4
Richborough, *p.* 68 *n.*
Rome, II. 39, III. 41, 83, 165, 183, 319, IV. 38, V. 58, VII. 4, 138, VIII. 243, XI. 46, 197, *and notes on pp.* 17, 32, 61, 62, 68, 131, 165, 170
Rubellius Blandus, VIII. 39, *p.* 161 *n.*

Rubrenus Lappa, VII. 72
Rubrius, IV. 105
Rufus, VII. 213, 214, *p.* 155 *n.*
Rutila, X. 294
Rutulians, *p.* 16 *n.*
Rutilius Gallicus, *p.* 257 *n.*
Rutilus, XI. 2, 5, 21, XIV. 18
Rutupiae, IV. 140

Sabbath, the, *p.* 273 *n.*
Sabine, III. 85
Sabines, X. 299
Saguntum, *p.* 297 *n.*
Salamis, X. 179
Saleius, VII. 80
Samos, III. 70, XVI. 6
Samothrace, III. 144
Sardanapalus, X. 362
Sarmatia, II. 1
Sarmentus, V. 3, *p.* 69 *n.*
Saturn, VI. 570, XIII. 40, *p.* 168 *n.*
Saturnalia, *p.* 94 *n.*, *p.* 145 *n.*
Saufeia, VI. 320, IX. 117
Scaevola, *p.* 15 *n.*
Scantinian Law, II. 44
Scauri, II. 35, VI. 604
Scaurus, XI. 91
Scipio, II. 154, *and notes on pp.* 42, 96, 158
Scylla, XV. 19
Scythians, XV. 125
Secundus Carrinas, VII. 205
Seius, IV. 13
Sejanus, X. 63, 66, 76, 89, 90, 104, *p.* 198 *n.*, *p.* 199 *n.*
Seleucus, X. 211
Semiramis, II. 108
Seneca, V. 109, VIII. 212, X. 16, *p.* 174 *n.*
Sentinum, *p.* 179 *n.*
Sergius, VI. 105, 112
Seriphos, VI. 564, X. 170
Serpho, *p.* 129 *n.*
Serranus, VII. 80
Sertorius (unknown), VI. 142
Sertorius (Roman general), *p.* 294 *n.*, *p.* 296 *n.*
Servilia, X. 319
Serviua Tullius, *p.* 131 *n.*, *p.* 179 *n.*
Setia, V. 34
Sextus, II. 21
Shetland, *p.* 297 *n.*
Sibyl, III. 3, VIII. 126
Sicily, *p.* 76 *n.*
Sicyon, III. 69
Sigillaria, *p.* 94 *n.*
Signia, XI. 73
Silanus, VIII. 27
Silius, *p.* 217 *n.*
Silvanus, VI. 447, *p.* 120 *n.*
Siparium, *p.* 172 *n.*
Sirens, *p.* 192 *n.*
Sisyphus, *p.* 250 *n.*
Social Wars, the, *p.* 72 *n.*
Socrates, XIV. 320, *p.* 154 *n.*, *p.* 259 *n.*
Solon, X. 274
Sora, III. 223
Sostratus, X. 178
Spain, VIII. 116, X. 151, *p.* 148 *n.*, *p.* 238 *n.*
Sportula, *p.* 196 *n.*
Statius, VII. 83, *p.* 144 *n.*
Stentor, XIII. 112
Stephanus, *p.* 69 *n.*
Stheneboea, X. 327
Stoic, XV. 109, *and notes on pp.* 17, 18, 258, 296
Stoics, II. 65, XIII. 121, *p.* 72 *n.*, *p.* 153 *n.*
Stratocles, III. 99
Styx, *p.* 165 *n.*
Subura, III. 5, V. 106, X. 156, XI. 51, 141
Sulla, I. 16, II. 28, *p.* 4 *n.*, *p.* 19 *n.*
Sulmo, VI. 187, *p.* 98 *n.*
Sybaris, VI. 296
Sycambri, IV. 147, *p.* 69 *n.*
Syene, XI. 124, *p.* 230 *n.*
Syphax, VI. 170
Syria, XI. 73

Tacitus, *p.* 198 *n.*, *p.* 273 *n.*
Tagus, III. 55, XIV. 299
Tanaquil, VI. 566, *p.* 129 *n.*
Tarentum, VI. 297, *p.* 106 *n.*
Tarquin, *p.* 64 *n.*
Tarquinius Priscus, *p.* 129 *n.*
Tarsus, *p.* 41 *n.*
Tatius, XIV. 160
Tauromenium, V. 93
Telamon, XIV. 214
Telephus, I. 5
Telesinus, VII. 25
Tentyra, XV. 35, 76, *p.* 291 *n.*
Tereus, *p.* 136 *n.*
Terpsichore, VII. 35
Teutones, *p.* 179 *n.*

Thabraca, x. 194
Thais, III. 93, VI. O 26
Thales, XIII. 184
Thebais, VII. 83, *p.* 144 *n.*
Thebes (in Egypt), XIII. 27, XV. 6, *and note on p.* 289
Thebes (in Greece), XIV. 240, *and notes on pp.* 97, 248, 280
Themis, *p.* 84 *n.*
Themison, X. 221
Theodorus, VII. 177
Thersites, VIII. 269, 271, XI. 31
Thessaly, VIII. 242, *p.* 132 *n.*, *p.* 178 *n.*
Thrace, *p.* 197 *n.*
Thrasea, V. 36
Thrasyllus, VI. 576
Thrasymachus, VII. 204
Thule, XV. 112
Thyestes, VIII. 228
Thymele, I. 36, VI. 66, VIII. 197
Tiber, III. 62, V. 104, VI. 523 VII. 121, XIV. 202, *p.* 181 *n.*
Tiberius, *notes on pp.* 130, 155, 161 197, 198, 199
Tibur, XIV. 87, *p.* 270 *n.*
Tigellinus, I. 155
Tiresias, XIII. 249, *p.* 265 *n.*
Tisiphone, VI. 29
Titans, VIII. 132
Titius, IV. 13
Titus, *p.* 19 *n.*
Tityus, *p.* 250 *n.*
Tivoli, III. 192
Toga picta, *p.* 195 *n.*
Toga prætexta, *p.* 233 *n.*
Trajan, *p.* 98 *n.*, *p.* 99 *n.*
Tralles, III. 70
Transylvania, *p.* 298 *n.*
Trebius, V. 135
Trechedipnon, *p.* 36 *n.*
Triphallus, VI. O 26
Trojans, VII. 236, VIII. 56, *p.* 213 *n.*
Tros, *p.* 213 *n.*
Troy, *p.* 47 *n.*
Trypherus, XI. 137
Tuccia, VI. 64
Tullia, VI. 306
Tullius, VII. 199
Tullus, V. 57
Tunica palmata, *p.* 194 *n.*
Turnus, XII. 105, XV. 65, *and notes on pp.* 16, 25, 142, 242
Tydeus, XV. 66
Tyndareus, VI. 657, *p.* 137 *n.*

Ucalegon, III. 199
Ulysses, XI. 31, IX. 65, X. 102, XV. 14, *and notes on pp.* 146, 192, 201, 212, 285, 290
Umbritius, III. 21
Urbicus, VI. 71
Ursidius, VI. 38, 42

Vagellius, XIII. 119, XVI. 23
Varillus, II. 22
Vascones, XV. 93, *p.* 296 *n.*
Vatinius, *p.* 73 *n.*
Veiento, IV. 113, IV. 123, VI. 113, *p.* 65 *n.*, *p.* 159 *n.*
Ventidius, VII. 199, XI. 22
Venus, II. 31, VI. 138, 300, 570, VII. 25, X. 290, XVI. 5
Venusia, *p.* 7 *n.*
Vercellae, *p.* 214 *n.*
Verginia, X. 294
Verginius, VIII. 221
Verres, II. 26, III. 53, VIII. 106, *p.* 167 *n.*
Vespasian, *p.* 72 *n.*
Vesta, IV. 61, VI. 386, *p.* 61 *n.*
Vestal Virgins, *p.* 57 *n.*
Vettius, VII. 150
Vindex, VIII. 222, *p.* 176 *n.*
Virgil, VI. 435, VII. 69, 227
Virginius Rufus, *p.* 176 *n.*
Virgo, *p.* 85 *n.*
Virro, V. 39, 43, 99, 114, 128, 134, 149, 156, IX. 35
Vitellius, *p.* 26 *n.*
Volesus, VIII. 182
Volsinii, III. 191, *p.* 199 *n.*
Volusius, XV. 1
Vulcan, VIII. 270, X. 132, XIII. 45, *p.* 138 *n.*, *p.* 249 *n.*

Weser, *p.* 69 *n.*

Xerxes, *p.* 207 *n.*

Zacynthus, XV. 114, *p.* 297 *n.*
Zalaces, II. 164
Zeno, XV. 107, *p.* 18 *n.*
Zeus, *notes on pp.* 84, 249, 284

INDEX TO PERSIUS

Accius, I. 76, *pp.* 324–5 *n.*
Agrigentum, *p.* 347 *n.*
Alcibiades, *p.* 361 *n.*, *p.* 358 *n.*
Anticyra, *p.* 359 *n.*
Antiope, I. 78, *p.* 324 *n.*
Apennines, I. 95
Arcadia, III. 9
Arcesilas, III. 79, *p.* 351 *n.*
Arcesilaus, *p.* 351 *n.*
Aricia, *p.* 399 *n.*
Aristophanes, *p.* 329 *n.*
Aristotle, *p.* 347 *n.*
Arretium, I. 130
Assos, *p.* 374 *n.*
Athens, *p.* 352 *n.*
Atreus, *p.* 369 *n.*
Attis, I. 105
Attius, I. 50
Auster, VI. 12

Bacchus, *p.* 324 *n.*
Balance, *p.* 373 *n.*
Bassarid, I. 101
Bassus, VI. 1, *p.* 390, *p.* 392 *n.*
Bathyllus, V. 123
Baucis, IV. 21
Berecynthius Attis, I. 93
Bestius, VI. 37, *p.* 396 *n.*
Bidental, *p.* 336 *n.*
Bovillae, VI. 55, *p.* 399 *n.*
Brisaeus, *p.* 324 *n.*
Bruttia, VI. 27
Brutus, V. 85

Caesar, VI. 43, *p.* 338 *n.*
Caesonia, VI. 47
Caligula, *p.* 397 *n.*
Callirhoe, I. 133
Canities, *p.* 319 *n.*
Carrhae, *p.* 338 *n.*
Cato, III. 45
Centurions, III. 77, V. 189
Chaerestratus, V. 162, *p.* 385 *n.*
Chrysippus, VI. 80, *p.* 374 *n.*
Chrysis, V. 165
Cincinnatus, I. 73, *p.* 323 *n.*
Cleanthes, V. 64, *p.* 374 *n.*
Cor, *p.* 393 *n.*
Cornutus, V. 23, 37, *p.* 365, *p.* 373 *n.*
Crassus, II. 36, *p.* 338 *n.*
Craterus, III. 65
Cratinus, I. 123, *p.* 329 *n.*
Crispinus, V. 126
Cures, IV. 26
Cybele, *p.* 389 *and n.*
Cynic, I. 133

Dama, V. 76, 79
Davus, V. 161, 168, *p.* 385 *n.*
Diana, *p.* 399 *n.*
Dinomache, IV. 20

Echo, I. 102
Ennius, VI. 10, *p.* 324 *n.*, *p.* 393 *n.*
Ergenna, II. 26
Etruria, *p.* 336 *n.*
Eunuchus, *p.* 385 *n.*
Euphorbus, *p.* 393 *n.*
Eupolis, I. 124, *p.* 329 *n.*
Euripides, *p.* 324 *n.*

Falernian, III. 3
Fate, V. 49
Festuca, *p.* 377 *n.*, *p.* 386 *n.*
Floralia, V. 178, *p.* 386 *n.*
Forum, *p.* 362 *n.*

INDEX TO PERSIUS

Gaul, *p.* 338 *n.*
Germans, VI. 44
Glyco, V. 9
Greece, *p.* 352 *n.*
Greeks, I. 127, V. 191

Helicon, V. 7, *p.* 369 *n.*
Hercules, II. 12, *p.* 334 *n.*
Herod, V. 180, *p.* 387 *n.*
Hippocrene, *p.* 310 *n.*
Hippolytus, *p.* 399 *n.*
Hippomanes, *p.* 133 *n.*
Homer, *pp.* 316, 368, 393 *nn.*
Horace, I. 116, *pp.* 324, 328, 348, 353, 380, 386, 396 *nn.*
Hypsipyle, I. 34

Iliad, I. 50
Ionian Sea, VI. 29
Isis, *p.* 388 *n.*, *p.* 389 *n.*
Ius naturae and "equity," *p.* 378 *n.*

Janus, I. 58, *p.* 322 *n.*
Jupiter, II. 21, 22, 29, 40, 43, V. 50, 114, 137, 138, *p.* 373 *n.*
Juvenal, *p.* 328 *n.*, p. 337 *n.*

Labeo, I. 4, *p.* 316 *n.*, *p.* 320 *n.*
Licinus, II. 36, *p.* 338 *n.*
Lucilius, I. 114, *p.* 328 *n.*
Lucretius, *p.* 392 *n.*, *p.* 399 *n.*
Luna, VI. 9
Lupus, I. 115

Macrinus, II. 1
Maenad, I. 101, 105
Maeon, VI. 11
Maine, *p.* 378 *n.*
Manius, VI. 56, 60
Marathon, *p.* 349 *n.*
Marcus, V. 80, 81
Maris expers, *p.* 396 *n.*
Masurius Sabinus, *p.* 378 *n.*
Medes, III. 53
Melicerta, V. 103, *p.* 379 *n.*
Menander, *p.* 385 *n.*
Mercury, II. 44, VI. 62, *p.* 338 *n.*, *p.* 380 *n.*
Messala, II. 72
Messalae, *p.* 341 *n.*
Messalinus, *p.* 341 *n.*
Middle Academy, *p.* 351 *n.*
Mucius, I. 115
Muse, V. 21
Muses, *p.* 369 *n.*
Mycenae, V. 17

Natta, III. 31
Nereus, I. 94
Nerius, II. 14
Nero, *p.* 327 *n.*
Numa, II. 59

Orestes, III. 118
Ovid, *p.* 361 *n.*

Pacuvius, I. 77, *p.* 324 *n.*
Paganalia, *p.* 311 *n.*
Painted Portico, *p.* 349 *n.*
Palaemon, *p.* 379 *n.*
Palilia, I. 72, *p.* 322 *n.*
Parmenio, *p.* 385 *n.*
Pedius, I. 85, *p.* 325 *n.*
Pericles, IV. 3, *p.* 358 *n.*
Persians, *p.* 349 *n.*
Phaedria, *p.* 385 *n.*
Phalaris, *p.* 347 *n.*
Phocis, *p.* 359 *n.*
Phyllis, I. 34
ποικίλη στοά, *p.* 349 *n.*
Polydamas, I. 4, *p.* 316 *n.*
Primordia vocum, *p.* 392 *n*
Procne, V. 8, *p.* 369 *n.*
Publius, V. 74, *p.* 376 *n.*
Pulfennius, V. 190
Puteal, IV. 49
Pythagoras, VI. 11, *p.* 349 *n.*, *p.* 383 *n.*

Quinctius, *p.* 323 *n.*
Quincunx, *p.* 384 *n.*
Quintus, *p.* 393 *n.*
Quirites, III. 106

Remus, I. 73
Rhine, VI. 47
Rome, I. 5, 8, *and notes on pp.* 323, 324, 340, 397
Romulus, I. 31, 87

INDEX TO PERSIUS

Samos, *p.* 349 *n.*
Saturn, II. 59, V 50
Servius Tullius, *p.* 376 *n.*
Sicily, III. 39
Socrates, *p.* 358 *n.*
Solon, III. 79
Staius, II. 19, 22, *p.* 336 *n.*
Stoic, *p.* 378 *n.*
Stoics, *p.* 349 *n.*
Subura, V. 32

Tacitus, *p.* 341 *n.*
Tadius, VI. 66
Terence, *p.* 385 *n.*
Tereus, *p.* 369 *n.*
Tesserae, *p.* 348 *n.*
Thessaly, *p.* 359 *n.*
Thyestes, V. 8, *p.* 369 *n.*
Tiber, II. 15
Titos, *p.* 318 *n.*
Toga praetexta, *p.* 370 *n.*
Transvectio equitum, *p.* 346 *n.*
Twins, V. 49, *p.* 373 *n.*

Umbrians, III. 74

Veientine, V. 147
Ventidius, IV. 25
Venus, II. 70, *p.* 340 *n.*, *p.* 348 *n.*
Vestals, II. 60
Vindicta, *p.* 376 *n.*
Virbius, VI. 56, *p.* 399 *n.*
Virgil, I. 96, *p.* 368 *n.*

Zeno, *p.* 349 *n.*, *p.* 374 *n.*

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY RICHARD CLAY AND COMPANY, LTD.,
BUNGAY, SUFFOLK

THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY

VOLUMES ALREADY PUBLISHED

Latin Authors

AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS. Translated by J. C. Rolfe. 3 Vols. (Vols. I. and II. *3rd Imp.*, Vol. III. *2nd Imp. revised.*)

APULEIUS: THE GOLDEN ASS (METAMORPHOSES). W. Adlington (1566). Revised by S. Gaselee. (*7th Imp.*)

S. AUGUSTINE: CITY OF GOD. 7 Vols. Vol. I. G. E. McCracken.

ST. AUGUSTINE, CONFESSIONS OF. W. Watts (1631). 2 Vols. (Vol. I. *7th Imp.*, Vol. II. *6th Imp.*)

ST. AUGUSTINE, SELECT LETTERS. J. H. Baxter. (*2nd Imp.*)

AUSONIUS. H. G. Evelyn White. 2 Vols. (*2nd Imp.*)

BEDE. J. E. King. 2 Vols. (*2nd Imp.*)

BOETHIUS: TRACTS and DE CONSOLATIONE PHILOSOPHIAE. Rev. H. F. Stewart and E. K. Rand. (*6th Imp.*)

CAESAR: ALEXANDRIAN, AFRICAN and SPANISH WARS. A. G. Way.

CAESAR: CIVIL WARS. A. G. Peskett. (*6th Imp.*)

CAESAR: GALLIC WAR. H. J. Edwards. (*10th Imp.*)

CATO: DE RE RUSTICA; VARRO: DE RE RUSTICA. H. B. Ash and W. D. Hooper. (*3rd Imp.*)

CATULLUS. F. W. Cornish; TIBULLUS. J. B. Postgate; PERVIGILIUM VENERIS. J. W. Mackail. (*13th Imp.*)

CELSUS: DE MEDICINA. W. G. Spencer. 3 Vols. (Vol. I. *3rd Imp. revised*, Vols. II. and III. *2nd Imp.*)

CICERO: BRUTUS, and ORATOR. G. L. Hendrickson and H. M. Hubbell. (*3rd Imp.*)

[CICERO]: AD HERENNIUM. H. Caplan.

CICERO: DE FATO; PARADOXA STOICORUM; DE PARTITIONE ORATORIA. H. Rackham (With De Oratore, Vol. II.) (*2nd Imp.*)

CICERO: DE FINIBUS. H. Rackham. (*4th Imp. revised.*)

CICERO: DE INVENTIONE, etc. H. M. Hubbell.

CICERO: DE NATURA DEORUM and ACADEMICA. H. Rackham. (*3rd Imp.*)

CICERO: DE OFFICIIS. Walter Miller. (*7th Imp.*)

CICERO: DE ORATORE. 2 Vols. E. W. Sutton and H. Rackham. (*3rd Imp.*)

CICERO: DE REPUBLICA and DE LEGIBUS; SOMNIUM SCIPIONIS. Clinton W. Keyes. (*4th Imp.*)

CICERO: DE SENECTUTE, DE AMICITIA, DE DIVINATIONE. W. A. Falconer. (*6th Imp.*)

CICERO: IN CATILINAM, PRO FLACCO, PRO MURENA, PRO SULLA. Louis E. Lord. (*3rd Imp. revised.*)

CICERO: LETTERS TO ATTICUS. E. O. Winstedt. 3 Vols. (Vol. I. *7th Imp.*, Vols. II. and III. *4th Imp.*)

CICERO: LETTERS TO HIS FRIENDS. W. Glynn Williams. 3 Vols. (Vols. I. and II. *3rd Imp.*, Vol. III. *2nd Imp. revised.*)

CICERO: PHILIPPICS. W. C. A. Ker. (*4th Imp. revised.*)

CICERO: PRO ARCHIA, POST REDITUM, DE DOMO, DE HARUSPICUM RESPONSIS, PRO PLANCIO. N. H. Watts. (*4th Imp.*)

CICERO: PRO CAECINA, PRO LEGE MANILIA, PRO CLUENTIO, PRO RABIRIO. H. Grose Hodge. (*3rd Imp.*)

CICERO: PRO CAELIO, DE PROVINCIIS CONSULARIBUS, PRO BALBO. J. H. Freese and R. Gardner.

CICERO: PRO MILONE, IN PISONEM, PRO SCAURO, PRO FONTEIO, PRO RABIRIO POSTUMO, PRO MARCELLO, PRO LIGARIO, PRO REGE DEIOTARO. N. H. Watts. (*3rd Imp.*)

CICERO: PRO QUINCTIO, PRO ROSCIO AMERINO, PRO ROSCIO COMOEDO, CONTRA RULLUM. J. H. Freese. (*3rd Imp.*)

CICERO: PRO SESTIO, IN VATINIUM. J. H. Freese and R. Gardner.

CICERO: TUSCULAN DISPUTATIONS. J. E. King. (*4th Imp.*)

CICERO: VERRINE ORATIONS. L. H. G. Greenwood. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. *3rd Imp.*, Vol. II. *2nd Imp.*)

CLAUDIAN. M. Platnauer. 2 Vols. (*2nd Imp.*)

COLUMELLA: DE RE RUSTICA. DE ARBORIBUS. H. B. Ash, E. S. Forster and E. Heffner. 3 Vols. (Vol. I. *2nd Imp.*)

CURTIUS, Q.: HISTORY OF ALEXANDER. J. C. Rolfe. 2 Vols. (*2nd Imp.*)

FLORUS. E. S. Forster and CORNELIUS NEPOS. J. C. Rolfe. (*2nd Imp.*)

FRONTINUS: STRATAGEMS and AQUEDUCTS. C. E. Bennett and M. B. McElwain. (Vol. I. *3rd Imp.*, Vol. II. *2nd Imp.*)

FRONTO: CORRESPONDENCE. C. R. Haines. 2 Vols. (*3rd Imp.*)

GELLIUS, J. C. Rolfe. 3 Vols. (Vol. I. *3rd Imp.*, Vols. II. and III. *2nd Imp.*)

HORACE: ODES and EPODES. C. E. Bennett. (*14th Imp. revised.*)

HORACE: SATIRES, EPISTLES, ARS POETICA. H. R. Fairclough. (*9th Imp. revised.*)

JEROME: SELECTED LETTERS. F. A. Wright. (*2nd Imp.*)

JUVENAL and PERSIUS. G. G. Ramsay. (*8th Imp.*)

LIVY. B. O. Foster, F. G. Moore, Evan T. Sage, and A. C. Schlesinger. 14 Vols. Vols. I.–XIII. (Vol. I. *5th Imp.*, Vol. V. *4th Imp.*, Vols. II.–IV., VII., IX.–XII. *3rd Imp.*, Vols. VI., VIII., *2nd Imp. revised.*)

LUCAN. J. D. Duff. (*4th Imp.*)

LUCRETIUS. W. H. D. Rouse. (*7th Imp. revised.*)

MARTIAL. W. C. A. Ker. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. *5th Imp.*, Vol. II. *4th Imp. revised.*)

MINOR LATIN POETS: from PUBLILIUS SYRUS to RUTILIUS NAMATIANUS, including GRATTIUS, CALPURNIUS SICULUS, NEMESIANUS, AVIANUS, and others with "Aetna" and the "Phoenix." J. Wight Duff and Arnold M. Duff. (*3rd Imp.*)

OVID: THE ART OF LOVE and OTHER POEMS. J. H. Mozley (*4th Imp.*)

OVID : FASTI. Sir James G. Frazer. (*2nd Imp.*)
OVID : HEROIDES and AMORES. Grant Showerman. (*6th Imp.*)
OVID : METAMORPHOSES. F. J. Miller. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. 11*th Imp.*, Vol. II. 9*th Imp.*)
OVID : TRISTIA and EX PONTO. A. L. Wheeler. (*3rd Imp.*)
PERSIUS. Cf. JUVENAL.
PETRONIUS. M. Heseltine, SENECA APOCOLOCYNTOSIS. W. H. D. Rouse. (*9th Imp. revised.*)
PLAUTUS. Paul Nixon. 5 Vols. (Vol. I. 6*th Imp.*, II. 5th *Imp.*, III. 4*th Imp.*, IV. and V. 2*nd Imp.*)
PLINY : LETTERS. Melmoth's Translation revised by W. M. L. Hutchinson. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. 7*th Imp.*, Vol. II. 6*th Imp.*)
PLINY : NATURAL HISTORY. H. Rackham and W. H. S. Jones. 10 Vols. Vols. I.–V. and IX. H. Rackham. Vols. VI. and VII. W. H. S. Jones. (Vols. I.–III. 3*rd Imp.*, Vol. IV. 2*nd Imp.*)
PROPERTIUS. H. E. Butler. (7*th Imp.*)
PRUDENTIUS. H. J. Thomson. 2 Vols.
QUINTILIAN. H. E. Butler. 4 Vols. (Vols. I. and IV. 4*th Imp.*, Vols. II. and III. 3*rd Imp.*)
REMAINS OF OLD LATIN. E. H. Warmington. 4 vols. Vol. I. (ENNIUS AND CAECILIUS.) Vol. II. (LIVIUS, NAEVIUS, PACUVIUS, ACCIUS.) Vol. III. (LUCILIUS and LAWS OF XII TABLES.) Vol. IV. (2*nd Imp.*) (ARCHAIC INSCRIPTIONS.)
SALLUST. J. C. Rolfe. (4*th Imp. revised.*)
SCRIPTORES HISTORIAE AUGUSTAE. D. Magie. 3 Vols. (Vol. I. 3*rd Imp. revised*, Vols. II. and III. 2*nd Imp.*)
SENECA : APOCOLOCYNTOSIS. Cf. PETRONIUS.
SENECA : EPISTULAE MORALES. R. M. Gummere. 3 Vols. (Vol. I. 4*th Imp.*, Vols. II. and III. 2*nd Imp.*)
SENECA : MORAL ESSAYS. J. W. Basore. 3 Vols. (Vol. II. 3*rd Imp.*, Vols. I. and III. 2*nd Imp. revised.*)
SENECA : TRAGEDIES. F. J. Miller. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. 4*th Imp.*, Vol. II. 3*rd Imp. revised.*)
SIDONIUS : POEMS AND LETTERS. W. B. Anderson. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. 2*nd Imp.*)
SILIUS ITALICUS. J. D. Duff. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. 2*nd Imp.*, Vol. II. 3*rd Imp.*)
STATIUS. J. H. Mozley. 2 Vols. (2*nd Imp.*)
SUETONIUS. J. C. Rolfe. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. 7*th Imp.*, Vol. II. 6*th Imp. revised.*)
TACITUS : DIALOGUS. Sir Wm. Peterson. AGRICOLA and GERMANIA. Maurice Hutton. (6*th Imp.*)
TACITUS : HISTORIES AND ANNALS. C. H. Moore and J. Jackson. 4 Vols. (Vols. I. and II. 4*th Imp.*, Vols. III. and IV. 3*rd Imp.*)
TERENCE. John Sargeaunt. 2 Vols. (7*th Imp.*)
TERTULLIAN : APOLOGIA and DE SPECTACULIS. T. R. Glover. MINUCIUS FELIX. G. H. Rendall. (2*nd Imp.*)
VALERIUS FLACCUS. J. H. Mozley. (3*rd Imp. revised.*)
VARRO : DE LINGUA LATINA. R. G. Kent. 2 Vols. (2*nd Imp. revised.*)

VELLEIUS PATERCULUS and RES GESTAE DIVI AUGUSTI. F. W. Shipley. (*2nd Imp.*)
VIRGIL. H. R. Fairclough. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. 19*th Imp.*, Vol. II. 14*th Imp. revised.*)
VITRUVIUS : DE ARCHITECTURA. F. Granger. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. *3rd Imp.*, Vol. II. *2nd Imp.*)

Greek Authors

ACHILLES TATIUS. S. Gaselee. (*2nd Imp.*)
AENEAS TACTICUS, ASCLEPIODOTUS and ONASANDER. The Illinois Greek Club. (*2nd Imp.*)
AESCHINES. C. D. Adams. (*3rd Imp.*)
AESCHYLUS. H. Weir Smyth. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. 7*th Imp.*, Vol. II. 6*th Imp. revised.*)
ALCIPHRON, AELIAN, PHILOSTRATUS LETTERS. A. R. Benner and F. H. Fobes.
ANDOCIDES, ANTIPHON, Cf. MINOR ATTIC ORATORS.
APOLLODORUS. Sir James G. Frazer. 2 Vols. (*3rd Imp.*)
APOLLONIUS RHODIUS. R. C. Seaton. (*5th Imp.*)
THE APOSTOLIC FATHERS. Kirsopp Lake. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. 8*th Imp.*, Vol. II. 6*th Imp.*)
APPIAN : ROMAN HISTORY. Horace White. 4 Vols. (Vol. I. 4*th Imp.*, Vols. II.–IV. *3rd Imp.*)
ARATUS. Cf. CALLIMACHUS.
ARISTOPHANES. Benjamin Bickley Rogers. 3 Vols. Verse trans. (*5th Imp.*)
ARISTOTLE : ART OF RHETORIC. J. H. Freese. (*3rd Imp.*)
ARISTOTLE : ATHENIAN CONSTITUTION, EUDEMIAN ETHICS, VICES AND VIRTUES. H. Rackham. (*3rd Imp.*)
ARISTOTLE : GENERATION OF ANIMALS. A. L. Peck. (*2nd Imp.*)
ARISTOTLE : METAPHYSICS. H. Tredennick. 2 Vols. (*4th Imp.*)
ARISTOTLE : METEOROLOGICA. H. D. P. Lee.
ARISTOTLE : MINOR WORKS. W. S. Hett. On Colours, On Things Heard, On Physiognomies, On Plants, On Marvellous Things Heard, Mechanical Problems, On Indivisible Lines, On Situations and Names of Winds, On Melissus, Xenophanes, and Gorgias. (*2nd Imp.*)
ARISTOTLE : NICOMACHEAN ETHICS. H. Rackham. (*6th Imp. revised.*)
ARISTOTLE : OECONOMICA and MAGNA MORALIA. G. C. Armstrong; (with Metaphysics, Vol. II.). (Vol. I. 4*th Imp.*, Vol. II. *3rd Imp.*)
ARISTOTLE : ON THE HEAVENS. W. K. C. Guthrie. (*3rd Imp. revised.*)
ARISTOTLE : On Sophistical Refutations, On Coming to be and Passing Away, On the Cosmos. E. S. Forster and D. J. Furley.
ARISTOTLE : ON THE SOUL, PARVA NATURALIA, ON BREATH. W. S. Hett. (*2nd Imp. revised.*)
ARISTOTLE : ORGANON, CATEGORIES : On Interpretation, Prior Analytics. H. P. Cooke and H. Tredennick. (*3rd Imp.*)

ARISTOTLE: PARTS OF ANIMALS. A. L. Peck; MOTION AND PROGRESSION OF ANIMALS. E. S. Forster. (*4th Imp. revised.*)

ARISTOTLE: PHYSICS. Rev. P. Wicksteed and F. M. Cornford. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. *2nd Imp.*, Vol. II. *3rd Imp.*)

ARISTOTLE: POETICS and LONGINUS. W. Hamilton Fyfe; DEMETRIUS ON STYLE. W. Rhys Roberts. (*5th Imp. revised.*)

ARISTOTLE: POLITICS. H. Rackham. (*4th Imp. revised.*)

ARISTOTLE: PROBLEMS. W. S. Hett. 2 Vols. (*2nd Imp. revised.*)

ARISTOTLE: RHETORICA AD ALEXANDRUM (with PROBLEMS. Vol. II.). H. Rackham.

ARRIAN: HISTORY OF ALEXANDER and INDICA. Rev. E. Iliffe Robson. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. *3rd Imp.*, Vol. II. *2nd Imp.*)

ATHENAEUS: DEIPNOSOPHISTAE. C. B. Gulick. 7 Vols. (*2nd Imp.*)

ST. BASIL: LETTERS. R. J. Deferrari. 4 Vols. (*2nd Imp.*)

CALLIMACHUS: FRAGMENTS. A. C. Trypanis.

CALLIMACHUS, Hymns and Epigrams, and LYCOPHRON. A. W. Mair; ARATUS. G. R. Mair. (*2nd. Imp.*)

CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA. Rev. G. W. Butterworth. (*3rd Imp.*)

COLLUTHUS. Cf. OPPIAN.

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE. Thornley's Translation revised by J. M. Edmonds; and PARTHENIUS. S. Gaselee. (*4th Imp.*)

DEMOSTHENES I: OLYNTHIACS, PHILIPPICS and MINOR ORATIONS. I.–XVII. AND XX. J. H. Vince. (*2nd Imp.*)

DEMOSTHENES II: DE CORONA and DE FALSA LEGATIONE. C. A. Vince and J. H. Vince. (*3rd Imp. revised.*)

DEMOSTHENES III: MEIDIAS, ANDROTION, ARISTOCRATES, TIMOCRATES and ARISTOGEITON, I AND II. J. H. Vince. (*2nd Imp.*)

DEMOSTHENES IV–VI: PRIVATE ORATIONS and IN NEAERAM. A. T. Murray. (Vol. IV. *3rd Imp.*, Vols. V. and VI. *2nd Imp.*)

DEMOSTHENES VII: FUNERAL SPEECH, EROTIC ESSAY, EXORDIA and LETTERS. N. W. and N. J. DeWitt.

DIO CASSIUS: ROMAN HISTORY. E. Cary. 9 Vols. (Vols. I. and II. *3rd Imp.*, Vols. III.–IX. *2nd Imp.*)

DIO CHRYSOSTOM. J. W. Cohoon and H. Lamar Crosby. 5 Vols. Vols. I.–IV. *2nd Imp.*)

DIODORUS SICULUS. 12 Vols. Vols. I.–VI. C. H. Oldfather. Vol. VII. C. L. Sherman. Vols. IX. and X. R. M. Geer. Vol. XI. F. Walton. (Vols. I.–IV. *2nd Imp.*)

DIOGENES LAERTIUS. R. D. Hicks. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. *4th Imp.*, Vol. II. *3rd Imp.*)

DIONYSIUS OF HALICARNASSUS: ROMAN ANTIQUITIES. Spelman's translation revised by E. Cary. 7 Vols. (Vols. I.–V. *2nd Imp.*)

EPICTETUS. W. A. Oldfather. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. *3rd Imp.*, II. *2nd Imp.*)

EURIPIDES. A. S. Way. 4 Vols. (Vol. I. *7th imp.*, Vol. II. *8th Imp.*, Vols. III. and IV. *6th Imp.*) Verse trans.

EUSEBIUS: ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY. Kirsopp Lake and J. E. L. Oulton. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. *3rd Imp.*, Vol. II. *5th Imp.*)

GALEN : ON THE NATURAL FACULTIES. A. J. Brock. (*4th Imp.*)

THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY. W. R. Paton. 5 Vols. (Vols. I.–IV. *5th Imp.*, Vol. V. *3rd Imp.*)

GREEK ELEGY AND IAMBUS with the ANACREONTEA. J. M. Edmonds. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. *3rd Imp.*, Vol. II. *2nd Imp.*)

THE GREEK BUCOLIC POETS (THEOCRITUS, BION, MOSCHUS). J. M. Edmonds. (*7th Imp. revised.*)

GREEK MATHEMATICAL WORKS. Ivor Thomas. 2 Vols. (*3rd Imp.*)

HERODES. Cf. THEOPHRASTUS : CHARACTERS.

HERODOTUS. A. D. Godley. 4 Vols. (Vol. I. *4th Imp.*, Vols. II. and III. *5th Imp.*, Vol. IV. *3rd Imp.*)

HESIOD AND THE HOMERIC HYMNS. H. G. Evelyn White. *7th Imp. revised and enlarged.*)

HIPPOCRATES and the FRAGMENTS OF HERACLEITUS. W. H. S. Jones and E. T. Withington. 4 Vols. (Vol. I. *4th Imp.*, Vols. II.–IV. *3rd Imp.*)

HOMER : ILIAD. A. T. Murray. 2 Vols. (*7th Imp.*)

HOMER : ODYSSEY. A. T. Murray. 2 Vols. (*8th Imp.*)

ISAEUS. E. W. Forster. (*3rd Imp.*)

ISOCRATES. George Norlin and LaRue Van Hook. 3 Vols. (*2nd Imp.*)

ST. JOHN DAMASCENE : BARLAAM AND IOASAPH. Rev. G. R. Woodward and Harold Mattingly. (*3rd Imp. revised.*)

JOSEPHUS. H. St. J. Thackeray and Ralph Marcus. 9 Vols. Vols. I.–VII. (Vol. V. *3rd Imp.*, Vols. I.–IV., VI. and VII. *2nd Imp.*)

JULIAN. Wilmer Cave Wright. 3 Vols. (Vols. I. and II. *3rd Imp.*, Vol. III. *2nd Imp.*)

LUCIAN. A. M. Harmon. 8 Vols. Vols. I.–V. (Vols. I. and II. *4th Imp.*, Vol. III. *3rd Imp.*, Vols. IV. and V. *2nd Imp.*)

LYCOPHRON. Cf. CALLIMACHUS.

LYRA GRAECA. J. M. Edmonds. 3 Vols. (Vol. I. *5th Imp.*, Vol. II. *revised and enlarged*, and III. *4th Imp.*)

LYSIAS. W. R. M. Lamb. (*2nd Imp.*)

MANETHO. W. G. Waddell : PTOLEMY : TETRABIBLOS. F. E. Robbins. (*3rd Imp.*)

MARCUS AURELIUS. C. R. Haines. (*4th Imp. revised.*)

MENANDER. F. G. Allinson. (*3rd Imp. revised.*)

MINOR ATTIC ORATORS (ANTIPHON, ANDOCIDES, LYCURGUS, DEMADES, DINARCHUS, HYPEREIDES). K. J. Maidment and J. O. Burrt. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. *2nd Imp.*)

NONNOS : DIONYSIACA. W. H. D. Rouse. 3 Vols. (*2nd Imp.*)

OPPIAN, COLLUTHUS, TRYPHIODORUS. A. W. Mair. (*2nd Imp.*)

PAPYRI. NON-LITERARY SELECTIONS. A. S. Hunt and C. C. Edgar. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. *2nd Imp.*) LITERARY SELECTIONS. Vol. I. (Poetry). D. L. Page. (*3rd Imp.*)

PARTHENIUS. Cf. DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.

PAUSANIAS : DESCRIPTION OF GREECE. W. H. S. Jones. 5 Vols. and Companion Vol. arranged by R. E. Wycherley. (Vols. I. and III. *3rd Imp.*, Vols. II., IV. and V. *2nd Imp.*)

PHILO. 10 Vols. Vols. I.–V.; F. H. Colson and Rev. G. H. Whitaker. Vols. VI.–IX.; F. H. Colson. (Vols. I., III., V., and VI. *3rd Imp.*, Vol. IV. *4th Imp.*, Vols. II., VII.–IX. *2nd Imp.*)

PHILO: two supplementary Vols. (*Translation only.*) Ralph Marcus.

PHILOSTRATUS: THE LIFE OF APOLLONIUS OF TYANA. F. C. Conybeare. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. *4th Imp.*, Vol. II. *3rd Imp.*)

PHILOSTRATUS: IMAGINES; CALLISTRATUS: DESCRIPTIONS. A. Fairbanks. (*2nd Imp.*)

PHILOSTRATUS and EUNAPIUS: LIVES OF THE SOPHISTS. Wilmer Cave Wright. (*2nd Imp.*)

PINDAR. Sir J. E. Sandys. (*8th Imp. revised.*)

PLATO: CHARMIDES, ALCIBIADES, HIPPARCHUS, THE LOVERS, THEAGES, MINOS and EPINOMIS. W. R. M. Lamb. (*2nd Imp.*)

PLATO: CRATYLUS, PARMENIDES, GREATER HIPPIAS, LESSER HIPPIAS. H. N. Fowler. (*4th Imp.*)

PLATO: EUTHYPHRO, APOLOGY, CRITO, PHAEDO, PHAEDRUS. H. N. Fowler. (*11th Imp.*)

PLATO: LACHES, PROTAGORAS, MENO, EUTHYDEMUS. W. R. M. Lamb. (*3rd Imp. revised.*)

PLATO: LAWS. Rev. R. G. Bury. 2 Vols. (*3rd Imp.*)

PLATO: LYSIS, SYMPOSIUM, GORGIAS. W. R. M. Lamb. (*5th Imp. revised.*)

PLATO: REPUBLIC. Paul Shorey. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. *5th Imp.*, Vol. II. *4th Imp.*)

PLATO: STATESMAN, PHILEBUS. H. N. Fowler; ION. W. R. M. Lamb. (*4th Imp.*)

PLATO: THEAETETUS and SOPHIST. H. N. Fowler. (*4th Imp.*)

PLATO: TIMAEUS, CRITIAS, CLITOPHO, MENEXENUS, EPISTULAE. Rev. R. G. Bury. (*3rd Imp.*)

PLUTARCH: MORALIA. 14 Vols. Vols. I.–V. F. C. Babbitt; Vol. VI. W. C. Helmbold: Vol. X. H. N. Fowler. Vol. XII. H. Cherniss and W. C. Helmbold. (Vols. I.–VI. and X. *2nd Imp.*)

PLUTARCH: THE PARALLEL LIVES. B. Perrin. 11 Vols. (Vols. I., II., VI., VII., and XI. *3rd Imp.* Vols. III.–V. and VIII.–X. *2nd Imp.*)

POLYBIUS. W. R. Paton. 6 Vols. (*2nd Imp.*)

PROCOPIUS: HISTORY OF THE WARS. H. B. Dewing. 7 Vols. (Vol. I. *3rd Imp.*, Vols. II.–VII. *2nd Imp.*)

PTOLEMY: TETRABIBLOS. Cf. MANETHO.

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS. A. S. Way. Verse trans. (*3rd Imp.*)

SEXTUS EMPIRICUS. Rev. R. G. Bury. 4 Vols. (Vol. I. *4th Imp.*, Vols. II. and III. *2nd Imp.*)

SOPHOCLES. F. Storr. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. *10th Imp.* Vol. II. *6th Imp.*) Verse trans.

STRABO: GEOGRAPHY. Horace L. Jones. 8 Vols. (Vols. I., V., and VIII. *3rd Imp.*, Vols. II., III., IV., VI., and VII. *2nd Imp.*)

THEOPHRASTUS: CHARACTERS. J. M. Edmonds. HERODES, etc. A. D. Knox. (*3rd Imp.*)

THEOPHRASTUS : ENQUIRY INTO PLANTS. Sir Arthur Hort, Bart. 2 Vols. (*2nd Imp.*)
THUCYDIDES. C. F. Smith. 4 Vols. (Vol. I. *5th Imp.*, Vols. II., III., and IV. *3rd Imp. revised*)
TRYPHIODORUS. Cf. OPPIAN.
XENOPHON : CYROPAEDIA. Walter Miller. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. *4th Imp.*, Vol. II. *3rd Imp.*)
XENOPHON : HELLENICA, ANABASIS, APOLOGY, and SYMPOSIUM. C. L. Brownson and O. J. Todd. 3 Vols. (Vols. I. and III. *3rd Imp.*, Vol. II. *4th Imp.*)
XENOPHON : MEMORABILIA and OECONOMICUS. E. C. Marchant. (*3rd Imp.*)
XENOPHON : SCRIPTA MINORA. E. C. Marchant. (*3rd Imp.*)

IN PREPARATION

Greek Authors

AELIAN : ON THE NATURE OF ANIMALS. A. F. Scholfield.
ARISTOTLE : HISTORY OF ANIMALS. A. L. Peck.
PLOTINUS : A. H. Armstrong.

Latin Authors

PHAEDRUS. Ben E. Perry.

DESCRIPTIVE PROSPECTUS ON APPLICATION

London WILLIAM HEINEMANN LTD
Cambridge, Mass. HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

stack.

Date Due

31128.	13 Dec'61	JUN 14 2003	
31128	20 Jan'62		
26360	5 Nov'62	FEB 04 2006	
36311	12 Dec 62		
X12333	5 Feb'63		
X13668			
	29 Apr'63		
39742	9 May'64		
38288	16 Jun'64		
4-360	8 May'65		
45435	16 May'66		
	JAN 19 1985		
	MAR 20 1985		
	MAY 26 1988		
	NOV 16 2000		

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

L
877
J97s-r

Juvenalis.
Juvenal and Persius.